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FIFTY GRAND

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I

'How are you going yourself, Jack?' I asked him.

'You seen this Walcott?' he says.

'Just in the gym.'

'Well,' Jack says, 'I'm going to need a lot of luck with that boy.'

'He can't hit you, Jack,' Soldier said.

'I wish to hell he could n't.'

'He could n't hit you with a handful of birdshot.'

'Birdshot'd be all right,' Jack says.

'I would n't mind birdshot any.'

'He looks easy to hit,' I said.

'Sure,' Jack says, 'he ain't going to last long. He ain't going to last like you and me, Jerry. But right now he's got everything.'

'You'll left-hand him to death.'

'Maybe,' Jack says. 'Sure. I got a chance to.'

'Handle him like you handled Kid Lewis.'

'Kid Lewis,' Jack said. 'That kike!'

The three of us, Jack Brennan, Soldier Bartlett, and I, were in Handley's. There were a couple of broads sitting at the next table to us. They had been drinking.

'What do you mean, kike?' one of the broads says. 'What do you mean, kike, you big Irish bum!'

'Sure,' Jack says. 'That's it.'

'Kikes,' this broad goes on. 'They're always talking about kikes, these big Irishmen. What do you mean, kikes?'

'Come on. Let's get out of here.'

'Kikes,' this broad goes on. 'Whoever saw you ever buy a drink? Your wife sews your pockets up every morning. These Irishmen and their kikes. Ted Lewis could lick you, too.'

'Sure,' Jack says. 'And you give away a lot of things free, too, don't you?'

We went out. That was Jack. He could say what he wanted to when he wanted to say it.

Jack started training out at Danny Hogan's health farm over in Jersey. It was nice out there, but Jack did n't like it much. He did n't like being away from his wife and the kids, and he was sore and grouchy most of the time. He liked me and we got along fine together; and he liked Hogan, but after a while Soldier Bartlett commenced to get on his nerves. A kidder gets to be an awful thing around a camp if his stuff goes sort of sour. Soldier was always kidding Jack, just sort of kidding him all the time. It was n't very funny and it was n't very good, and it began to get to Jack.

It was sort of stuff like this. Jack

would finish up with the weights and the bag and pull on the gloves. 'You want to work?' he'd say to Soldier.

'Sure. How you want me to work?' Soldier would ask. 'Want me to treat you rough like Walcott? Want me to knock you down a few times?'

'That's it,' Jack would say. He did n't like it any, though.

One morning we were all out on the road. We'd been out quite a way and now we were coming back. We'd go along fast for three minutes and then walk a minute, and then go fast for three minutes again. Jack was n't ever what you would call a sprinter. He'd move around fast enough in the ring if he had to, but he was n't any too fast on the road. All the time we were walking Soldier Bartlett was kidding him. We came up the hill to the farmhouse.

'Well,' says Jack, 'you better go back to town, Soldier.'

'What do you mean?'

'You better go back to town and stay there.'

'What's the matter?'

'I'm sick of hearing you talk.'

'Yes?' says Soldier.

'Yes,' says Jack.

'You'll be a damn sight sicker when Walcott gets through with you.'

'Sure,' says Jack, 'maybe I will. But I know I'm sick of you.'

So Soldier went off on the train to town that same morning. I went down with him to the train. He was good and sore.

'I was just kidding him,' he said. We were waiting on the platform. 'He can't pull that stuff with me, Jerry.'

'He's nervous and crabby,' I said. 'He's a good fellow, Soldier.'

'The hell he is. The hell he's ever been a good fellow.'

'Well,' I said, 'so long, Soldier.'

The train had come in. He climbed up with his bag.

'So long, Jerry,' he says. 'You be in town before the fight?'

'I don't think so.'

'See you then.'

He went in and the conductor swung up and the train went out. I rode back to the farm in the cart. Jack was on the porch writing a letter to his wife. The mail had come and I got the papers and went over on the other side of the porch and sat down to read. Hogan came out the door and came over to me.

'Did he have a jam with Soldier?'

'Not a jam,' I said. 'He just told him to go back to town.'

'I could see it coming,' Hogan said. 'He never liked Soldier much.'

'No. He don't like many people.'

'He's a pretty cold one,' Hogan said.

'Well, he's always been fine to me.'

'Me too,' Hogan said. 'I got no kick on him. He's a cold one, though.'

Hogan went in through the screen door and I sat there on the porch and read the papers. It was just starting to get fall weather and it's nice country there in Jersey up in the hills, and after I read the paper through I sat there and looked out at the country and the road down below against the woods, with a car going along it, lifting the dust up. It was fine weather and pretty nice-looking country. Hogan came to the door and I said, 'Say, Hogan, have n't you got anything to shoot out here?'

'No,' Hogan said. 'Only sparrows.'

'Seen the paper?' I said to Hogan.

'What's in it?'

'Sande booted three of them in yesterday.'

'I got that on the telephone last night.'

'You follow them pretty close, Hogan?' I asked.

'Oh, I keep in touch with them.'

'How about Jack?' I says. 'Does he still play them?'

'Him?' said Hogan. 'Can you see him doing it?'

Just then Jack came around the corner with the letter in his hand. He's wearing a sweater and an old pair of pants and boxing shoes.

'Got a stamp, Hogan?' he asks.

'Give me the letter,' Hogan said. 'I'll mail it for you.'

'Say, Jack,' I said. 'Did n't you used to play the ponies?'

'Sure.'

'I knew you did. I knew I used to see you out at Sheepshead.'

'What did you lay off them for?' Hogan asked.

'Lost money.'

Jack sat down on the porch by me. He leaned back against a post. He shut his eyes in the sun.

'Want a chair?' Hogan asked.

'No,' said Jack. 'This is fine.'

'It's a nice day,' I said. 'It's pretty nice out in the country.'

'I'd a damn sight rather be in town with the wife.'

'Well, you only got another week.'

'Yes,' Jack says. 'That's so.'

We sat there on the porch. Hogan was inside at the office.

'What do you think about the shape I'm in?' Jack asked me.

'Well, you can't tell,' I said. 'You got a week to get around into form.'

'Don't stall me.'

'Well,' I said, 'you're not right.'

'I'm not sleeping,' Jack said.

'You'll be all right in a couple of days.'

'No,' says Jack, 'I got the insomnia.'

'What's on your mind?'

'I miss the wife.'

'Have her come out.'

'No. I'm too old for that.'

'We'll take a long walk before you turn in, and get you good and tired.'

'Tired!' Jack says. 'I'm tired all the time.'

He was that way all week. He would n't sleep at night and he'd get up in the morning feeling that way —

you know, when you can't shut your hands.

'He's stale as poorhouse cake,' Hogan said. 'He's nothing.'

'I never seen Walcott,' I said.

'He'll kill him,' said Hogan. 'He'll tear him in two.'

'Well,' I said, 'everybody's got to get it sometime.'

'Not like this, though,' Hogan said. 'They'll think he never trained. It gives the farm a black eye.'

'You hear what the reporters said about him?'

'Did n't I! They said he was awful. They said they ought n't to let him fight.'

'Well,' I said, 'they're always wrong, ain't they?'

'Yes,' said Hogan. 'But this time they're right.'

'What the hell do they know about whether a man's right or not?'

'Well,' said Hogan, 'they're not such fools.'

'All they did was pick Willard at Toledo. This Lardner, he's so wise now, ask him about when he picked Willard at Toledo.'

'Aw, he was n't out,' Hogan said. 'He only writes the big fights.'

'I don't care who they are,' I said. 'What the hell do they know? They can write, maybe, but what the hell do they know?'

'You don't think Jack's in any shape, do you?' Hogan asked.

'No. He's through. All he needs is to have Corbett pick him to win for it to be all over.'

'Well, Corbett'll pick him,' Hogan says.

'Sure. He'll pick him.'

That night Jack did n't sleep any either. The next morning was the last day before the fight. After breakfast we were out on the porch again.

'What do you think about, Jack, when you can't sleep?' I said.

'Oh, I worry,' Jack says. 'I worry about property I got up in the Bronx. I worry about property I got in Florida. I worry about the kids. I worry about the wife. Sometimes I think about fights. I think about that kike Ted Lewis and I get sore. I got some stocks and I worry about them. What the hell don't I think about?'

'Well,' I said, 'to-morrow night it'll all be over.'

'Sure,' said Jack. 'That always helps a lot, don't it? That just fixes everything all up, I suppose. Sure.'

He was sore all day. We did n't do any work. Jack just moved around a little to loosen up. He shadow-boxed a few rounds. He did n't even look good doing that. He skipped the rope a little while. He could n't sweat.

'He'd be better not to do any work at all,' Hogan said. We were standing watching him skip rope. 'Don't he ever sweat at all any more?'

'He can't sweat.'

'Do you suppose he's got the con? He never had any trouble making weight, did he?'

'No, he has n't got any con. He just has n't got anything inside any more.'

'He ought to sweat,' said Hogan.

Jack came over skipping the rope. He was skipping up and down in front of us, forward and back, crossing his arms every third time.

'Well,' he says, 'what are you buzzards talking about?'

'I don't think you ought to work any more,' Hogan says. 'You'll be stale.'

'Would n't that be awful?' Jack says and skips away down the floor, slapping the rope hard.

II

That afternoon John Collins showed up out at the farm. Jack was up in his room. John came out in a car from town. He had a couple of friends with

him. The car stopped and they all got out.

'Where's Jack?' John asked me.

'Up in his room, lying down.'

'Lying down?'

'Yes,' I said.

'How is he?'

I looked at the two fellows that were with John.

'They're friends of his,' John said.

'He's pretty bad,' I said.

'What's the matter with him?'

'He don't sleep.'

'Hell,' said John. 'That Irishman could never sleep.'

'He is n't right,' I said.

'Hell,' John said. 'He's never right. I've had him for ten years and he's never been right yet.'

The fellows with him laughed.

'I want you to shake hands with Mr. Morgan and Mr. Steinfeld,' John said. 'This is Mr. Doyle. He's been training Jack.'

'Glad to meet you,' I said.

'Let's go up and see the boy,' the fellow called Morgan said.

'Let's have a look at him,' Steinfeld said.

We all went upstairs.

'Where's Hogan?' John asked.

'He's out in the barn with a couple of his customers,' I said.

'He got many people out here now?'

'Just two.'

'Pretty quiet, ain't it?' Morgan said.

'Yes,' I said. 'It's pretty quiet.'

We were outside Jack's room. John knocked on the door. There was n't any answer.

'Maybe he's asleep,' I said.

'What the hell's he sleeping in the daytime for?'

John turned the handle and we all went in. Jack was lying asleep on the bed. He was face down and his face was in the pillow. Both his arms were around the pillow.

'Hey, Jack!' John said to him.

Jack's head moved a little on the pillow. 'Jack!' John says, leaning over him. Jack just dug a little deeper in the pillow. John touched him on the shoulder. Jack sat up and looked at us. He had n't shaved and he was wearing an old sweater.

'Hell! Why can't you let me sleep?' he says to John.

'Don't be sore,' John says. 'I did n't mean to wake you up.'

'Oh no,' Jack says. 'Of course not.'

'You know Morgan and Steinfeld,' John said.

'Glad to see you,' Jack says.

'How do you feel, Jack?' Morgan asks him.

'Fine,' Jack says. 'How the hell would I feel?'

'You look fine,' Steinfeld says.

'Yes, don't I?' says Jack. 'Say,' he says to John. 'You're my manager. You get a big enough cut. Why the hell did n't you come out here when the reporters was out? You want Jerry and me to talk to them?'

'I had Lew fighting in Philadelphia.'

'What the hell's that to me?' Jack says. 'You're my manager. You get a big enough cut, don't you? You are n't making me any money in Philadelphia, are you? Why the hell are n't you out here when I ought to have you?'

'Hogan was here.'

'Hogan,' Jack says. 'Hogan's as dumb as I am.'

'Soldier Bahtlett was out here wuking with you for a while, was n't he?' Steinfeld says, to change the subject.

'Yes, he was out here,' Jack says.

'He was out here, all right.'

'Say, Jerry,' John said to me. 'Would you go and find Hogan and tell him we want to see him in about half an hour?'

'Sure,' I said.

'Why the hell can't he stick around?' Jack says. 'Stick around, Jerry.'

Morgan and Steinfeld looked at each other.

'Quiet down, Jack,' John said to him.

'I better go find Hogan,' I said.

'All right, if you want to go,' Jack says. 'None of these guys are going to send you away, though.'

'I'll go find Hogan,' I said.

Hogan was out in the gym in the barn. He had a couple of his health-farm patients with the gloves on. They neither one wanted to hit the other for fear the other would come back and hit him.

'That'll do,' Hogan said when he saw me come in. 'You can stop the slaughter. You gentlemen take a shower and Bruce will rub you down.'

They climbed out through the ropes and Hogan came over to me.

'John Collins is out with a couple of friends to see Jack,' I said.

'I saw them come up in the car.'

'Who are the two fellows with John?'

'They're what you call wise boys,' Hogan said. 'Don't you know them two?'

'No,' I said.

'That's Happy Steinfeld and Lew Morgan. They got a pool room.'

'I been away a long time,' I said.

'Sure,' said Hogan. 'That Happy Steinfeld's a big operator.'

'I've heard his name,' I said.

'He's a pretty smooth boy,' Hogan said. 'They're a couple of sharpshooters.'

'Well,' I said, 'they want to see us in half an hour.'

'You mean they don't want to see us until a half an hour?'

'That's it.'

'Come on in the office,' Hogan said. 'To hell with those sharpshooters.'

After about thirty minutes or so Hogan and I went upstairs. We knocked on Jack's door. They were talking inside the room.

'Wait a minute,' somebody said.

'To hell with that stuff,' Hogan said. 'When you want to see me I'm down in the office.'

We heard the door unlock. Steinfeld opened it.

'Come on in, Hogan,' he says. 'We're all going to have a drink.'

'Well,' says Hogan, 'that's something.'

We went in. Jack was sitting on the bed. John and Morgan were sitting on a couple of chairs. Steinfeld was standing up.

'You're a pretty mysterious lot of boys,' Hogan said.

'Hello, Danny,' John says.

'Hello, Danny,' Morgan says and shakes hands.

Jack does n't say anything. He just sits there on the bed. He ain't with the others. He's all by himself. He was wearing an old blue jersey and an old pair of pants and had on boxing shoes. He needed a shave. Steinfeld and Morgan were dressers. John was quite a dresser, too. Jack sat there looking Irish and tough.

Steinfeld brought out a bottle and Hogan brought in some glasses and everybody had a drink. Jack and I took one and the rest of them went on and had two or three each.

'Better save some for your ride back,' Hogan said.

'Don't you worry. We got plenty,' Morgan said.

Jack had n't drunk anything since the one drink. He was standing up and looking at them. Morgan was sitting on the bed where Jack had sat.

'Have a drink, Jack,' John said and handed him the glass and the bottle.

'No,' Jack said, 'I never liked to go to these wakes.'

They all laughed. Jack did n't laugh.

They were all feeling pretty good when they left. Jack stood on the porch when they got into the car. They waved to him.

'So long,' Jack said.

We had supper. Jack did n't say anything all during the meal except 'Will you pass me this?' or 'Will you pass me that?' The two health-farm patients ate at the same table with us. They were pretty nice fellas. After we finished eating we went out on the porch. It was dark early.

'Like to take a walk, Jerry?' Jack asked.

'Sure,' I said.

We put on our coats and started out. It was quite a way down to the main road, and then we walked along the main road about a mile and a half. Cars kept going by and we would pull out to the side until they were past. Jack did n't say anything. After we had stepped out into the bushes to let a big car go by, Jack said, 'To hell with this walking. Come on back to Hogan's.'

We went along a side road that cut up over the hill and cut across the fields back to Hogan's. We could see the lights of the house up on the hill. We came around to the front of the house and there, standing in the doorway, was Hogan.

'Have a good walk?' Hogan asked.

'Oh, fine,' Jack said. 'Listen, Hogan. Have you got any liquor?'

'Sure,' says Hogan. 'What's the idea?'

'Send it up to the room,' Jack says.

'I'm going to sleep to-night.'

'You're the doctor,' Hogan says.

'Come on up to the room, Jerry,' Jack says.

Upstairs Jack sat on the bed with his head in his hands.

'Ain't it a life?' Jack says.

Hogan brought in a quart of liquor and two glasses.

'Want some ginger ale?'

'What do you think I want to do — get sick?'

'I just asked you,' said Hogan.

'Have a drink?' said Jack.

'No, thanks,' said Hogan. He went out.

'How about you, Jerry?'

'I'll have one with you,' I said.

Jack poured out a couple of drinks.

'Now,' he said, 'I want to take it slow and easy.'

'Put some water in it,' I said.

'Yes,' Jack said. 'I guess that's better.'

We had a couple of drinks without saying anything. Jack started to pour me another.

'No,' I said, 'that's all I want.'

'All right,' Jack said. He poured himself out another big shot and put water in it. He was lighting up a little.

'That was a fine bunch out here this afternoon,' he said. 'They don't take any chances, those two.'

Then a little later, 'Well,' he says, 'they're right. What the hell's the good in taking chances?'

'Don't you want another, Jerry?' he said. 'Come on, drink along with me.'

'I don't need it, Jack,' I said. 'I feel all right.'

'Just have one more,' Jack said. It was softening him up.

'All right,' I said.

Jack poured one for me and another big one for himself.

'You know,' he said, 'I like liquor pretty well. If I had n't been boxing I would have drunk quite a lot.'

'Sure,' I said.

'You know,' he said, 'I missed a lot, boxing.'

'You made plenty of money.'

'Sure, that's what I'm after. You know I miss a lot, Jerry.'

'How do you mean?'

'Well,' he says, 'like about the wife. And being away from home so much. It don't do my girls any good. "Who's your old man?" some of those society kids'll say to them. "My old man's

Jack Brennan." That don't do them any good.'

'Hell,' I said. 'All that makes a difference is if they got dough.'

'Well,' says Jack, 'I got the dough for them all right.'

He poured out another drink. The bottle was about empty.

'Put some water in it,' I said. Jack poured in some water.

'You know,' he says, 'you ain't got any idea how I miss the wife.'

'Sure.'

'You ain't got any idea. You can't have an idea what it's like.'

'It ought to be better out in the country than in town.'

'With me now,' Jack said, 'it don't make any difference where I am. You can't have an idea what it's like.'

'Have another drink.'

'Am I getting soused? Do I talk funny?'

'You're coming on all right.'

'You can't have an idea what it's like. They ain't anybody can have an idea what it's like.'

'Except the wife,' I said.

'She knows,' Jack said. 'She knows, all right. She knows. You bet she knows.'

'Put some water in that,' I said.

'Jerry,' says Jack, 'you can't have an idea what it gets to be like.'

He was good and drunk. He was looking at me steady. His eyes were sort of too steady.

'You'll sleep, all right,' I said.

'Listen, Jerry,' Jack says. 'You want to make some money? Get some dough down on Walcott.'

'Yes?'

'Listen, Jerry.' Jack put down the glass. 'I'm not drunk now, see? You know what I'm betting on him? Fifty grand.'

'That's a lot of dough.'

'Fifty grand,' Jack says, 'at two to one. I'll get twenty-five thousand

bucks. Get some money on him, Jerry.'

'It sounds good,' I said.

'How can I beat him?' Jack says. 'It ain't crooked. How can I beat him? Why not make money on it?'

'Put some water in that,' I said.

'I'm through after this fight,' Jack says. 'I'm through with it. I got to take a beating. Why should n't I make money on it?'

'Sure.'

'I ain't slept for a week,' Jack says. 'All night I lay awake and worry my can off. I can't sleep, Jerry. You ain't got an idea what it's like when you can't sleep.'

'Sure.'

'I can't sleep. That's all. I just can't sleep. What's the use of taking care of yourself all these years when you can't sleep?'

'It's bad.'

'You ain't got an idea what it's like, Jerry, when you can't sleep.'

'Put some water in that,' I said.

Well, about eleven o'clock Jack passes out and I put him to bed. Finally he's so he can't keep from sleeping. I helped him get his clothes off and got him into bed.

'You'll sleep, all right, Jack,' I said.

'Sure,' Jack says, 'I'll sleep now.'

'Good night, Jack,' I said.

'Good night, Jerry,' Jack says. 'You're the only friend I got.'

'Oh, hell,' I said.

'You're the only friend I got,' Jack says. 'The only friend I got.'

'Go to sleep,' I said.

'I'll sleep,' Jack says.

Downstairs Hogan was sitting at the desk in the office reading the papers. He looked up.

'Well, you get your boy friend to sleep?' he asks.

'He's off.'

'It's better for him than not sleeping,' Hogan said.

'Sure.'

'You'd have a hell of a time explaining that to these sport writers, though,' Hogan said.

'Well, I'm going to bed myself,' I said.

'Good night,' said Hogan.

III

In the morning I came downstairs about eight o'clock and got some breakfast. Hogan had his two customers out in the barn doing exercises. I went out and watched them.

'One! Two! Three! Four!' Hogan was counting for them. 'Hello, Jerry,' he said. 'Is Jack up yet?'

'No. He's still sleeping.'

I went back to my room and packed up to go in to town. About nine-thirty I heard Jack getting up in the next room. When I heard him go downstairs I went down after him. Jack was sitting at the breakfast table. Hogan had come in and was standing beside the table.

'How do you feel, Jack?' I asked him.

'Not so bad.'

'Sleep well?' Hogan asked.

'I slept, all right,' Jack said. 'I got a thick tongue, but I ain't got a head.'

'Good,' said Hogan. 'That was good liquor.'

'Put it on the bill,' Jack says.

'What time you want to go in to town?' Hogan asked.

'Before lunch,' Jack says. 'The eleven o'clock train.'

Hogan went out.

'Sit down, Jerry,' Jack said.

I sat down at the table. Jack was eating a grapefruit. When he'd find a seed he'd spit it out in the spoon and dump it on the plate.

'I guess I was pretty stewed last night,' he started.

'You drank some liquor.'

'I guess I said a lot of fool things.'

'You were n't bad.'

'Where's Hogan?' he asked. He was through with the grapefruit.

'He's out in front in the office.'

'What did I say about betting on the fight?' Jack asked. He was holding the spoon and sort of poking at the grapefruit with it.

The girl came in with some ham and eggs and took away the grapefruit.

'Bring me another glass of milk,' Jack said to her. She went out.

'You said you had fifty grand on Walcott,' I said.

'That's right,' Jack said.

'That's a lot of money.'

'I don't feel too good about it,' Jack said.

'Something might happen.'

'No,' Jack said. 'He wants the title bad. They'll be shooting with him, all right.'

'You can't ever tell.'

'No. He wants the title. It's worth a lot of money to him.'

'Fifty grand is a lot of money,' I said.

'It's business,' said Jack. 'I can't win. You know I can't win anyway.'

'As long as you're in there you got a chance.'

'No,' Jack says. 'I'm all through. It's just business.'

'How do you feel?'

'Pretty good,' Jack said. 'The sleep was what I needed.'

'You might go good.'

'I'll give them a good show,' Jack said.

After breakfast Jack called up his wife on the long distance. He was inside the booth telephoning.

'That's the first time he's called her up since he's out here,' Hogan said.

'He writes her every day.'

'Sure,' Hogan says. 'A letter only costs two cents.'

Hogan said good-bye to us, and Bruce, the nigger rubber, drove us down to the train in the cart.

'Good-bye, Mr. Brennan,' Bruce said at the train. 'I sure hope you knock his can off.'

'So long,' Jack said. He gave Bruce two dollars. Bruce had worked on him a lot. He looked kind of disappointed. Jack saw me looking at Bruce holding the two dollars.

'It's all in the bill,' he said. 'Hogan charged me for the rubbing.'

On the train going into town Jack did n't talk. He sat in the corner of the seat with his ticket in his hatband and looked out of the window. Once he turned and spoke to me.

'I told the wife I'd take a room at the Shelby to-night,' he said. 'It's just around the corner from the Garden. I can go up to the house to-morrow morning.'

'That's a good idea,' I said. 'Your wife ever see you fight, Jack?'

'No,' Jack says. 'She never seen me fight.'

I thought, he must be figuring on taking an awful beating if he does n't want to go home afterward. In town we took a taxi up to the Shelby. A boy came out and took our bags and we went in to the desk.

'How much are the rooms?' Jack asked.

'We only have double rooms,' the clerk says. 'I can give you a nice double room for ten dollars.'

'That's too steep.'

'I can give you a double room for seven dollars.'

'With a bath?'

'Certainly.'

'You might as well bunk with me, Jerry,' Jack says.

'Oh,' I said, 'I'll sleep down at my brother-in-law's.'

'I don't mean for you to pay it,' Jack says. 'I just want to get my money's worth.'

'Will you register, please?' the clerk says.

He looked at the names. 'Number 238, Mr. Brennan.'

We went up in the elevator. It was a nice big room with two beds and a door opening into a bathroom.

'This is pretty good,' Jack says.

The boy who brought us up pulled up the curtains and brought in our bags. Jack did n't make any move, so I gave the boy a quarter. We washed up and Jack said we better go out and get something to eat.

We ate a lunch at Jimmy Handley's place. Quite a lot of the boys were there. When we were about half through eating, John came in and sat down with us. Jack did n't talk much.

'How are you on the weight, Jack?' John asked him. Jack was putting away a pretty good lunch.

'I could make it with my clothes on,' Jack said. He never had to worry about taking off weight. He was a natural welterweight and he'd never gotten fat. He'd lost weight out at Hogan's.

'Well, that's one thing you never had to worry about,' John said.

'That's one thing,' Jack says.

We went around to the Garden to weigh in after lunch. The match was made at a hundred forty-seven pounds at three o'clock. Jack stepped on the scales with a towel around him. The bar did n't move. Walcott had just weighed and was standing with a lot of people around him.

'Let's see what you weigh, Jack,' Freedman, Walcott's manager, said.

'All right, weigh *him* then,' Jack jerked his head toward Walcott.

'Drop the towel,' Freedman said.

'What do you make it?' Jack asked the fellows who were weighing.

'Hundred and forty-three pounds,' the fat man who was weighing said.

'You're down fine, Jack,' Freedman says.

'Weigh *him*,' Jack says.

Walcott came over. He was a blonde with wide shoulders and arms like a heavyweight. He did n't have much legs. Jack stood about half a head taller than he did.

'Hello, Jack,' he said. His face was plenty marked up.

'Hello,' said Jack. 'How you feel?'

'Good,' Walcott says. He dropped the towel from around his waist and stood on the scales. He had the widest shoulders and back you ever saw.

'One hundred and forty-six pounds and twelve ounces.'

Walcott stepped off and grinned at Jack.

'Well,' John says to him, 'Jack's spotting you about four pounds.'

'More than that when I come in, Kid,' Walcott says. 'I'm going to go and eat now.'

We went back and Jack got dressed. 'He's a pretty tough-looking boy,' Jack says to me.

'He looks as though he'd been hit plenty of times.'

'Oh yes,' Jack says. 'He ain't hard to hit.'

'Where are you going?' John asked when Jack was dressed.

'Back to the hotel,' Jack says. 'You looked after everything?'

'Yes,' John says. 'It's all looked after.'

'I'm going to lie down a while,' Jack says.

'I'll come around for you about a quarter to seven and we'll go and eat.'

'All right.'

Up at the hotel Jack took off his shoes and his coat and lay down for a while. I wrote a letter. I looked over a couple of times and Jack was n't sleeping. He was lying perfectly still, but every once in a while his eyes would open. Finally he sits up.

'Want to play some cribbage, Jerry?' he says.

'Sure,' I said.

He went over to his suitcase and got out the cards and the cribbage board. We played cribbage and he won three dollars off me. John knocked at the door and came in.

'Want to play some cribbage, John?' Jack asked him.

John put his kelly down on the table. It was all wet. His coat was wet, too.

'Is it raining?' Jack asks.

'It's pouring,' John says. 'The taxi I had got tied up in the traffic and I got out and walked.'

'Come on, play some cribbage,' Jack says.

'You ought to go and eat.'

'No,' says Jack. 'I don't want to eat yet.'

So they played cribbage for about half an hour and Jack won a dollar and a half off him.

'Well, I suppose we got to go eat,' Jack says. He went to the window and looked out.

'Is it still raining?'

'Yes.'

'Let's eat in the hotel,' John says.

'All right,' Jack says. 'I'll play you once more to see who pays for the meal.'

After a little while Jack gets up and says, 'You buy the meal, John,' and we went downstairs and ate in the big dining room.

After we ate we went upstairs and Jack played cribbage with John again and won two dollars and a half off him. Jack was feeling pretty good. John had a bag with him with all his stuff in it. Jack took off his shirt and collar and put on a jersey and a sweater, so he would n't catch cold when he came out, and put his ring clothes and his bathrobe in a bag.

'You all ready?' John asks him. 'I'll call up and have them get a taxi.'

Pretty soon the telephone rang and they said the taxi was waiting.

We rode down in the elevator and

went out through the lobby, and got in the taxi and rode around to the Garden. It was raining hard, but there was a lot of people outside on the streets. The Garden was sold out. As we came in on our way to the dressing room I saw how full it was. It looked like half a mile down to the ring. It was all dark. Just the lights over the ring.

'It's a good thing, with this rain, they did n't try and pull this fight in the ball park,' John said.

'They got a good crowd,' Jack says.

'This is a fight that would draw a lot more than the Garden could hold.'

'You can't tell about the weather,' Jack says.

John came to the door of the dressing room and poked his head in. Jack was sitting there with his bathrobe on; he had his arms folded and was looking at the floor. John had a couple of handlers with him. They looked over his shoulder. Jack looked up.

'Is he in?' he asked.

'He's just gone down,' John said.

We started down. Walcott was just getting into the ring. The crowd gave him a big hand. He climbed through between the ropes and put his two fists together and smiled and shook them at the crowd, first at one side of the ring, then at the other, and then sat down. Jack got a good hand coming down through the crowd. Jack is Irish, and the Irish always get a pretty good hand. An Irishman don't draw in New York like a Jew or an Eytalian, but they always get a good hand. Jack climbed up and bent down to go through the ropes, and Walcott came over from his corner and pushed the rope down for Jack to go through. The crowd thought that was wonderful. Walcott put his hand on Jack's shoulder and they stood there just for a second.

'So you're going to be one of these

popular champions,' Jack says to him. 'Take your goddam hand off my shoulder.'

'Be yourself,' Walcott says.

This is all great for the crowd. How gentlemanly the boys are before the fight! How they wish each other luck!

Solly Freedman comes over to our corner while Jack is bandaging his hands and John is over in Walcott's corner. Jack put his thumb through the slit in the bandage and then wrapped his hand nice and smooth. I taped it around the wrist and twice across the knuckles.

'Hey,' Freedman says. 'Where do you get all that tape?'

'Feel of it,' Jack says. 'It's soft, ain't it? Don't be a hick.'

Freedman stands there all the time while Jack bandages the other hand, and one of the boys that's going to handle him brings the gloves and I pull them on and work them around.

'Say, Freedman,' Jack asks. 'What nationality is this Walcott?'

'I don't know,' Solly says. 'He's some sort of a Dane.'

'He's a Bohemian,' the lad who brought the gloves said.

The referee called them out to the centre of the ring and Jack walks out. Walcott comes out smiling. They met and the referee put his arm on each of their shoulders.

'Hello, Popularity,' Jack says to Walcott.

'Be yourself.'

'What do you call yourself Walcott for,' Jack says. 'Did n't you know he was a nigger?'

'Listen —' says the referee, and he gives them the same old line. Once Walcott interrupts him. He grabs Jack's arm and says, 'Can I hit when he's got me like this?'

'Keep your hands off me,' Jack says. 'There ain't no moving picture of this.'

They went back to their corners.

I lifted the bathrobe off Jack and he leaned on the ropes and flexed his knees a couple of times and scuffed his shoes in the rosin. The gong rang and Jack turned quick and went out. Walcott came toward him and they touched gloves, and as soon as Walcott dropped his hands Jack jumped his left into his face twice. There was n't anybody ever boxed better than Jack. Walcott was after him, going forward all the time with his chin on his chest. He's a hooker and he carries his hands pretty low. All he knows is to get in there and sock. But every time he gets in there close, Jack has the left hand in his face. It's just as though it's automatic. Jack just raises the left hand up and it's in Walcott's face. Three or four times Jack brings the right over, but Walcott gets it on the shoulder or high up on the head. He's just like all these hookers. The only thing he's afraid of is another one of the same kind. He's covered everywhere you can hurt him. He don't care about a left hand in his face.

After about four rounds Jack has him bleeding bad and his face all cut up, but every time Walcott's got in close he's socked so hard he's got two big red patches on both sides just below Jack's ribs. Every time he gets in close, Jack ties him up, then gets one hand loose and uppercuts him, but when Walcott gets his hands loose he socks Jack in the body so they can hear it outside in the street. He's a socker.

It goes along like that for three rounds more. They don't talk any. They're working all the time. We worked over Jack plenty, too, in between the rounds. He don't look good at all, but he never does much work in the ring. He don't move around much, and that left hand is just automatic. It's just like it was connected with Walcott's face and Jack just had to wish it in every time.

Jack is always calm in close, and he does n't waste any juice. He knows everything about working in close, too, and he's getting away with a lot of stuff. While they were in our corner I watched him tie Walcott up, get his right hand loose, turn it, and come up with an uppercut that got Walcott's nose with the heel of the glove. Walcott was bleeding bad and leaned his nose on Jack's shoulder so as to give Jack some of it, too, and Jack sort of lifted his shoulder sharp and caught him against the nose, and then brought down the right hand and uppercut him again.

Walcott was sore as hell. By the time they'd gone five rounds he hated Jack's guts. Jack was n't sore; that is, he was n't any sorer than he always was. He certainly did used to make the fellows he fought hate boxing. That was why he hated Kid Lewis so. He never got the Kid's goat. Kid Lewis always had about three new dirty things Jack could n't do. Jack was as safe as a church all the time he was in there as long as he was strong. He certainly was treating Walcott rough. The funny thing was, it looked as though Jack was an open classic boxer. That was because he had all that stuff, too.

After the seventh round Jack says, 'My left's getting heavy.'

From then he started to take a beating. It did n't show at first. But instead of him running the fight it was Walcott was running it. Instead of being safe all the time, now he was in trouble. He could n't keep Walcott out with the left hand now. It looked as though it was the same as ever, only now, instead of Walcott's punches just missing him, they were just hitting him. He took an awful beating in the body.

'What's the round?' Jack asked.

'The eleventh.'

'I can't stay,' Jack says. 'My legs are going bad.'

Walcott had been just hitting him for a long time. It was like a baseball catcher pulls the ball and takes some of the shock off. From now on Walcott commenced to land solid. He certainly was a socking machine. Jack was just trying to block everything now. It did n't show what an awful beating he was taking. In between the rounds I worked on his legs. The muscles would flutter under my hands all the time I was rubbing them. He was sick as hell.

'How's it go?' he asked John, turning around, his face all swollen.

'It's his fight.'

'I think I can last,' Jack says. 'I don't want this bohunk to stop me.'

It was going just the way he thought it would. He knew he could n't beat Walcott. He was n't strong any more. He was all right, though. His money was all right and now he wanted to finish it off right to please himself. He did n't want to be knocked out.

The gong rang and we pushed him out. He went out slow. Walcott came right out after him. Jack put the left in his face and Walcott took it, came in under it, and started working on Jack's body. Jack tried to tie him up and it was just like trying to hold on to a buzz saw. Jack broke away from it and missed with the right. Walcott clipped him with a left hook and Jack went down. He went down on his hands and knees and looked at us. The referee started counting. Jack was watching us and shaking his head. At eight John motioned to him. You could n't hear on account of the crowd. Jack got up. The referee had been holding Walcott back with one arm while he counted.

When Jack was on his feet Walcott started toward him.

'Watch yourself, Jimmy,' I heard Solly Freedman yell to him.

Walcott came up to Jack looking at him. Jack stuck the left hand at him. Walcott just shook his head. He backed Jack up against the ropes, measured him, and then hooked the left very light to the side of Jack's head and socked the right into the body as hard as he could sock just as low as he could get it. He must have hit him five inches below the belt. I thought the eyes would come out of Jack's head. They stuck way out. His mouth come open.

The referee grabbed Walcott. Jack stepped forward. If he went down, there went fifty thousand bucks. He walked as though all his insides were going to fall out.

'It was n't low,' he said. 'It was a accident.'

The crowd were yelling so you could n't hear anything.

'I'm all right,' Jack says. They were right in front of us.

The referee looks at John and then he shakes his head.

'Come on, you dirty Polack,' Jack says to Walcott.

John was hanging on to the ropes. He had the towel ready to chuck in. Jack was standing just a little way out from the ropes. He took a step forward. I saw the sweat come out on his face like somebody had squeezed it, and a big drop went down his nose.

'Come on and fight,' Jack says to Walcott.

The referee looked at John and waved Walcott on.

'Go in there, you slob,' he says.

Walcott went in. He did n't know what to do either. He never thought Jack could have stood it. Jack put the left in his face. There was all this yelling going on. They were right in front of us. Walcott hit him twice. Jack's face was the worst thing I ever saw — the look on it. He was holding himself and all his body together, and it all

showed on his face. All the time he was thinking and holding his body in where it was busted.

Then he started to sock. His face looked awful all the time. He started to sock with his hands low down by his side, swinging at Walcott. Walcott covered up and Jack was swinging wild at Walcott's head. Then he swung the left and it hit Walcott in the groin and the right hit Walcott right bang where he'd hit Jack. Way low. Walcott went down and grabbed himself there and rolled and twisted around.

The referee grabbed Jack and pushed him toward his corner. John jumps into the ring. There was all this yelling going on. The referee was talking with the judges and then the announcer got into the ring with the megaphone and says, 'Walcott on a foul.'

The referee is talking to John and he says, 'What could I do? Jack would n't take the foul. Then when he's groggy he fouls him.'

'He'd lost it anyway,' John says.

Jack's sitting on the chair. I've got his gloves off and he's holding himself in down there with both hands.

'Go over and say you're sorry,' John says into his ear. 'It'll look good.'

Jack stands up and the sweat comes out all over his face. I put the bathrobe around him and he holds himself in with one hand under the bathrobe and goes across the ring. They've picked Walcott up and they're working on him. There's a lot of people in Walcott's corner. Nobody speaks to Jack. He leans over Walcott.

'I'm sorry,' Jack says. 'I did n't mean to foul you.'

Walcott does n't say anything. He looks too damned sick.

'Well, you're the champion now,' Jack says to him. 'I hope you get a hell of a lot of fun out of it.'

'Leave the kid alone,' Solly Freedman says.

'Hello, Solly,' Jack says. 'I'm sorry I fouled your boy.'

Freedman just looks at him.

Jack went over to his corner walking that funny jerky way, and we got him down through the ropes and through the reporters' tables and out down the aisle. A lot of people want to slap Jack on the back. He goes out through all that mob in his bathrobe to the dressing room. It's a popular win for Walcott. That's the way the money was bet in the Garden.

Once we got inside the dressing room Jack lay down and shut his eyes.

'We want to get to the hotel and get a doctor,' John says.

'I'm all busted inside,' Jack says.

'I'm sorry as hell, Jack,' John says.

'It's all right,' Jack says.

He lies there with his eyes shut.

'They certainly tried a nice double cross,' John said.

'Your friends Morgan and Steinfeld,' Jack said. 'You got nice friends.'

He lies there; his eyes are open now. His face has still got that awful drawn look.

'It's funny how fast you can think when it means that much money,' Jack says.

'You're some boy, Jack,' John says.

'No,' Jack says. 'It was nothing.'

WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT?

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

I

THE first president of the University of Chicago was accustomed to tell freshmen that education consisted not in an accumulation of facts, stowed away in the memory, or in the mastery of some technique whereby one might manipulate nature, possibly to one's own profit; but rather in the formulation of an explanation of things, including one's self. He used to say, 'If a man has reached the age of twenty-five without a fairly good theory about life, or the age of thirty without a settled philosophy of life, no matter how much else that man may know, he is an ignoramus.' Nothing wiser than this, or less in accord with the practice of this present moment, was ever said by an educator: that an educated man is

one who has worked out a way of looking at life which seems to him valid, and, by implication, that the business of an educational institution is to help him to do it. Particularly Dr. Harper believed this to be the function of the college, which deals with men and women at the time when their powers of generalization and synthesis are most freely and competently at work.

We hear a great deal about student revolt, student criticism of education. Most of this talk is uninformed. Unhappily, most students are not in revolt. They swallow what is taught them with a despair-provoking readiness. With conformity to type they sleep through their college years as a formal preliminary (to be, if possible, alleviated by

athletic achievement, fraternity affiliation and play) to the serious business of life, which last they are all too apt to define as accumulating goods and avoiding difficult decisions. Such students, whose presence is due to almost every reason except a desire for intellectual maturity, are present in all colleges in large numbers. Their opinions about education do not matter. For the most part they have no such opinions. The real critics of collegiate methods among undergraduates are in the minority; but it is an intelligent and increasingly vocal minority. The National Student Federation is one spokesman for it; on every campus such students, when not artificially repressed, are developing local mouthpieces. Increasingly these students, who are blundering about in an endeavor to find out what they really find lacking, are beginning to say that what is wrong is that the colleges are not helping them to develop an interpretation of life, that they are not furnishing assistance in the answering of the question, 'What is it all about?'

In this they are undoubtedly correct. Our modern colleges for the most part are concerned with little more than the study of things and techniques. They are the complacent heirs of two hundred years of the scientific method — that method which bids men experiment with what can be observed and what can be done. It is a good method, as far as it goes; only a fool would belittle it. The more facts we know, the more rich and deep may become the mind which has digested them; but facts alone, until they are digested, are not merely unnourishing: they are apt to clog the intellectual colon. It is also true that we must have skills of various sorts; but skills alone are not sufficient for a people: they may even become a menace, unless they are purposefully, intelligently, and socially correlated.

It is the digestive and correlative parts of knowledge which are in most American colleges conspicuous by their absence.

We have too largely abandoned philosophy. We have even degraded the word, until it has come to mean to most people merely a sort of sophistical playing with abstract ideas. Philosophy is properly defined as 'a knowledge of general principles *as explaining facts and existences.*' We are not at the moment, in our institutions of higher learning, paying much attention to explaining anything. As a result we are turning out physicians with no philosophy of health; lawyers with no philosophy of ethics; captains of business with no philosophy of industry; parsons with no philosophy of religion; and, in vast numbers, educators with no philosophy of education. Even the basic principles of sound political economy are unknown or unheeded. We adopt a tariff policy which no reputable economist approves and then seek to correct its most glaring injustices by a farm-relief bill equally contemptuous of sound economic thought. Because we have no philosophy of government, we have an emasculated party system. Our two major parties are almost indistinguishable, because both have substituted expediency for general principles. In international affairs we are not merely hated for our wealth, but quite generally despised for ineptness due to a strange obtuseness toward obvious elements of the philosophy of government. We are by way of becoming the most efficient people on earth and the most blundering. We seem to suppose that success in production implies wisdom in use, a mistake characteristic of all superficial persons.

This might not be wholly bad if the technicalization of education, its confinement to facts and processes, applied

only to the training of that vast majority of ordinary persons who are incapable of facing at first hand the why of anything; if we were producing, out of the few who are potentially competent in thought, men of balance and brains; and if we were making it plain that to such men belongs the right to lead. Instead, we take our more brilliant men and women, the ones who get well into higher education, and capitalize their ability merely to make of them better specialists, more competent technicians. Anybody who will make a study of collegiate curricula and methodology during the past quarter of a century will see that plainly enough. We are thus helping to foster generally the absurd notion that people who can do things, or who know facts, are thereby made capable of moulding thought and directing social policies. We are encouraging the belief that any man who is a storehouse of information or who can perform efficiently is fitted to share in the control of humanity; that the better he knows or can do something in particular, the more capable he is of sound generalization.

Something like that is apt to be the real meaning of what we frequently hear called 'a democratic higher education.' The assumptions behind it are that a democracy is a government under the leadership of everybody, that everybody can learn something even if he cannot become a real thinker, and that for social welfare the college must conform to this natural and unimportant limitation. But in the long run government, even if its form of ultimate control be democratic, must be under the leadership of the wise, the balanced, the people who see life whole; and the ordinary man is rarely capable of such thinking. Only a relative few have the mental equipment necessary and they must be trained to use it. That training is the chief business of higher

education. If, in the effort to teach all men something, we forget to train some who shall deliberately face everything, we shall produce a defective, blundering, leaderless, and inevitably futile State.

II

The intellectual mediocrity of our people to-day, mostly due to this defective system of higher education, is nowhere more plainly to be seen than in those crowd inhibitions and prejudices which seriously threaten freedom of teaching in America. It is an astonishing thing that in state after state of our Union there should be determined efforts under way to forbid imparting knowledge of such uncontroversial facts as that the world is older than Hebrew writings would seem to imply and that man's physical body has developed by emergence from lower forms of life. It is even more astonishing that anyone should suppose that this effort is led by intelligently religious persons. It is not the trained leaders of religion, the men who are truly educated, the men capable of digesting facts, who are seeking to pass these laws. The agitation is due to nothing so much as to the queer notion that any practical man's opinion about things philosophical and speculative is as valuable as any other man's. It is the man who supposes that because he can do something — farm, saw and hammer, wield a piece of machinery, run a local store, organize an industry — he is a competent thinker who is thus making America the laughingstock of the world. No one with a mature philosophy of humanity supposes that man's dignity irreparably suffers by the discovery that he is intricately and wonderfully made. No man with a sound philosophy of religion thinks that it detracts from the dignity of God to say that he took his

time in making the universe. No man with a thoughtful philosophy of government maintains that it is the business of the State to confine schools within the limits of preconceived and popular ignorance. No one with a sane philosophy of education declares that it is right to turn man's mind from truth, however discovered. These endeavors would be amusing if they did not reveal to what extent the falsely democratic dogma has destroyed among us respect for trained intelligence.

Not only is this disparagement of general thought conducive to mediocrity and muddle-mindedness in general; it is also hindering the advance of science itself. Such leading figures as Millikan and Lodge and Whitehead and Thomson and Pupin are uttering what is coming to be the general conviction of those who dwell on the scientific Olympus when they say that scientific advance is no longer facilitated by overdevotion to methodological research; that what is necessary now is an interpretation of science, a restatement of philosophy which shall synthesize observable facts and processes both with man's inner spirit and with essential reality. Men whose scientific eminence can be denied by nobody are beginning to insist that man, the observer, is not merely one of the things observed; that between the observer and the observed must be established unity, lest scientific thought prove sterile and weariness and despair attack and conquer the spirit of man. They are willing to see not merely that poetic aspiration without science produces a sentimental inanity, but also that scientific method without poetic aspiration is almost sure to produce a cynical insanity.

It is a reflection of all this which appears in the demands of our more vital youth. What, they ask, is the use of knowing an immense number of facts

about the world and its behavior unless one also knows something about the relation of that behaving world to one's own spirit, something of the meaning both of it and of one's self? That they are not being helped in the development of any such correlation is to them plain and increasingly distressing.

The usual institution of higher learning finds it easier to ignore this problem than to face it, because the facing of it inevitably involves religion. Religion in its higher and more intellectual sense is concerned with the adjustment of a man's own inner life to the outer world and the adjustment of both to ultimate purpose. However else one may define God, he is at any rate the Everlasting Why. The moment one seeks an ultimate purpose with which one may relate one's self, that moment one is making a religion. It may appear to be an individual and peculiar religion, if the experiment seems unique; or, if one's ponderings bring one into alignment with the life experiments of those who have established some recognized religion, it may involve the acceptance of that recognized religion. Now religion, be it individual or conventional in its content, is if honest a troublesome, upsetting, controversy-breeding sort of thing, disruptive of academic calm, destructive of professorial aloofness. The usual academic man feels toward it the same sort of distaste which the Georgian gentleman was apt to feel toward 'enthusiasm.' Even in colleges not prohibited by state control from giving religion real consideration it is always the easier course to ignore religious interpretation and to bid the students confine their attention to less probing thinking, to the examination of facts and behavior. *But this ignoring of religion is fatal to the real purpose of education.* Facts and behavior are dead stuff until man begins

to interpret them; and that interpretation is bound to become a religious activity. It is religion in colleges that the increasingly rebellious undergraduates miss, even though that is not a phrase they themselves are wont to use.

It should be understood that this does not mean that collegiate teachers ought to give to students a set of cut and dried religious interpretations to be swallowed by them without personal experiment. No religion is worthy to any man until he has himself thoughtfully accepted it as a legitimate expression of ultimate truth. What ought to be done for the groping student is to present to him the religious interpretations of the ages and ask him to use them as possible keys to the understanding of material and life. Do things make sense in terms of this or that theology? Others have found that they do; but until they have been experimented with they are, for any individual, at best only hypotheses backed by a tremendous cumulation of past testings. No religion with any self-respect will hesitate to submit to such personal tests, nor does such testing imply on the part of devotees a necessary doubt as to the ultimate validity of that religion. Youth has no resentment against dogma as such; it has usually sense enough to perceive that dogma is only a synthesis of pragmata. What youth does object to is being asked to accept dogma on such external authority as denies the necessity of his personal experimentation upon the basis of that dogma.

III

The particular field where this compounding of facts and purpose most needs at the moment to be made is that of experimental psychology. Partly because the main task above indicated has been neglected, our students have

avidly turned to this newest of the sciences. With some brilliantly exceptional cases, they are therein being taught a great deal about how the brain acts and next to nothing about the significance of that action. They are all too apt to conclude that there is no significance to be discovered. Indeed their instructors frequently tell them so. Thoughts seem to them merely functional, behavior entirely a reflex from physical stimuli. The answer made by psychology to the student's life problem is more and more the statement that there is no problem to be solved; that man is merely a portion of the mechanistic universe. He has in no real sense free will and can in no real sense be held either morally or intellectually responsible. In the end this involves the suicide of thought itself; for there is nothing which really reasons, and therefore in no rational sense can there be either obligation to think or, indeed, possibility of thinking. That this or something very like it is the position to which undergraduates are coming by scores and hundreds every year no candid observer of collegiate life will deny. It is this which makes our younger generation unique. As a man thinks, so is he. To contend that our young people are no different from young people in former generations is to substitute blind optimism for common sense. They are different. They have concluded that responsibility is a silly idea, unscientific, impossible.

Inadequately guiding youth in the development of a vital philosophy, we are sending forth graduates with diffused minds, scarcely fit to take command of their own lives or to coöperate in the development of a social state; drifters into conformity and essential human futility; easy victims to specious crowd psychologies; followers of what seem easy ways out; bolshevist or

fascist in every attitude. They esteem themselves only creatures of their environment and so they tend to become just that. They have little or no perception of standards — of truth, beauty, or goodness; they have no goals of purposeful perfection with which to estimate values or by which to gauge achievement. All these things are to them relative — relative not to absolutes but to expediency. Truth means to them little more than a body of observable facts; beauty, conformity to fashion; goodness, doing the things that will make one comfortable or popular. Out of our most able youth, capable of high adventure, we are manufacturing mental and ethical jellyfish.

This could be stopped if intelligent rather than either bigoted or sentimental opinion could be aroused and focused upon the colleges. There is something about academic pursuits which makes educational authorities themselves unaware for the most part of what is happening to students. A prominent Western university president, for example, a notable scientist, expressed himself last autumn as not believing that contemporary scientific instruction in colleges was making despairing cynics out of the better students, because, forsooth, science had never made him cynical or despairing, but, on the contrary, full of hope and the impulse to adventure. He knew nothing of the student temper in his own institution. He had never, as a matter of fact, analyzed even himself. He failed to recognize that he was not merely a scientist but also a highly poetic philosopher, and that he was living almost wholly on his intuitional resources — resources which were not at all essentially tied up with his science. It is no exaggeration to say that few professional educators realize the portentous condition of the student mind

and soul. Pressure should be brought to bear upon these gentlemen by informed opinion generally. The colleges must be persuaded kindly or forced by student demand or coerced by wise benefactors to resume their philosophic function.

That resumption must inevitably come about. The time will arrive again when a university will be, not so much a place where a universe of facts is observed, but rather a place where men ponder universals. A college need not be in the least afraid to teach modern science, but it must not be content to stop there. Science is only a way to dig out rough material, stuff which can be articulated only by philosophers. The correlation in each student's life of the scientific method and the facts it discovers for us, on the one hand, and the age-long spiritual aspirations and interpretations which constitute religion, on the other hand, is the proper determining purpose of the college. Its religious activity cannot consist merely in conducting some devotional exercises in the chapel or in giving courses on the literary value of the Bible. In all the teaching, in every lecture room, seminar, laboratory, there must be the subconscious thought: 'No facts observed here are worth anything until the students have assimilated them, digested them, interpreted them. It is men and women that we are teaching — not these bits of knowledge. There are ultimates of which all this is only a reflection. Unless our teaching is enabling both us and our students more to understand the ultimates, that teaching is a waste of time.'

This, surely, is humanistic education in its only valid sense — an endeavor to turn out men who are not merely informed but also fit with unified purpose to deal with human life.

A LETTER TO MY DOG

BY SIR W. BEACH THOMAS

I

MY DEAR WHUFF, —

You know how I dislike, chiefly on your behalf, attributing the thoughts and expressions of men to animals other than men. The comparison suggests patronage and a sense of superiority, whereas you and I know perfectly well that there is no question between us of better or worse, whether in intellect or in morals. We are just different. That you are imbued, as I shall show, with a greater humility than I gives me no excuse for conceit, but rather for as much more humility as I can muster, handicapped, as I am, by my species.

After such a profession of philosophy as this it may seem illogical to indite you a letter, since you cannot read it — though as a puppy you would have taken it in and duly digested it. But the human brain, so far as it issues in action, is ‘saved by its want of logic,’ as a great Frenchman said of the English people. I address the letter directly to you because in this way I can most easily make explicit to myself just what I feel about our friendship, and how the miracle is possible that you and I, as thousands of others in like case, can be friends and brothers. I seek, and seem to have found, in this form the technique of analyzing my own feelings about the mutual affection of dogs and their masters — a thing, it seems to me, often different in kind from the relation of dogs and their mistresses.

The old Scotch philosopher who used to lecture to me on mind was fond of asserting that reason was developed along the lines of conflicting instincts; but he did not keep a dog, much less a spaniel. *Your* reason is produced by the desire to possess it. Such is my experience and my inference from your guise and habits and gestures. Another professor used to say to me: ‘Nothing interferes with progress like not wanting to make it’ — a profound maxim; and, if it is true, then the converse is true, that nothing promotes progress like intensely wishing to make it. You are quite sure, though I confess my belief with a blush, that I possess some faculty which you yearn to understand; and as you grow older you come nearer and nearer to this comprehension on the flood of your affection and strong admiration.

But before we follow out the steady growth of your intelligence let us consider your affections and emotions, which perhaps matter more.

You are, and have been these five years, as incapable of rancor as Mr. Jarndyce. The old tag, of course, is a lying one: —

A woman, a spaniel, and a walnut tree;
The more you bash ’em, the better they be.

They are better in the sense that they have undergone a stronger test of their tolerance, but in that sense only do they enjoy persecution. Some few children have this gift of a forgiving

nature. One of my neighbors, whose temper is not under perfect control (you may remember, perhaps, how he once cursed his retriever because you found the bird his dog could not), one day castigated his very young son. When the sad business was over, the boy took him by the hand and led him out-of-doors from the torture chamber. 'Would n't you like to see my garden — for a treat?' he said. He was never beaten again. I felt like that rebuked parent when I returned one day from a sporting expedition. With a carelessness that I can now only regard as insensate, as definitely cruel, I allowed you to see me go forth with my gun, closing the door with furtive quickness between us. You did not bark or protest in any way; but when the sound of my footsteps died away you climbed upstairs to my bedroom, a place you had seldom entered, and, pulling from the cupboard an old shooting jacket, lay on it till I came back. You rejoiced in the return. There was no touch of rebuke in your welcome; but the mute protest as reported was almost unendurable, and next time I would rather offend a neighbor by taking out a dog too many than leave you to pine.

What was in your head all those hours as you lay with the smell of the shooting coat in your nostrils? Your immense joy in going out with a gun is inspired in part, I must believe, by the feeling that we are particularly *en rapport* when in pursuit of game. What is elemental in our two modes of life is in touch. We are primeval hunters, together seeking necessary food. We are in some sort equals; yet you are glad and proud to confess that I am the master. With what unvarying directness you pick up a fallen bird and lay it at my feet or thrust it to my stretched hand! It must be nearer your instinct to pursue the ground animal than the

flying bird; but it is the bird you prefer. Even your scent for it seems superior. You have followed in the wake of the man's preference, and you bring back the prey to him as affectionately as you would to your family in a state of nature.

One of my hunting friends tells me that his favorite horse always knows a hunting morning, and is sometimes so excited that he will not touch his feed. *You* know when sport is afoot by a number of signs. You watch eagerly for the suit that your changeable master wears when he comes down to breakfast. If it is of blue serge, your ears are depressed by half an inch. Your eyes have the droop almost of a bloodhound and, with the long ears falling straight on either side of your sapient and melancholy face, you bear an unmistakable resemblance to that print of a bewigged judge which hangs among my ancestors. Still retaining the elemental habit of *your* ancestors, who hunted in the night season and, if hunting was good, gorged in the small hours, you are apt to be a little somnolent at the breakfast hour; and I have never known you at that time to ask for food. So when the suit is of blue serge you greet me with sleepy friendliness only and return to your mat to continue dozing. If the suit includes a tail coat — prelude to a top hat — I have known you to evince a faint curiosity. Your mobile nose makes the inquiry: 'What does this mean? The sight and smell are new to me; but a thing like that cannot portend even so much as a country walk.'

How different if the clothes are those which go together with a gun and cartridges! From brain to spine the excitement travels. A shiver, what the French call a *frisson*, invades you. Your instinctive sleepiness vanishes. If you have enough control of yourself to

lie down during breakfast, you choose a spot within sight, and whenever I look up I see one brown eye fixed on me, alert to detect any movement from the table, any confirmation of the strong hope that the clothes are true witnesses. As I get up you follow close to heel or sometimes paw the door, in utter impatience to reach the gun cases in the hall. Your predecessor, for some reason that I could never gauge, was quite sure that the handling of cartridges meant a shooting expedition, but was not nearly so excited at the handling of a gun. You are aware of the meaning of both; but it is the gun itself that extracts from you that short, sharp, excited bark, and, if the door is open, sends you out to the wicket gate by which we usually depart.

You are quite certain that without both gun and cartridges shooting is impossible. You will lie serene and content for hours if need be by the side of the bag, and you love to rest your nose on it. Do you remember how you were torn by indecision that morning when, on the way to a shoot, I leaned the gun against a fence, and the cartridge bag below it, while I made a short expedition to a clubhouse a hundred yards to the side of our proper route? If I had told you to sit by the side of the gun you would have done it without question or doubt; but I said nothing. What were you to do? Was it safer to stay by the gun or to go with me? You followed a few yards in my direction; then went back to the gun; then left it, and stopped with indecision in every line of your pose and every movement. Finally your decision was made. Before I was out of sight you had returned, with moderate content, to the gun and cartridge bag. I might have dodged you. It was quite certain that the gun could not, and that without the gun sport was impossible. If

this had happened before that sad day when I left you behind I think you would have come with me; but since then it has never been 'glad, confident morning again' quite in the old way. A vague fear of desertion still lies in the back of your mind.

II

Not many things baffle you when it is a question of game. I can tell with a confidence very seldom misdirected what it is that you scent: your behavior in the neighborhood of a hare, a pheasant, or a covey of partridges is always distinctive. How you lift your head for the partridges and waver this way and that, indicating that the scent has more than one source! How close to the ground is your nose and how steady your progress in the wake of a rabbit or hare! Your speed and excitement rise visibly when you become aware of a pheasant. Tell me how it is that the only bird, other than the game bird, that at all excites you is the lark. I knew two setters that suffered from a like weakness. And why do you refuse, except under stern orders, to retrieve either pigeon or snipe? Of course it is the scent; and since my scientific friends tell me that you excel me in this sense by 340 to 1, I cannot pretend to follow you or understand your sense any more than you can interpret my brain.

What pleasure it has added to my days to walk with you across the autumn fields and watch your skilled enjoyment of the scents that come and go; but sometimes you rebuke me, all the more severely because you wish to compliment. Yours is the 'praise that hurteth more than blame,' as Whittier wrote.

When the birds are flushed and that loud exciting noise is heard you must believe that the endeavor was

successful. It is quite impossible for me to persuade you that nothing has fallen, that Homer has nodded, that your object of reverence was capable of a lapse. It seems impossible. You cannot grasp a qualified omnipotence — a Greek god hampered by Fates or necessity or mere weakness. You are as sure as John Stuart Mill that similar causes have similar effects. On the rare occasions — much rarer than a missed bird — when two birds have fallen to one barrel, what trouble I have to induce you after retrieving one to look for the other! You look up into my face as if to say, 'Why, I've just brought it. Have you forgotten already?' You do what I tell you because obedience — qualified, it is true, by excitement — is a good part of your religion; but your faith wavers. You search half-heartedly and are a demonstrably worse finder. Even that marvelous nose of yours fails of its perfection unless there is intention behind its use.

In everything I do you seek meaning, and, as your interests are less varied than mine, you are generally baffled. The spade is an instrument that quite defeats you. You must have seen it used to dig out some rabbit or rat that had gone to ground, and have decided that this was a legitimate use and that after the gun it deserved your respect. But it is almost always used vainly. When I transplant a rosebush you sniff and sniff and sniff round the hole to discover why I was digging. You sniff especially at any upturned worms, and I have caught you looking with a puzzled glance at the robins which at once fly toward me and grow busy as soon as I leave the spot by so little as a yard or two. You sniff and you wonder, but never, never, never shall I be able to give you so much as an inkling of the gardener's purposes. How queer it is that you can smell those partridges

while still a hundred, even two hundred yards away, and do not heed at all the perfume of the tree lupine that invests the whole garden!

We have not put upon you the indignity of learning 'parlor tricks.' You cannot 'die for your country,' and no biscuit is balanced on the flat of your nose; but you will play any game that has any sense in it and an athletic savor.

You will play football and dribble the ball at some pace with your nose as propellant. You will jump a lawn-tennis net. You will play catch-who-catch-can; and how quaintly the primeval instinct dovetails into a more lately developed mood when we try to rob you of a bone! You growl furiously, but at the same time deny the anger by as furious a wagging of the tail. A stranger would not know which end to believe; but you have made it quite clear to us that a game is being played, of which growling is a necessary part. Perhaps because there was a suggestion of primeval instinct in it you liked best of all games hide-and-seek with that rubber doll possessing a squeak in its middle. To hunt for it wherever hidden was a passion with you. It squeaked under pressure like a live thing; and its voice was 'the voice of the stomach,' declared by philosophers to be the elemental music of the world, connecting man with the lower animals and becoming articulate in the youngest baby or puppy. But I should very much like to know how you developed the habit of sitting up on your haunches and wagging your forepaws up and down, as if you were pulling a church bell rope. At such times as you discovered the doll in some unapproachable place, such as the mantelpiece or the top of a bookshelf, you looked as if you were praying to an idol in a state of ecstasy. You were ludicrous — and, it seems, pathetic too, for someone seeing

you quoted one of the most moving lines in all poetry:—

Tendebantque manus ripæ ulterioris amore.

And indeed you were always, in a symbolic sense, 'stretching out your hands in yearning for the farther bank.' You always wanted to grasp what was just beyond you; and by reason of your yearning you have learned wonderfully. In your early days you knew no words. You learned tones of voice, could distinguish the short, sharp command from the wheedling endearment, and other less gross contrasts; but words, as such, meant nothing. With great labor you have learned a few. I should very much like to know from you whether my estimate of the number is too small or too big. I put the number at about ten or eleven: 'here; lie down; heel; mat; basket; pussy; fetch; shoot; seek; good dog; Whuff.'

Some you learned by much repetition, especially those used on the field of battle. One was driven into your brain by the intensity of your jealousy. You had not many dislikes. The postman and the woman who sang were two; Pussy was the third. She used to annoy you of deliberate purpose by walking past you and tapping your face with her vertical tail. It was done with aggressive deliberation. Her slow, selfish ways altogether were irritating to you and you loathed her habit of jumping on people's laps. If the word 'pussy' passed one's lips you were uncomfortable, even as your excitement was obvious at the word 'shooting,' however uttered. But you restrained your hatred wonderfully and never since puppyhood attempted to express your dislike by more than a low grumble. It was enough: the cat, a master of the policy of self-interest, knew well its significance. Your restraint in this regard was the more

remarkable that in other relations your jealousy was more explicit. You never could endure any embracing among men and women. You leaped up instantly against the two offenders and uttered a succession of peculiar short, sharp, and almost painful barks. At first I attributed the protest to jealousy; but the same notes were uttered when two of the family wrangled or pretended to wrangle—for we were not so unkind to one another as you feared.

Were you jealous or protective? Did you take the wrestle for an embrace or the embrace for a wrestle? I have never felt quite sure. You are often very like a human child. 'I'll dare you to slap my mummy,' a very, very small son said to his father at a pretended quarrel; and perhaps you too forget your faculty of humorous perception when it is a question of defending the weaker. Who knows?

The depths of your sex loyalty are profounder than ours. The dog that will attack a bitch is scarcely known; and the courtesy you extend to the other sex is given also to the human child. The cat, whom you do not like and disdainfully ignore, might smother a baby and badly scratch it if it offends; but the infant is not born who can try your tolerance too hard. Several have tried, wholly in vain. My neighbor's terrier, waked suddenly by a teasing prod, snapped his teeth on his master's nose. Poor dog! With what obsequious obeisance he cringed before that outraged organ when any cruel allusion was made to it. Other terriers, of whom I knew, fell upon their master and mistress and bit them, as if they were enemies, once on the occasion of a spill from their carriage. But you have reached far beyond such elemental relapses. The brain in that big forehead—the heaviest brain of any dog—has created in you an attitude of

reverence that no excitement, however sudden, can shatter. If you are ill in any way, or have a thorn in the foot or dust in the eye, you will let me subject you to any painful or irritating measure, quite sure that I know best or that at the worst my intentions are good. Your submission when you are ill is painfully affecting, and when you come to the last illness — well,

When the body that lived at your single will,
When the whimper of welcome is stilled (how still),
When the spirit that answered your every mood
Is gone — wherever it goes — for good,
*You will discover how much you care,
And will give your heart to a dog to tear!*

III

If I were a philosopher investigating your mind, I should say that you possessed imagination, but not reason. You throw yourself so whole-heartedly into our thoughts, so cling to our habits, so obey our speech, that your mind jumps with us — *Les beaux esprits se rencontrent*; and if you have not a *bel esprit*, then man and dog never loved one another. You feel as we feel, and all the more deeply that your energies are not diluted by the abstract.

We touched just now on sex. It is my experience that you excel any bitch in this gift of imaginative sympathy. The bitches I have had hunt better than the dogs, are keener and more persistent. They possess more instinct and less reason or imagination. Perhaps the same is true in our own species; and, as in races of men, some have more of the feminine, some more of the masculine attributes. I find differences in kind between little dogs and big dogs. The toy dog is very clever. It is on record that one who became a great stealer of eggs carried the emptied shells to the big dog's kennel. Such low cunning is beyond you, because it is outside your

character and desires. Your friendship and mine is wholly different from the relations of Mrs. X and her 'Peek.' By her responsive devotion she has spoiled his character, though perhaps increased his intelligence. He is almost a cat, considering his own comfort first and his mistress's desires second.

As I pause in my writing, I see you from the rug open one brown eye with watchful affection; and if I am weak at all you come up and rest your nose on my thigh for as long as I permit. My writing clothes are colored at that spot like a smoker's fingers. As my hand falls to that silky head of yours, a heave of contentment passes over your body; and I can only interpret the subtle change in your brown eyes as a look of affectionate gratitude.

With other big-browed spaniels and some retrievers, you have lost, in zeal to understand the human mind, many primeval instincts. You do not revolve three times, as if the world were still clothed in long grass, before settling to slumber. You do not dig holes and bury bones and bread. You have no trace of savagery when in pain. Twice, in walking with you over poacher-frequented ground, you have caught your foot in a snare and called me to release you. You licked my hand as I fumbled — for it was cold — with the taut wire. How different from my neighbor's terrier who, caught in a similar snare, bit savagely at his master's hand and could not be released till he was half smothered in a doffed coat. His leg was badly torn. You had lain quite still and even voluntarily helped to ease the strain.

We most of us prefer to keep male dogs rather than female for reasons more elemental than psychological, and I have suggested that yours is the more reasoning and more sentimental sex; but the other has certain superiorities, both mental and physical, as I have

said. For instance, a spaniel bitch, belonging to an Irish correspondent of mine, was caught in one of the wires of which we have been speaking and could not be found. Though heavy with pup, she had strayed hunting. After ten long days she was at last discovered, emaciated to a skeleton, but alive and giving suck to nine puppies! You would have died of hunger and distress in half the time. Your mind would have strayed to a faithless master and wavered between anguish at his absence and self-pity at your own pain, till excess of emotion, till the poison of fear and hunger in combination, quite destroyed you. The bitches — so my inferences, perhaps from insufficient data, tell me — have the acuter senses, and, what is more, use two or three at a time, as you do not. Your nose is all in all. Your mother used her eyes wonderfully — though against proper etiquette in sporting dogs — and was not subject to those accessions of deafness which overwhelm you when the scent is hot. She is much nearer the pre-domestic dog than you, and because her instincts are finer that other side of animal nature, which you have unbelievably developed, is less apparent. She is still a slave to the primal

necessities of breeding and acquiring food. You have attained to such faith that you have thrown off such responsibilities and left yourself free to wonder at the divine genius of the provider.

Though I let you wander freely, it scarcely occurs to you to leave the garden. A walk with me is so much greater sport than a solitary ramble that you have half forgotten that the second is a pleasure at all. But when I promise a walk you even open the wicket gate, which leads to the fields, by yourself and hurry to the juncture of road and path to wait, in utter excitement, my decision. When the field path is chosen, every nerve in you tingles to delight. Companionship with me — that is your consummate pleasure; and if two animals enjoy companionship as you and I do, each must surely understand the other, by virtue of some sense of which this reason of our boasting is a mere branch. If you possess no reason, you are conscious of something better and more full of meaning even than instinct.

Ah, Whuff, there my letter ends. You can understand it as well as any human being in like case; for your short, short life is over. Can I bear to seek another companion?

ARE BUSINESS WOMEN GETTING A SQUARE DEAL?

BY ANNE W. ARMSTRONG

I

'WE have not yet emerged,' a business woman said to me not long since, 'from the stage where the attitude of the business man toward us is somewhat his attitude toward an upper servant — a mingled courtesy and condescension, with the condescension slightly more marked than the courtesy.'

Another business woman, to whom I repeated the remark, objected that it was too flattering to the business woman, implying a recognized need of her on the part of the business man. 'His feeling,' she said, 'toward the business woman, when the woman reaches a plane where it is difficult for him to ignore her presence, is more the one he has for a poor relation who has arrived on a visit — a feeling of mixed annoyance and pity. He hopes that the visit will not be for longer than his gentlemanly instincts of hospitality can be reasonably expected to hold out. Business men in general,' she went on, 'are still filled with the idea that they will not have to endure forever this plague of business women that has been visited upon them. They simply will not face the fact,' she ended emphatically, 'that women have come into business to stay.'

Whatever business men may be thinking about the matter, business women, it is evident, have no intention of relinquishing such rights as they have established in the business world as squatters. It may or may not be true that the hardest phase of their

pioneering experience lies behind them. But they have at least reached a point where, in an effort to understand and cope with the present, they are beginning to look back.

A comprehensive history of the rise of the business woman has not yet been written. But roughly speaking I should say that the first stage extended from the eighteen-eighties well into the present century. During this stage any well-born woman who got what we now bluntly call a 'job' was an object of widespread pity. 'She had to go to work' is an expression that dates, as we say. It carried an implication of tragedy.

Business opportunities for women of the period were restricted, with few exceptions, to keeping a boarding house, clerking in a dry-goods shop, dressmaking, millinery. These occupations were all more or less declassing. It was a good many years before a woman with a taste for cookery was to have a vision of profit and prestige that would make of her, instead of a boarding-house drudge, the owner of a chain of tearooms and restaurants. A woman dry-goods clerk was socially submerged until the dignified high-paid position of woman buyer came into being. An even greater length of time was to elapse before a countess would turn modiste, thereby giving social sanction to still another occupation adapted to women's tastes and talents. As late as 1906, during a stay in Virginia I was

witness to the struggles of a young woman trying to persuade her family that she would be happier trimming hats than accepting the only alternative that offered — marriage to a neighbor. A year or so later the girl established herself as a milliner, though at the cost of a break with her family, who claimed she had disgraced their name. The effect of early martyrs upon the social coefficient of business women is sometimes overlooked.

This is especially true of almost the only other business choice open, during the period under consideration, to women forced to support themselves and others. The woman stenographer, now looked upon as holding the key position for women in business, survived under a heavy initial handicap of social disapproval. The first women stenographers were serious-minded, but they were soon under suspicion as a class because of the new relationship to men, and the symbolic conception of a stenographer by the late nineteenth century vested her with blonde hair, dyed, and with designs upon her employer. Thirty years ago there was such stigma attached to stenography that it took more than ordinary courage for a girl who was at all sensitive to adopt it as a livelihood. But although the general feeling of compassion for any woman — not of the factory or servant class — who 'had to go to work' stopped short of the stenographer, she pitied herself. Consider for a moment this young woman who broke a path into business for the endless procession that has followed. She had never even heard of 'economic independence' as applied to women. The idea of business as a 'glorious opportunity' for herself, or for any other woman, was one she could not have reached by the uttermost stretch of her imagination. She thought — what almost everybody else thought at the

time — that business could never be anything for a woman but a sad necessity.

No longer than ten years ago women felt humiliated if their circumstances drove them unexpectedly into business. Doubtless even yet there are women confronted with the prospect of 'jobs' for themselves who are not entirely free from this feeling. Traces of the sentiment linger, moreover, — according to the more vigorous and outspoken of his critics, — with a connotation of contempt, in the business man's contemporary attitude toward the business woman. But in any prevailing sense pity for women in business has to-day all but spent itself.

It gave way by imperceptible degrees to a new situation. The 'female help,' as many old-fashioned employers still call women in business, at first aroused little interest on the part of the business man, and no concern. In an incredibly short space of time, however, the movement of women into business was greatly accelerated. A chivalrous impulse — an impulse to protect her, if I understand it correctly — was called forth by the business man's sudden perception of woman close at hand, in his everyday business life. There was something a trifle piquant, rather appealing, in her advent. There was as yet, it must be remembered, no expectation that the female help would ever occupy any but unimportant positions. During this friendly interlude women in business began to find themselves; began to branch out, unobserved at the start, into innumerable new directions. Helen Woodward, in her illuminating work, *Through Many Windows*, crystallizes this moment in the business woman's ascent — idyllic in retrospect — by a perfect example. In offices where she worked twenty years ago men would address her as 'Sister.'

But business women, as well as business men, have outgrown such simplicity. Throughout the length and breadth of the business world of 1927 it would be, I imagine, impossible to discover a man who calls a woman working for or with him 'Sister.' 'Sister' struck the last note in an episode which it would be pleasant to dwell on. In it was no suggestion of a tone shortly afterward sounded in the phrase, 'woman's invasion.' Whoever originated this strident term, it was plain that the old settlers had at last taken alarm.

II

For a while the alarm was hardly more than a vague uneasiness. If women kept coming into business, what would happen? Twenty years ago, or less, a man could issue a challenge to feminism, such as John Macy's recent *Equality of Woman with Man: A Myth*, without being suspected of having his tongue in his cheek. There was still no feeling that woman could ever be the business rival of man. The most insignificant man in business could bolster himself up with the thought that he was, after all, a male. But he now received one jolt after another in rapid succession. He saw the business woman occupy position after position that it had been supposed no woman could fill. As a result, paradoxically, his condescension stiffened, rather than relaxed. The third stage in the business woman's development seems distinctly marked by this new attitude toward her, with its hint, for the first time, of hostility. Driven to the last refuge, his historic position, — so business women explain the matter to themselves, — he felt that he could scarcely assume too lofty a mien.

But this accounts in part only for what appears to be the business man's

present view. One of the business women I have quoted advanced a plausible theory of its origin. She pointed out that the first woman with whom the business man had close contact in business, his personal stenographer (later known as a secretary), was, as a rule, his social as well as his educational inferior. She seldom had completed high school, if, indeed, she had more than finished the grammar grades. Often she had learned shorthand at night school while working by day at the bench. To such a girl 'the boss' was a great man. If he looked down upon her, obviously it was because she looked up to him with more than ordinary humility. The personal stenographer's value was, in fact, for a long time rated according to her dog-like fidelity. Modern business is still sprinkled with relics of this type. But, speaking generally, the business man's secretary to-day is more often a college graduate than he is himself. The variety and number of her interests equal his own, and the character of their social backgrounds and connections is often almost identical. Conditions have completely changed. Despite this fact, there seems little doubt, in view of the evidence, that the business man's early impression of the business woman has colored to some extent his whole later outlook.

The influence of this early impression marches on and on. The latest college graduate to enter a business organization from New Haven, Cambridge, or Chicago, though he may be amenable, even timid, in other directions, nevertheless, taking his cue from a mental attitude which he recognizes in business men who have arrived, begins to bully the business woman he finds handiest; yet she may be fifteen years ahead of him in business experience.

I used to be puzzled by the behavior

of a very young executive when I called at his office on a necessary errand. Whenever I met this young man socially, his manners were impeccable. But in his office I could have stood till Doomsday before he gave the least sign that it would be acceptable to him to have me sit down. In the course of time I would carry a chair from a corner of the office — if the session promised to be lengthy — and place it conveniently near the one in which he was ensconced. I am perfectly able to carry a chair. All I wanted was an indication that I was not an intruder. One day I realized that the discrepancy between the young man's social and business manners was due to the model he had studied, a former chief, who, though never actually uncivil, had never taken pains to conceal his opinion of women invaders who had achieved the rank of business executives.

When another woman who sometimes had dealings with this young man mentioned to an older business man a certain flagrant discourtesy of which the younger had been guilty, the elder defended him, 'Well, you women want to be equals, so why should you expect any special consideration?'

'We don't,' she replied. 'All we want is such consideration as one business man gives another.'

This retort expresses, I believe, the view most business women take of the matter.

There was another early impression of business women that contributed its jot, very likely, to the attitude that we are subjecting to scrutiny. A few months ago, when traveling, I met a woman whom I had known as a girl, who has since become the leading — indeed probably the only — woman in the world in her own line. I did not immediately recognize her as an old acquaintance. Studying from across

the aisle her serene, lovely face, I thought: 'What a charming mother she must be!' She has, as a matter of fact, never married, and presides, not over a family, but over a staff of lawyers, expert accountants, and engineers. In the course of our subsequent talk she told me that at the beginning of her career, when she had had to interview men of large interests, as she was sent back and forth across the continent to study the problem of this one and that, they never failed, after they became acquainted with her, to comment on the fact that she was 'a lady.' One man said to her: 'It was a big shock when you walked into this office. No one had prepared us. You see, we business men always expect a woman in some new and unusual line to be more or less of an adventuress.'

The experiences of a woman who started in 1904 to travel out of Chicago for a collecting agency with a national clientele confirm this statement. She was young and personable, but very serious. In the beginning almost every business man whom she tried to interest in the service she had to sell attempted to take some liberty. One man insisted he could only sign the final contract she presented if she would kiss him. 'I wanted,' she said twenty years after, 'not to kiss, but to slap him. But my two babies came up before me. I was their sole support, as well as my own. So I said laughingly, "Oh, my kisses are hardly worth so much as all that!" I had to have the contracts, though to get them without conceding anything was a struggle that often sent me back to my hotel room a wreck for the day.'

As a whole, business women are inclined to make allowance for frivolous treatment of their own business aspirations and for masculine condescension in general. It ruffles less than it amuses them. To quote another: 'The modern

business woman . . . must expect to break down some barriers in the mind of the business man.'

III

Harder to overlook are obstacles of another sort that the business man throws in the way of each step in the business woman's advance. There may never have been any conscious and concerted movement to 'hold the door shut against her,' as someone has expressed it; but it is pertinent to inquire how often business men have come forward and said, 'Here a woman has never held such a place as this before, but why not?' Usually she must fight to the utmost if she would achieve a new opportunity to demonstrate woman's latent business capacity. I recall the vigorous opposition to a woman's becoming paymaster, the first in a certain concern. I recall also — a promising sign — that when news of the struggle reached the president of the company he made it known in unmistakable fashion that thereafter, when a woman had proven her fitness for a position for which she was in line, there was to be no question, on the ground of sex, of her being promoted to it.

In this connection it may be mentioned that women tell me they meet with greater generosity from men who have attained the highest business places than from those of intermediate rank. The inference has been that the former, established in name and fortune, regard themselves, in a sense, as *hors de concours*, although the difference may be as reasonably attributed to a breadth of understanding more characteristic of the business leader than of the men he has outstripped.

The most unlovely charge the woman in business has to prefer against her business brother is his willingness —

nay, often his eagerness — to take credit for her achievements. There is not a business woman who speaks her mind who does not have an experience to add to the overwhelming evidence on this point. A woman executive whom I know had most of the management against her in a certain business crisis, and prominent among them her own chief. Little by little she won them over. It turned out that her position had been well taken. Less than six months later her chief solemnly related to her how *he* had overcome the opposition in question! 'He forgot for a moment,' she laughed, in recounting the incident, 'that he was talking to me!'

As the business woman laughs at the attempt to lord it over her of each raw recruit among college men coming into business, so she laughs at die-hard manifestations on the part of his masculine elders. But is it strange if sometimes the laughter is tinged with bitterness? Her whole business future may depend upon recognition of business service which she herself has rendered. Yet here are matters, she feels, however mistakenly, too delicate to protest. Proudly hidden, this bitterness has been increasing since Armistice Day, a date that marks the business woman's emergence into the fourth and present stage of her growing-up.

I well remember the executive who came out of conference late on the afternoon of November 11, 1918, his face wreathed with smiles, to announce, 'The psychology of this place changes from this day!' It was not necessary to explain to women who had been taken on to train for important places what this meant.

In spite of the fact that a 'psychology' newly acquired by the business man to meet the exigency of the war embraced its opportunity to 'change' overnight, women held on wherever

they could, to work which they had found congenial, and they continue to progress. By all tokens they are, however, still unwelcome — at all events to more than an inconsequential share of the ponderable rewards that business offers.

IV

'Equal pay for equal work' is a slogan that recorded the business woman's protest against what she considered gross unfairness. Like most slogans, it is not quite so good as it seems. In factory work equitable adjustment can be made, and to some extent has been made, through piecework, where the output alone regulates the wage. For office or store jobs of a simple routine character there seems insufficient ground for discrimination in pay on the score of sex. But take, for example, a young man and a young woman, college graduates, entering business. Neither is worth, relatively speaking, what both at the start commonly receive. Their pay has been fixed on the basis of the higher return they are expected to make in time, as the result of their superior advantages. If potentiality, then, properly enters into pay as a determinant, it is debatable whether the young woman, starting at the same rate as the young man, is not getting more in proportion than she should. Of the two she is the poorer risk. It may be argued that the young man's greater liability to secure a job with another concern offsets marriage as a factor of impermanence. But will anyone acquainted with business dispute that marriage takes a heavier toll of the average business house through its promising young women than do rival concerns in picking off its promising young men?

Whether women committed to business careers care to face the fact or not, they must drag the dead weight of a

multitude of other women who use business as a stop-gap. There are those who see a more cheerful prospect for business women in the decay of matrimony. But so long as young girls continue to file cards in wrong places because in their daydreams they are filling 'hope chests,' too much confidence cannot be placed in the overthrow of this venerable institution. Business women will do better, in all probability, to look forward to the dawn of an era in which, with the limitation of families and with scientific management of the home, women can combine domesticity and business without too great sacrifice of either. So long, however, as liability to marriage means loss to business, women's pay will inevitably be more or less affected. And it is difficult to see how on such a basis anyone can make out a sound case of injustice to women.

But all this is not to blink another aspect of the matter. The truth is, there is seething dissatisfaction among the abler women from one end of the business world to the other. What distinguishes the exceptionally able woman from her sisters is her resentment. In addition to what she considers far from handsome treatment in other respects, there remains the fact that women who have served business organizations capably, and have given every reasonable assurance of continuing to do so, are receiving from a half to a third or even a smaller proportion of what is paid men in positions that call for the exercise of similar powers. The sole reason why this resentment does not come to the surface in the form of open rebellion is that business women do not feel themselves strong enough yet, as a class, to force the issue.

The complaints cannot be lightly dismissed on the ground that they represent the opinion of what is numerically an insignificant proportion of all

business women. The calibre of the complainants must be taken into consideration. It is the very flower of business women who bring the indictment against the business man. These are the women — or the type of women — who will some day give him, in sporting language, a run for his money. And their ranks are yearly augmented by young college women — a rapidly growing body of sympathetic and ardent adherents.

Are business men going to let these smouldering fires break some day into high flame, or are they going to put them out by substituting the spirit of coöperation for that of competition?

So far as the business man is concerned, speaking personally, I should be pleased to see him pursue the latter course. When it comes to the business woman, why should she balk at more hurdles, when she has already taken so many that have not been lowered an inch for her own vault?

V

There are, in point of fact, several ways of escape open to the business woman. The most obvious is to go into business for herself. For her inspiration, city and country alike furnish examples of women's personal and successful business ventures. It should be said at once, however, that only a small proportion of women can rely on this solution. The vast majority lack the necessary capital. And only a handful possess the combination of qualities that can weather conditions inseparable from business started on a shoestring. Every business organization in the land contains men who relinquished dreams of going into business for themselves when they recognized their own lack of the specific qualities which such an enterprise demands. There is no reason to suppose that women are endowed in

these particulars more richly than men. Most women, as most men, who go into business must join, and remain in, established organizations. It is for this reason that I have confined myself almost entirely in the present discussion to what has been, and will be, the principal theatre of woman's business activities. The lines she must follow there, if she continues to advance, are, it seems to me, clearly laid out.

Many able women contend that the greatest weakness in woman's position to-day, when she reaches executive stature, is her association so largely with nonproductive lines. They believe that proper recognition of the business woman awaits her identification with positions that bring in business. There is force in the argument. But for women to make further productive contributions to business will not of itself, in my opinion, materially alter their present business status. It was a woman who devised a dress accessory to meet a modish need of the day, and a man with whom she was associated in business who reaped, according to all reports, the fortune that resulted. If women wish to receive anything like the benefits they are entitled to from their own productive business ideas they must insure themselves against theft both on the petty and on the grand scale.

Though it goes against the grain, business women must refuse to let their business accomplishments be chalked up to the credit of business men, even if the men in question are senior in rank. A perilous course — yes. But, granted it calls for a different order of courage, are our women pioneers in business going to let themselves be written down less brave than their pioneer great-grandmothers who wielded the axe, stood off Indians, broke sod in the West, killed rattlesnakes?

Women make an egregious mistake,

however, when they assume that they alone in the business world must struggle for proper recognition. It would be a nice point to decide whether they are being submitted to a much more severe ordeal than men have long accustomed themselves to expect. Certainly men have been by no means strangers to the experience of having their business ideas appropriated by business associates. In reference to pay, why do business women, even experienced business women, overlook the fact that business notoriously pays men, as well as women, as little as it can? The same course is open to a business woman, when she feels that she is receiving unfair treatment, that is open to a business man. She should, of course, be well fortified, if she takes the stand that her services are worth more than the mark that has been placed upon them. I have known cases where women, men also, in the presence of their familiars, have indulged in threats that unless their compensation was increased they would seek other positions, when there was nothing their business seniors so much desired. The situation is inevitably fraught with risk. But it is a risk business men have again and again been forced to take. If standing up for their rights means, as it easily may, that women must sometimes go out and look for other jobs, they can console themselves with the reflection that innumerable men have elected to follow the same spirited but difficult course.

When employers tell the business woman that they realize her value, her obligations, but that she is a woman, sex has been used as a subterfuge to which the watchdogs of the treasury will continue to resort so long as women remain submissive. Despite the fact that women executives are everywhere receiving much smaller salaries than men of comparable business value, the charge commonly made by business

women that this discrimination is based solely on sex does not rest, in my opinion, on any too firm a foundation. It involves a misapprehension of the nature of business. Indeed, here we approach, as I see it, the crux of the matter.

It is this misapprehension that is responsible for no small part of the business woman's bitterness. It explains why the highest type of woman to be found in business is, broadly speaking, also the one who is most keenly dissatisfied with existing conditions. It is the sensitive and educated woman who expects the business world to approximate her ideal. Hundreds of women of this type have served business long, laboriously, passionately, capably, resting their claims to business recognition on business merit. But while it is true that without a worthy business performance to her credit the business woman can hardly expect outstanding reward, it is equally true that something more is required. Business is operated only to a limited extent along idealistic lines. Those who are in a position to confer business rewards do not come forward, except in rare instances, with open hands. Rewards are won through struggle more often than bestowed; authority is seized more often than delegated; voices must insist on making themselves heard in business councils, for they will seldom be invited, far less urged, to participate. After all, women are late-comers — the business world is still a man's realm, and it is of the very essence of the business career that it is a vigorous affair. There are women, as men, for whom it gives and take, frequently of hard blows, provides exactly the fillip that gives zest to existence. But it is a question whether women who shrink from the necessary steps to preferment in this rough-and-tumble world are preëminently fitted for it.

None the less, just such women are needed by business. No one, I imagine, would claim with any seriousness that the entrance of women into business — millions of them — has thus far made any appreciable impression on the business spirit. It is a noteworthy as well as deplorable fact that where women have become employers they have almost without exception fallen into those same practices that have made men the target of business critics. It is therefore to the vision of a relatively small group of business women who refuse to relinquish their business ideals, and to whom existing conditions are not congenial, that we must look for some of the leaven of business life. These are women who have been drawn into business, in part at least, by their desire to feel themselves factors in social growth and welfare.

Happily there remains for business women in general one means of attaining satisfaction in business life, or an aid to that end, which has not yet been developed to anything like the extent to which it is, I believe, susceptible. I refer to the cultivation on their part of friendly relations with business men. Friendship among business men is the cement that holds them together in mutually profitable business efforts.

Men advance in business quite as often because they are liked by other men as because they are capable. Women, in their efforts to prove themselves, have too often sacrificed the business graces to a rigorous but sterile pursuit of the business virtues. If business men have been far from hospitable to business women, the women, on the other hand, are not wholly free from blame. They have accepted too readily the rôle of competitors; have shown perhaps as often as men — in recent years, at any rate — a streak, only lightly veiled, of antagonism.

There is need, unquestionably, for radical readjustment on both sides — for greater magnanimity from business men, and for more deft, more skillful adaptation from business women. If the business woman will insist on agreeing that the business man is an adversary, she must recognize that he is a powerful one and that, on the whole, her chances are probably better of winning than of whipping him. But should the miracle of miracles happen, and the business man decide to cultivate the friendship of the business woman, a diplomatic victory of no mean calibre would be achieved, with the participants on both sides thereby immeasurably strengthened.

NATIONAL TRAITS IN LAWN TENNIS

BY A. WALLIS MYERS

I

THE authors of lawn tennis have much to their credit. They founded a pastime which permits men and women of all nationalities to meet in friendly competition under a common code of rules. But this was not their only benefaction to mankind. The game, by its popular vogue and catholicity, has provided a medium for physical and mental expression that is satisfying both to the individual and to the patriot. 'Words but direct, example must allure,' says Stirling. The athletic emancipation of women, one of the features of the present decade, has been hastened and nourished by lawn tennis, a game so happy in its scope for industry, movement, and grace. No invention could have been better timed. It arrived to give society of either sex not only exercise and health, but, as its cult developed, an art through which national characteristics could be exploited. The lawn-tennis court became an international arena; the language of the court assumed the power and utility of Esperanto; frontiers melted before the game; the pride of race and individuality was none the less stimulated.

Lawn tennis was first pursued on private English lawns by middle-aged people. Its original disciples had been addicted to rackets and real tennis, the royal and ancient game. They were men of part or whole leisure, and their womenfolk, praising Providence for providing an outdoor exercise more

violent than croquet that could give them an athletic status equal to that held by their lords, embraced it, first with curiosity and then with devotion. Croquet hoops and mallets were flung down, domestic lawns were bisected by nets; in some cases, where Nature interfered, noble oaks and elms were sacrificed. Lawn tennis spread, not with the violence and speed of the prairie fire, but gently and insidiously, like influenza. It was a social diversion, frequently lampooned by *Punch*, never taken seriously by those who did not pursue it, never visualized as a world sport by those who did. Its first adherents were men of sedate habits and of muscles trained for games with standard and fixed styles. The feet were anchored for the service, the face of the racket was little more than half the size of the present-day weapon, the net was high and sagging, the balls were not always covered with cloth, the staple stroke was a slice as in tennis, and the side-line drive was unknown. The game was grafted on to ancient games by a conservative people. The prophets of the seventies might have seen in this very fact the germ of greatness; it was not detected until the Renshaw twins, with youth and supple limbs at their command, revealed the potentialities of a vigorous, competitive art.

The Renshaw brothers were the real fathers of lawn tennis as we know it to-day, and had they not accepted the

faith, making converts by their personality and other champions by their example, it is conceivable that the pastime would have died a natural death, or at any rate have been in suspended animation. It may be noted in passing that the twins developed their art, not on a turf surface, but on a covered floor of tar asphalt. This fact was significant. The original nursery of the game in England was a private lawn, frequently mossy, generally clotted in the matter of grass roots; well mown, of course, but more like a Turkey carpet than the firm, resilient plane on which the modern game has been bred. The motto of the aborigines was 'safety first'; they had to dig the ball out of the ground. The gardener's ideal of a lawn-tennis court in the eighties — and the first championship meetings at Wimbledon embraced it — was that honored in the college quadrangles at Oxford and Cambridge. When invading sight-seers asked for the recipe the answer would be, 'Mow and roll every day for five hundred years.'

The English style was founded on such a surface; it may be said to have been handicapped by it ever since. Half a century ago the prevailing habit was to hit the ball from corner to corner — an almost interminable exchange; and for this custom the nature of the surface was the main cause. Ireland attained distinction because her countrymen — then, as now, iconoclastic — invented a running drive, a kind of forcing shot off a low ball. 'Turf' is a dialect word for peat, and many a court resembled an Irish bog. It was by perfecting a low running drive that Mr. W. J. Hamilton, one of a brilliant Dublin group, won both the English and the Irish championship, and it was another Irishman, Mr. J. C. Parke, whose powers of mobility on a wet court, developed on the Rugby

football field, made him famous both in England and in Australia. Mr. Parke was not a greater player in the classical sense; his service was unprovocative; he had limitations as a volleyer. Leinster gave him his character; a stout arm and a stout heart won him his victories.

But I would return to my point, which is that surface, like 'dress Davy,' has made all the difference. Had lawn tennis been pursued only on lawns its career would undoubtedly have been cabined and confined. It would never have become a world pastime, for the reason that grass courts are unknown in many countries. Save in England and Ireland there are no turf courts in Europe, and yet the game flourishes throughout the length and breadth of the Continent. I am writing this article at Cannes, almost within a stone's throw of the original outdoor court in France. Constructed of a binding sand, extracted from the Estérel Mountains, a beautiful feature of the Côte d'Azur, it was laid down in the garden of the Beau Site Hôtel in the early eighties in order that the Renshaw brothers, wintering abroad, might pursue their hobby. This court has become famous, not only by virtue of its history, but because almost every champion, including several champions from America, has played on it. After Cannes came other courts of a similar substance on the Riviera. The game had already been practised on covered courts in Paris; other capitals met a growing demand. Stockholm, illustrating Swedish enterprise, built quite a flock of covered courts, installing artificial light to defy the winter.

It was natural that Continental players should develop at a greater speed than those from England, where climate and surface checked incubation. It is true that for nearly a decade no really first-class player from France

emerged, and the British pilgrim of first-class rank could generally anticipate victory at the summer tournaments which he visited. This ascendancy, appearing to ignore the incidence of surface, was only temporary. It was due partly to the colonizing faculty of the British, permitting them to impose their coolness and phlegm in a new environment, and partly to the relative inexperience of their opponents. The strokes of Max Decugis and André Gobert were more fluent and pleasing to the eye than those of men who beat them at first in actual match play; the will to win, dominant in the visitor, was absent. As soon as it was cultivated — and its growth was essential — the tables were turned. The benefits of surface, of quicker footwork, of a firm eye, were realized. The Dohertys, with their outstanding genius, could always beat the best Frenchmen, Germans, or Belgians of their age just as they beat, save on one or two memorable occasions, the best Americans. But the Dohertys had classical strokes and a temperament far above the average. They stood out in their epoch just as the Renshaws stood out before them and Mlle. Lenglen and Tilden after them. They betrayed national characteristics as other champions betrayed them, but they were thrown up, almost in splendid isolation, by the evolution of time.

No one country can claim or can expect a monopoly for such phenomena. It might be assumed that either France, which has produced Suzanne Lenglen, or America, which has provided Helen Wills, would have supplied successors or antitypes of these fine stroke players. Both have inspired the youth of their respective countries; they have fired a trail among the girlhood of Europe and America and of countries beyond which is still blazing; and if one is now a professional and the other

remains an amateur the value of their personalities in developing women's play cannot be overestimated. And yet, strange to say, neither France nor America has produced the player who is likely to be regarded in the near future as an even greater artist than either of these two.

The distinction will probably fall on Spain, for in Señorita Elia de Alvarez, the most brilliant exponent of the modern game, has been discovered a girl of twenty-two who with grace of movement combines a vigorous stroke and an intuitive skill which make her the most fascinating player to watch the world has ever produced. Though born of Spanish parents she has spent nearly all her life outside Spain — in Italy, France, Germany, Switzerland, and England, migrating from place to place with her parents. This movement has nourished her versatility; she is adept at languages and at many other sports besides lawn tennis. It has also deepened her character; she would be much less a great artist if she had spent her life in Spain. National traits — fluency of movement, impetuosity, dignity of carriage — are visible, but she has developed mentally in excess of her sisters because of her contact with the outer world; not otherwise would she have attained the self-reliance which is at once a feature and a force in her lawn tennis.

II

During the half century of lawn tennis the sceptre of power may be said to have passed to five countries in turn. It may not be unprofitable to note these cycles in sequence and to examine their causes. England was naturally preëminent in the first epoch. Her natives had founded the game, competition from outside was limited and fugitive; laurels were collected

more or less automatically. But the strokes and strategy of Englishmen had been developed and intensified by international matches with Ireland. When the Renshaws retired, the English group surrounding them missed their inspiration, and since most of its members were middle-aged the standard of play was inclined to fall. Irish enterprise and audacity revived it, and Dublin provided in Dr. Joshua Pim a champion whose game had the hall mark of genius. The matches for the championship at Wimbledon between Pim and Wilfred Baddeley crystallized two schools — the cautious, calculating methods of the Englishman and the robust, adventurous, devil-may-care style of the Irishman. The latter did not always prevail, but its greater brilliance was undeniable, and when Pim was at his best he was virtually unplayable. It is scarcely exaggerating to say that he could hit a dollar note placed anywhere on the court. When America saw Dr. Pim in the early Davis Cup matches, he had emerged from retirement and was but a shadow of the real champion. Both Pim and Baddeley were all-court players; they had absorbed the art of the Renshaws, though neither had the rapidity of execution of William or the meticulous accuracy of Ernest.

Evolution had been at work steadily. The Renshaws had to create strokes — there had been none to guide them; their successors got the benefit of precedent and the encouragement of example. As the Renshaws began England's supremacy, so the reign of the Dohertys ended it. These famous brothers lacked the fire and physique of some of their predecessors and many of their successors, but they resisted all comers for ten years. An occasional defeat in the doubles at Wimbledon only served to emphasize the volume of their triumphs. They were the 'princes

charming' of the lawn-tennis court, and the grace of their deportment and the serenity of their temper have never been equaled. Yet, perfect stylists as they were, with no vulnerable spot in their armor, it may be doubted whether the increased pace and tension of tennis in recent years would not have exposed their physique to an insupportable strain. It is true that they won matches in the heat and tumult of America against America's picked men, but the American players at the beginning of the century were not so versatile in attack or so powerful in service and drive as their successors of the last decade. It has been said that, given present-day conditions, the Dohertys would have mastered them just as they mastered the googly service of Dwight Davis and Holcombe Ward when they first encountered it.

The game, however, has moved forward with each succeeding decade. The advance may not be detected as and when it occurs; the faithful historian in looking back is conscious of it. In women's play progress has been well-nigh revolutionary even within the last fifteen years. The champions of the past, could they be restored at their best, would have no chance against the champions of the present. Improved equipment, changes in dress, greater opportunities for practice, the stimulant of publicity, have all promoted progress.

Australasia was the third country to furnish the world's champions. Norman Brookes for two years and Anthony Wilding for four won the title at Wimbledon, and between them these two envoys carried off the Davis Cup. The first was an artist, unmatched in volleying skill, the second an athlete, wielding drives sustained in vigor by inexhaustible stamina. Both possessed the confidence and courage indigenous to their respective countries in sport,

and though they differed as much in personality as in the methods of their play they enjoyed the common heritage of a forceful character.

Norman Brookes also had the asset of surprise attack. Britons and Americans were in the lead; no other country was deemed ripe enough to dispute their claim. Norman Brookes was the dark horse of 1905. His destructive service and magical volleying dominated Wimbledon of that year; his path to the title was only checked by H. L. Doherty, who stood out of the championship until the challenge round. When Brookes returned to England two years later his service was strengthened materially. A great English driver, S. H. Smith, had demonstrated that a break delivery, however sinister, could be smothered at birth if the proper weapon was employed. The Brookes of 1907 had added length and pace to his service, qualities which strengthened his complementary volleying and added to the total of his victims.

Wilding's physique came from New Zealand; his game developed in England, where he graduated at Cambridge University. His was the sturdiest defense to a volleying assault I have ever seen. Could he have volleyed more himself, like W. M. Johnston, he would have been irresistible throughout his epoch. Without the generalship of Brookes, Beals Wright, or Tilden, he beat McLoughlin at Wimbledon in 1913 by a superb display of robust and coördinated driving. Incidentally he exposed the limitations of McLoughlin's art, forestalling R. N. Williams in that achievement.

There is no poison which has not its antidote. Provided the sting of McLoughlin's service could be extracted, there was just a chance for his opponent. And in the case of Norman Brookes, as both H. L. Doherty

and Tilden proved, the most disturbing reply to his volleying campaign was a shrewd and well-placed lob. There has been no last word in lawn tennis yet; therein lies its compelling interest—the Roland has been awaiting the Oliver. The first volleyer of all, Spencer Gore, was defeated in his second year because his adversary conceived the notion of raising the ball over his head; and at the last American championship final at Forest Hills the volleying skill of Borotra, which had defeated both Johnston and Richards, was curbed by the calculating tossing of Lacoste.

The supremacy of America in the lawn-tennis world—a supremacy that she still holds, though with less assurance of its continuity—did not assert itself until the last decade. Previous to the Great War no American had succeeded in winning the men's championship at Wimbledon, and if the Davis Cup had been won back in 1913 the margin of victory was perilously small, while the failure which had attended three excursions to Australasia confirmed the view that Americans were more formidable in their own country than abroad. In the fifty months of the Great War the closure of competitive sport in Europe was complete; in America the interregnum was much briefer. When the Armistice was declared all nations, irrespective of side, reacted from the strain and concentration of arms; they turned with avid relief to the peaceful exercise of sport. America enjoyed this reaction like other belligerents, but she had the advantage of the shorter break, and her champions, when they emerged, were found to be in a higher class than their contemporaries. This was a natural and inevitable development; it was assisted by the more intensive organization of the game in the United States, an organization which stimulated and

enriched the game in colleges and schools and did not neglect the opportunity for expansion in public parks.

Apart from these general agencies, all working to vivify American sport, the competition between the East and the West, as between England and Ireland a generation earlier, provoked a public interest which spurred on the players, increasing alike their skill and their zeal. Without connecting poles the current cannot circulate. History has shown that countries increase their lawn-tennis standard and prestige if they can provide not only one champion of high calibre but another of equal or nearly equal strength who can extract the best from his opponent. This matter of vis-à-vis has been paramount. The annual matches between Willie Renshaw and H. F. Lawford brought fame to the old centre court at Wimbledon; they advertised lawn tennis in the early stages as nothing else could. If in the next decade Wilfred Baddeley had not been able to cross swords with Joshua Pim, the slump in British lawn tennis after the Renshaws retired would have been disastrous. Similarly the matches between R. N. Williams of the East and M. E. McLoughlin of the West gave a fillip to American lawn tennis of a value which can only now be estimated. Later came the sequence of brilliant battles between W. T. Tilden of the East and W. M. Johnston of the West. These championship encounters focused interest throughout the whole country, but their interest was not confined to the day of the fight. The champions' prowess both at home and abroad was an educational factor of ever-deepening force. For six consecutive years Tilden was invincible in Davis Cup and championship matches—a unique record and much more impressive because other countries,

like America, have been expanding their personnel, and the quality of opposition brought against the American champion was of the strongest.

William Tilden has brought to the lawn-tennis court physical strength and mental equipment of no ordinary pattern. These qualities have assisted his progress; without them he could not have maintained his remarkable record. But although Tilden's personality is distinctive he has not climbed the ladder of fame without absorbing the cumulative lessons of succeeding ages. That is to say, his game has been developed and perfected after a natural and orderly evolution. Tilden's rise was not meteoric; he had to serve a stern apprenticeship; he had to pass through the mill. He had also, before his victorious career began, to reassert the orthodoxy of the all-court game. He had to restore 'Larnedism' to American lawn tennis. He had to prove that solid and lasting success can only be constructed on a foundation of sound driving strokes.

The storming volleyer, novel and daring in his methods, had his triumphs both in America and in Europe, but his reign was threatened and could be interrupted by accurate ground strokes confidently and coolly controlled. The dynamic service of Gobert, covered by volleys of wonderful variety and finish, was challenged and ultimately frustrated by Wilding's piercing drives. McLoughlin found his match in Larned and then in Williams. Brookes was beaten by H. L. Doherty at Wimbledon and by Tilden at Auckland, and Boroitra finds in Lacoste the most disturbing parry to his game.

Tilden has drunk deeply at the fountain of experience. A scientific student of the game, not only has he relied on his own contemporaries for the advancement of his own game, but unconsciously the virtues of former

champions have been transmitted to him through the medium of his older adversaries. But, great player as Tilden is, the greatest of his epoch, he does not necessarily typify the highest potential art of the game. The future may have something greater still in store. Tilden's stature has assisted his service; his long stride, apparently fortified against fatigue, is trained to produce the fiercest drives. But even a Goliath can have his limitations; the sling of a lighter and more acrobatic David can be deadly.

III

We have seen that no one nation can hold indefinitely the crown of lawn tennis. The emblem of power in half a century has already crossed the Seven Seas and back again. The very catholicity of the game, its extension in hidden places, its relation to psychological factors beyond the control of organizers however zealous, make the championship breed uncertain; and of course political and industrial unrest can affect the destiny of any sport. The future of France on the lawn-tennis court has never been brighter; she has champions of youth, genius, and ambition. But the rise of France to the highest peak is no sudden, unsuspected movement. Her recent triumphs were preceded by many disappointments, even by an almost fatalistic feeling that her countrymen could never achieve signal success abroad. When the French first came to Wimbledon they used to cast wry faces at a slippery, oily surface upon which neither their feet nor their strokes would go right. Now the leading Frenchmen recognize that a turf court is the championship court par excellence; it responds to their delicacy of touch, it extracts the refinements of their game, it ministers to their buoyant nature. It was almost

the same thing when the French first went to America. They were disturbed by the American ball, disconcerted by the speed and 'devil' of the American attack. But their enthusiasm and resource were such that they came again each year with strengthened hopes and sharper weapons. If Mlle. Lenglen could hold undisputed sway in the women's realm — and her career was a great incentive to her brothers — they did not see why Frenchmen should not triumph as well. The first All-French final at Wimbledon was almost certain to bring another, and it may be doubted whether the last All-French final has been seen at Forest Hills. The French morale has been strengthened miraculously within the last five years. It is not at all surprising that the French should play lawn tennis well. The game lends itself directly to their mood for motion, their gift for swift repartee, their democratic bent. But before the war it was this vivacity which seemed to check their progress, robbing them of the highest honors. Perhaps the war chastened them; at any rate it has deepened their power of concentration and removed some of the insularity which handicapped their progress.

Evolution is taking place in other countries. The enterprise and adaptability of the Japanese, their philosophic outlook and their stamina, have made them ardent disciples. They have already proved their capacity on foreign soil; they need very little more before they are on a level with nations of greater experience. In Czechoslovakia, Italy, Spain, and Scandinavia the volume of lawn tennis has increased with unyielding vigor. The leading players of these countries, as of others, are now mixing freely with the other nationals of Europe. Each year their standard is improving; each year the disparity of form is less

marked. In India the same progress is apparent, delayed only by the wide distance which separates one tournament from another — a handicap that aviation will no doubt remove in the near future. In South America the game is marching boldly forward, favored by climate and material resources.

The surprising thing is that in all these countries a common code of rules and etiquette should prevail. Literally there has been no legislative schism. The professional exhibition match has come to America and may be paraded elsewhere, but this excursion is at present sporadic and there

is no evidence that amateurism, upon which the game was founded and through which it has been propagated, will not maintain undisputed sway. More professional instructors are required and will doubtless be provided, but they will come in the main to teach the game and not to exploit it for personal or selfish gain. Originally a domestic pastime, lawn tennis owes its wide expansion to the cardinal virtue that it is essentially a family and social recreation. It is a game for all the peoples. A spectacle it must be; its popularity as such has grown in proportion to the number of persons who actually pursue it.

REFUGEE

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

OVER the stones, over the bridge, over the sea,

After my heart went I; and followed on

Slow body after me.

After the gold, the isle of rose; after the fall

Of folding gray; — to find if that might be

The end of all.

Into the west, into the last of beckoning light;

Till the shed star made sudden lilies grow

In pools of night.

TWO PATHANS

BY MARY LUCIA BIERCE FULLER

I

IN Bombay you may see, at one time or another, most of the races on earth, and castes innumerable. When, long ago, I went to school there I learned to know the turbans of many provinces and castes, and the manner of sari and kirtle, bodice and veil, of women from Kashmir to Ceylon. I very soon learned that certain tall, handsome men who wore baggy trousers, yards wide, long white tunics, embroidered waistcoats, long-tailed turbans wound round padded, peaked caps, and very stout, magnificently squeaking, brass-inlaid slippers, were Pathans. Whenever we saw them on the roads or beaches my ayah would shake her head, dilate her eyes, and say in a low tone full of vehement ill will, 'A bad caste, a wicked caste!' Wickedness, alas, is strangely interesting. I would ask for items, and heard many a tale of usury, extortion, and violence. In India, for no occult reason, Pathans find money-lending an easy, fattening livelihood. Hindus, however timid or indigent, will borrow money; and what with incredible interest thrice compounded, incredible impudence, incredible credulity and foolhardiness, juggled accounts, false receipts or none at all, abject illiteracy — it was no marvel that all my ayah's tales ended in irreparable disaster: 'And so went all the fields of my maternal uncle's father-in-law'; or 'And so went all the jewels of my niece's co-wife's paternal aunt.'

And so it was that I looked at

Pathans somewhat as I looked at the beautiful lazy tigers in the Victoria Gardens, but with profound disapprobation. I never spoke with one until many years after, when, at the age of twenty-one and after six long, long years in America, I went back to the darling land of my birth — went with my homing heart flying ahead of the ship and beating back impatiently for the helpless body imprisoned in 'time and circumstance.' For three years then I lived in Bombay with my father, and learned many interesting things — as, for instance, that all Pathans were not ravening tigers, that many ate their bread in the sweat of their brows; and that certain tall, free-striding men dressed altogether in dark blue, without peaked cap or waistcoat, and with trousers only a trifle bagged, were Pathan mechanics in railway workshops. Indeed the first Pathan with whom I ever had speech was one of these, and not for many years more had I occasion to converse with one of those picturesque swaggerers who so adorn our Indian roads.

Our mission house had a latticed side verandah, easy of access, where I kept a writing table, and there many sorts of people came and went, mostly, of course, people with a *matlab*, a dull axe of some sort to grind on my little whetstone. Many of them were brought to me by Raghu, our officious little gardener, who accounted it glory that there should be much coming and

going, and consequent laudation of his Sahib. Delighted at the sight of needy visitors, he would first try to extract a small tip, and then trot them up to me, lingering inquisitively, if unnoticed, until they went.

One day he appeared at a swifter trot than usual, his eyes popping with fright, while on his heels strode a tall Pathan with a glint of amused contempt in his fine eyes. The Pathan made me a splendid salaam, but with no hint of servility, and stood at attention. I invited him in, and he, slipping off his brass-inlaid slippers, stood on the red cotton rug within the latticed door, a splendid figure of a man for all his plain dress: 'tall as a palm,' to quote Raghu later, with a clear olive skin, flashing black eyes, slightly aquiline nose, and a glossy black moustache and beard which did not conceal his mouth, delicately cut and full of feeling. What one noticed at once, and liked at once, was the charming straightforward glance of his eyes. They were as honest as a child's. His hair curled in his neck, and there were curled lovelocks before his ears.

I asked him to sit down, but he preferred to stand.

'What will you?' I said.

'I have heard great praise of the *Bibi's* father. Folk say that he hath a very gracious temper, and will leave his food to help a man. I desire a letter from his hand to the big Sahib of the *relwai* workshop.'

His deep voice was incredibly soft, and his faltering Hindustani sounded like baby talk. It was charming to hear so splendid a creature speak so gently.

'My father is out of the city.'

'So the *Bibi's* Mali said, but I believed him not.' He smiled.

'Mayhap I can write the letter,' I said. 'Have you knowledge of any work?' From an inner pocket he drew

forth a flat tin case and out of that a paper pasted on cheesecloth; with a proud smile he laid it before me. It was a printed certificate from the G. I. P. R., or perhaps the B. B. C. I. R. Ilyas Khan, son of Adam Khan, or perhaps it was Ibrahim or Yakub Khan, was a first-class workman — iron moulder, if I remember — with three years' service and excellent behavior to his credit; he had taken leave to visit his home.

'With such a paper, what need have you of any letter?' I asked, astonished. He smiled, and frowned, and straightened.

'If my Sahib, whose name is on that paper, were in Bombay I should ask no letter. But my Sahib is in Wilayat, and the new Sahib knoweth me not. And the doorkeeper of the Sahib's office is a Hindu, and demandeth a gift — two annas [four cents] he demandeth. The *Bibi* knoweth that this is Bombay and the sarkar alloweth not weapons and maketh a great matter of every killing, or smiting, even of idolaters. A Pathan must be as a poor sheep in this place. Rather would I spit on the face of an idolater than to put good silver in his hand. Wherefore I desire a letter. If I take a letter he must give it to the Sahib, and I shall get audience — and the Hindu pig will eat only his own teeth. May Allah curse all idolaters!'

'How, then, got you audience with the first Sahib? Was his doorkeeper a good Musalman — who demanded four or eight annas in place of two?'

Ilyas Khan laughed. 'Nay, he too was a Hindu. Nor would I give him aught. But I was new then and very bold. I will tell the *Bibi* what I did.' He laughed again at the remembrance, and his white teeth flashed between his red lips. 'I knew nothing then of the temper and manners of Sahibs; but I had need of work, and when the Hindu refused me entrance I waited beside the

outer gate until the Sahib came out in his carriage, and then I ran and seized the horse's bridle. The ape on the box began to chatter and call out. "O Sahib," he saith, "behold this shaitan of a Pathan!" The Sahib looked forth in anger, but great was my kismet, for he was a Sahib that knew men. I made him a salaam, and when he had looked at me his anger went, and he called me to him.

"What would you?" he said. "I would speak with the Presence," I said, "but the idolater at the door demandeth a gift, and the Presence may see that I am a Pathan!" The Sahib laughed. "Raito!" said he, as we should say, "Very good." "Look, Pathan, I am in haste. Sit you there before me, and speak your desire as we go."

"So I got into the Sahib's carriage and told him what I would: 'I am new come from Afghanistan and I know naught; but I am young. I have strength, nimbleness, wit, and a mind to work. I will not be proud. I will learn diligently, for, look you, I must send back money to my house, else my babes and my old father die of hunger.' He wrote seven words on a piece of paper and told me to come again in the morning."

"And when you went, what did you?"

He chuckled. "The doorkeeper had seen me stop the Sahib's horse; he had seen the Sahib take me into his carriage; but still the pig must ask to see the paper in my hand; so I cut his sharp nose with the stiff edge of the paper and went in like a Lard [Lord] Bahadur. A Brahmin clerk looked at the paper and took me to an old Sahib. The old Sahib looked at me and said, "Damgood, damgood," and put me to work. He taught me all I know. He is as clever as a jinni, that Sahib. Also his temper is like a jinni's, very hot and fiery. "Dam" is ever in his mouth, and

he hateth a fool. By the grace of Allah, I am not a fool; wherefore I learned and came to good pay. Then after three years my heart yearned for my babes and the hills and the snows, and I went home and stayed twelve months, and now I have come back."

"What are your *zai* and your *khail*?" I asked. Not for nothing had I read my Kipling in my homesick school days in America.

He was startled and pleased. "The Bibi knoweth of our *khails* and *zais*? The Bibi hath great learning." He told me the names of his tribe and clan, the clans with whom they were friendly and those with whom they were at feud, the name of his village and how many days' march it was from the Khaiber Pass; but all this I have forgotten, and remember now only his own name, Ilyas Khan, which is none other than the name of Elijah the Tishbite.

"And what is the temper of the Sahib who has come in the place of your Sahib?" I asked.

"Proud," he said, frowning, "very proud and angry. When the doorkeeper, who is a new pig, would not let me in, I watched for the Sahib as before. But I saw that he is not a wise Sahib. He knoweth not men. Wherefore I spake not with him; and, hearing of the Bibi's father, I came hither."

I dislike writing to unpleasant Sahibs, but I liked Ilyas Khan. I took up my pen and wrote circumspetly.

II

In the evening he returned to thank me. Some evenings later he came again with a friend, a man of his own *khail*, whom he therefore called brother. He was newly come. Would I give him also a letter? I did. The brother got work, and again the two came, to return thanks. In another week or two they were back with a third, another

khail-brother. He also got a letter and a job. Then came a fourth and a fifth brother, and every month or oftener the five would make me a state call.

I can see them now: tall, handsome men, with charming grave manners and an extraordinary gentleness and sure grace of movement. They would drift into the verandah like shadows, make their salaams, and sit down on the old red rug. They interested me enormously, and I often wished their Hindustani were not so limited, or that I knew their Pashto, the deep-chested Persian patois spoken in southern and eastern Afghan villages. The new men, also, spoke Hindustani with the soft indistinctness of baby talk — very diverting it was to hear them — and so brokenly that they usually left it to Ilyas Khan to speak for them, but he never spoke freely before them. By right of seniority, too, he was spokesman; and I noticed that the youngest man, a kinsman of Ilyas Khan's wife, maintained in Ilyas Khan's presence a deferential modesty that in one of his stature was almost affecting. A wife's kindred have always second place in her husband's house.

I would remember Kipling's tales of the Afghan frontier, and try to imagine these soft-footed, soft-voiced, keen-eyed men at home. They spoke little of their homes. Longing for their high mountains and homely little villages tied their faltering tongues; besides, how could they make me understand that far-away life? I let them say what they would and forbear when they would. They modestly disclaimed much experience of killing. Certainly there were feuds: old feuds and new feuds; feuds in name only — ashes without fire — and hot, bitter feuds that brought whole tribes to war. A man must walk warily at all times — he might not so much as plough without his gun. Yea, sometimes, by the grace

of Allah, a bullet went home. Nay, doubtless, killing a man was no light matter; it was a matter calling for thought, and that not of one angry man, but of the elders of the clan. Nevertheless every man must fulfill his kismet, whether he killed or was killed, and all things were by the will of Allah, to whom be glory forever.

But Pathans were not an evil folk. (They smiled with charming reassurance.) They had their bellies to fill, like other folk. Fields must be tilled, cloth woven, shoes and saddles sewn, houses built, pots made, and waistcoats embroidered. Pathans did not altogether pass their lives killing enemies, though Bombay folk feared them as they had been tigers. (They smiled with scorn, and yet were not displeased with their terrible reputation.)

'Yea,' I said gravely, 'doubtless your tribe and clan are full of most virtuous men, and doubtless even some others are praiseworthy; but surely the men of such and such tribes and clans — are they not but vile dogs, worthy only to be shot?'

They laughed. 'The Bibi hath taken us in the snare of our own words. Yea, of a truth, many Pathans are base knaves, faithless to salt, knowing not honor. In Jahannam they shall burn, even with idolaters.'

An occasional flash of their fine eyes helped me to picture these gentle fellows ruthlessly shooting down their tribal enemies. Was this gentleness of theirs the helpless docility of shorn Samson, the meekness of the hard-worked bull, or the mildness of the tiger at rest? The sight of shrinking, grimacing Raghu always roused the tiger in Ilyas Khan, and I think that he could have shot him with as little compunction — with, indeed, as much righteous satisfaction — as he would have shot a pig. Idolaters and swine, what were they but one unclean,

accursed breed? Not that he said anything of Raghu to me — he accounted himself to have some knowledge of manners; it was only the cold aversion in his eyes that made me thankful he would never meet our poor little clown across the frontier.

After they had called once or twice, I went to the Bible Society and got them each the four Gospels in their own beloved Pashto. Fortunately they could all read, and they were very much pleased to get the holy *Injil* (Gospel) in their own tongue, for though, of course, they knew of it as a part of their sacred *Qanun* (canon), they had never seen it before. They received the little books with the true Mohammedan's reverence for a holy book, handled them carefully, wrapped them in a clean cloth, and took them home. Irreverence is not a Mohammedan sin. I have seen, in the old days, illiterate Mohammedans pick out of the dust a scrap of paper, written or printed, and place it under a stone at the side of the road, lest it contain a holy word or a name of God and be trodden underfoot. But now, alas, many Mohammedan shopkeepers in the cities wrap their wares in printed paper, careless of its import. These also are they who no longer leave a customer at the muezzin's call and, turning toward Mecca, tranquilly say their prayers, unconcerned whether he wait or depart, since all things are ordained by Allah. 'For the belly!' says the new generation at each turning aside, and shrugs its shoulders, while the old generation rages, or sighs.

The Mohammedan version of the Gospel is rather different from that of the Bible, since it omits or alters such matters as are inconvenient to Islam; and someone may have told Ilyas Khan and his friends that the *Injil* I gave them was not the true *Injil*, but if so they were too polite to mention it.

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Mohammedans love controversy and are often very difficult in argument. Every debate is in some sense a *jihad* (holy war), and they argue to win; and being a high-tempered people they may become unpleasant, not to say very unpleasant, not to say ferocious.

Whether Ilyas Khan and his friends held themselves too unlearned for controversy, or whether they held it ungracious to confute an avowed benefactress, or, perhaps, *infra dig* to dispute with a woman, I do not know; but I think that modesty rather than manners kept them from trying a bout with me. However it was, I was thankful. I wanted only that they should read the Gospels; that, at least while they read, they should see the form of the Son of God, whom they honored only as a Prophet, and hear His words of life; perhaps they too would fall at His feet, crying 'My Lord and my God!' There is strong magic in those little books, and one never knows whom they may enthrall. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth,' and even strong Pathans have delighted to call themselves 'bond servants of Jesus Christ.'

After a year Ilyas Khan came alone one evening to take leave of me. 'I go to my country — for two months only. I have leave. When I return I would bring the Bibi a gift. What desireth the Bibi?'

For a moment I saw bright embroideries and felt greedy. 'I desire nothing,' I said.

'But something I will bring,' he said doggedly. 'In all my country is nothing the Bibi desireth?'

'Why bring anything?'

'Because a Pathan may not forget favor.' He drew himself up proudly. 'The men of my khail are true to salt.'

'Enough of this favor! A thousand thanks you have said for this favor. What was it, then? A very little letter. Cost it anything? Great labor was it?'

By the grace of God and the merit of your own certificate some marks of my pen got you work. Without *your* paper, what virtue were in *my* paper? Thank God, and say no more of it.'

'Nay,' he said stoutly, 'is it a little thing that by the Bibi's hand I and my babes have been fed these twelve months? The grace of Allah, impoverisheth it Him? And shall we not thank Him, because that His favor costeth Him not labor? Verily I am beholden to the Bibi, and a gift I must bring. I would not bring a foolish gift; wherefore I ask, "What desireth the Bibi?"'

His logic was charming. I laughed. 'Very good. Bring me then a gift. I will tell my desire. Bring me fruits or nuts of your country.'

His face fell. 'Only that? There are many goodly things in my country.'

'Doubtless,' I said carelessly. 'I have seen them in shops. They are questionless beautiful, but I desire not them. I delight to see strange fruits. Bring me something not seen in Bombay.'

He considered a moment, and then with a lighting of his whole face he said, 'Ha! I will bring a pot of *ghi*!'

I quailed inwardly, for I had read of Tibetan butter. 'Ghi? Surely there is much ghi in Bombay?'

'There is ghi of a kind, yea; but hath it flavor or fragrance? It is like so much water. But the ghi of *my* country — Wah! It needeth but a small lump in a great pot of rice and the house is filled with the fragrance! Wah!' He threw out his arms, and his eyes sparkled.

My heart sank. What must be that ghi beside which the rancid stuff sold in Bombay bazaars was tasteless! Most particularly I desired it not! But how not to grieve this delightful Ilyas Khan?

'Wah! That is indeed ghi!' I wagged my head judicially. 'Still, I have not lived always in Bombay; and here and

there, here and there, I have eaten very excellent ghi, and ghi of great fragrance. I would eat something new. There are many fruit-bearing trees in your country, and there are no such pomegranates in all India as they bring from Afghanistan. Bring me new fruits or nuts.'

He was disappointed, but unsuspecting. 'Something new I will find without doubt. But if I brought other than a thing to eat?'

'I shall be displeased,' I said gravely. 'I shall not receive it.'

'As the Bibi willeth.' He bowed.

'So long you have walked without fear; will you remember to walk warily at home? Even Peshawar is not Bombay.'

He laughed a little. 'A man verily forgetteth much here, but by the Bibi's prayers and the grace of Allah I shall go and come in safety — unless my kismet be otherwise.' On a sudden he was serious, inscrutable. Was it really homesickness that took him, I wondered. And yet that longed-for little son, the little girl, the baby boy — these might well pull a man with a face like Ilyas Khan's. Perhaps, after all, he had never killed a man in his life — and perhaps, God knew, he had been summoned to settle an old — or new — score with a careful bullet.

'Hurt no man; and God will return you in peace. Said not Isa [Jesus], — Holy is His name! — "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again"; and "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword"?''

He nodded, and then, touching his brow and breast in the beautiful Mohammedan way, he bowed low and departed. In two months he was back, head high, and radiant. Slipping off handsome new slippers sparkling with brass insets, he entered with a great salaam and laid a tin box on my table.

I looked within and found a fat honey-comb still fast to a bit of branch.

'No worthy gift, but a new thing and sweeter than sugar. A little creature of my country maketh it with cunning of the sweet of flowers.' He had evidently never seen honey in India, and I made much ado of it. At least the delicate wild flavor was new, and almost as delightful as my memory of Ilyas Khan and his friends. I saw them only a few times after that, for I went soon to Berar, to work in a girls' orphanage. However, they used to inquire after my welfare as long as my father was in Bombay, and I received many gracious messages of salutation and blessing.

Steel they were; and steel is not tempered without fire. Their fires were deep, burning in an ancient pit of hardship and suffering, banked by isolating mountains, fed by reckless fatalism and ruthless laws, fanned by fierce traditions and lifelong companionship with death. In their presence one felt this hot, hidden fire underlying their courtly gravity, their hampered speech, and their charming surface frankness, as one feels the depth of the sea underlying alike its slow swells and its light surface gayety.

Steel they were; but not all steel. And fire may do more than temper. Though imprisoned in an iron code, it may flame out in conflagration — in revolting atrocity.

III

I met several Pathans after that, including two Christians, but it was only five years ago, on a short journey to Poona, that at last I met a Pathan usurer, an engaging old ruffian, hawk-nosed and bearded, lounging at his ease in a crowded Third, and regally taking up the room of three ticket holders. He was really superb, with a rugged Semitic beauty, and lovelocks oiled and

curled, for all his fifty years. Two foxes sat in his two eyes, and if he had ever known Pity he had long ago forgotten her. Biblically speaking, he had no bowels.

His dress advertised his prosperity: immense trousers that fell in splendid folds, a sheer muslin tunic of the finest, a new peaked cap, a blue, white, and gold turban, a gold-embroidered crimson velvet waistcoat, fat gold rings, and on his tunic embossed gold studs joined by many little chains. He exuded well-being. One knew to look at him that he fared on rich, savory pilaus and curries, *kababs* broiled with garlic and green ginger, cakes and sweets dripping ghi and syrups. In Paradise he expected to feast limitlessly, with ravishing hours to pleasure him endlessly, and he was overlooking no delight here — that he was able to know as delight.

He looked at me with the bland, appraising curiosity with which a surfeited cat might look over a mouse in a cage; and presently he began a harsh rumbling in his beard, which he evidently intended for singing.

Never have I heard such singing. Indian music I know and love, and Afghan music is doubtless musical, but this had neither tune nor time. It was not croaking, it was not barking, it was — *sui generis*, so preposterous that at first I could have laughed; but soon the rough vibration of the heavy aimless voice became racking, and my Hindu fellow passengers also grew restless. Something had to be done: I asked him politely what he sang.

'I sing of the compassion of Allah, the Compassionate Compassioner,' he said, with a benevolence that seemed to me even more killing than his singing. 'Where live you?' When I said, 'Berar,' his fox eyes lighted as at a marrowbone. 'Ha! Well I know Berar! It is a good country. Akola, Amraoti, Murtizapur, Malkapur — all good

towns, and well I know them!' He laid a loving hand on his paunch.

The gesture brought to life all my knowledge of his kind, and I recklessly gave battle. 'Aye, I doubt not,' I said tartly, 'having in all those towns good fields and gardens filched from our poor Kunbis [farmers]. It is verily a good country for tigers; we have many. In the hills they are striped, and on the plains they are of another stripe — them we call Pathans.'

It was a very bad pun really, in our indulgent Berar Hindustani, but he let out a roar of laughter, while the rest made wry faces to conceal their satisfaction. He was used to fawning entreaties, tears, helpless rage, abuse, bitter vituperation even — behind his back; but not often was he withstood to the face.

'Yea, by the grace of Allah, I have thriven; but land I sell forthwith, for I am ever going about.'

'Aye, 't were more profitable to win it back for naught than to pay taxes and to serve it day and night.'

He smiled and wagged his head in perfect and affable assent — I was being only obvious. Then with an air of great reasonableness he leaned forward. 'Hearken, Bibi. Allah hath made both tigers and deer; likewise He hath made men, some wise, some fools. The fools perish by their folly, and by that folly are the wise profited. Shall we then quarrel with Allah?'

'Nay, Allah forbid! But I would quarrel with you, and mayhap on a time Allah Himself will quarrel with you. Nay, you verily now quarrel with Him, in that you quarrel with the poor and He is their defender. Look you, it is not the wise man who robbeth the poor. And, if Allah is well pleased with all things, for what then is Jahannam? Not only for Kafirs like me, and idolaters like these, but for some also

who account themselves good Musal-mans and *greatly* wise!'

I ended with a swelling gesture and flicked one hand in his direction. His face had clouded, but the gesture diverted him and he laughed again. Then he reasoned with me persuasively: 'Hearken, Bibi. Verily it is not well to deceive the faithful, but these fools are naught save idolaters, fuel for Jahannam. How shall Allah fend for them whom He will Himself destroy?'

What to say! 'Hearken, Pathan. Allah's judgment of other men concerneth not you; and Allah, said all the Prophets, is a God of Truth and may not be mocked. One Court there is where the Judge needeth not witness, and heedeth not gainsaying; and when deceivers may enter Paradise, then also may you grow a "mulberry tree from a pumpkin seed," as the saying is.'

He stared at me a moment, but refused to be serious. 'Bibi, your words appear sound, but you have not the true learning. You follow Isa, — on Whom be peace! — but without understanding. The Truth is only in Islam.'

'And which of all the prophets said other than I have said? Said they not ever that a man may reap only as he soweth? And Isa — Holy is His name! — said many times that words and works may not be divorced: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." Is it not open?'

'Nay, nay,' he said stubbornly, 'your Injil is not the true Injil!'

'Say what you will,' I said, stubborn also. 'Shut your eyes and say the sun shineth not, — "Fat shutteth the eye," as the saying is, — but I will still say that Allah loveth not such works as yours. Think not that you can deceive Him as you deceive poor Kunbis.'

He looked at me drolly, as if I were sour fruit that had set his teeth on edge. 'Only a fool thinketh to deceive Allah,' he said piously. 'What so great evil do I? I lend my good rupees that I gather with long labor to wretches who would steal my eyes, an they could. And what is my profit? One little anna [two cents] on one big rupee [thirty-two cents]. Have I only in all the world not a belly? Or doth the world feed me only for naught?'

'One anna every month on every rupee — in one year with a little skill a rupee is become two rupees. If you forget to give a receipt, or the simpleton cannot read, it may be three rupees, or five, or ten! If he be hard pressed, the rate is not one anna, but two or even four annas every month on every rupee!'

He pretended great astonishment. 'Repentance, repentance!' He smote his cheeks penitentially. 'What shaitan of a money-lender doeth these things?'

'He sitteth in this train and calleth himself hard names! And he hath many kinsmen. I will tell you a true tale. A Hindu villager new come to Bombay borrowed a rupee of a Pathan neighbor. When, in two or three months, he went to repay it, the Pathan took the rupee and asked a rupee for interest. When the Hindu asked the reckoning the Pathan would have beat him, but he fled. Thereafter every month the Pathan waylaid him and took what he could. In three years he took above fifty rupees, nor gave a shred of paper in return. When the matter came to my ears he was asking five rupees a month — and the Hindu getting but fifteen! I sent that poor honest Pathan word that, asked he but another farthing, I would enter suit, and the fellow became dumb at once!'

During this recital the Pathan's face was a comedy in which played admiration, envy, pretended disapproval, and,

at last, resentment that I had spoiled so good a game.

'Never heard I such a tale! I am but a poor sheep beside that Pathan — *tauba, tauba!*' Again he smote his cheeks, very ambiguously, it seemed to me.

'Deer ask no dealings with tigers, and why Hindus fear not to borrow money of Pathans I know not.'

'And is a Pathan, then, any worse than a Hindu money-lender — a Marwari for choice? For marvels of accounting, a Marwari is the father of ten Pathans! Many a Pathan cannot read. I tell you, Bibi, Hindus would borrow of demons, — false religion stealeth a people's wits, — and did an honest man not use his hands, and, yea, sometimes his stick also, he would never get his money again!'

He looked about him with a show of righteous wrath and met sullen looks and inscrutable indifference. So also the poor tiger, working hard to fill his gnawing belly, may harangue the tricky deer he devours, because they lead him a chase and sometimes even escape him. But before I could fit an arrow to my bow we came to a little station near Poona where was an encampment of Wadars, who had been there for months, road making. One could see their tiny huts, marvels of resourcefulness, beside the track near the station. Whenever a camp moved they would break up these huts into their component sticks and scraps and carry them to their next camp on the unhappy donkeys who carried the stone for the roads.

The train had not stopped before I heard, as I expected, the curious cries and vocalisms of the Wadar children. Hastily getting out all the coppers in my purse, I went to the window, to find a dozen little children busily thumping their ribs, and tapping or pinching their throats to produce all manner of

indescribable noises, quite the oddest human noises I have ever heard. At sight of me, a 'Sahiba' and presumably made of money, they redoubled their efforts. They were either quite or almost naked, burned very dark by the sun, and over their ribs on their right sides the skin was black and dry from their constant drumming.

Many passengers laughed at the antics of the children, some threw out coppers, and some amused themselves by frightening the desperately busy little buffoons. A threatening word or gesture would send them running like hares, but with the persistence of hungry puppies and kittens they would be back at once, warily keeping out of range of teasing hands while they kept up their pitiful entertainment. They were opportunists simply. Several groups of them were scattered up and down the short train, and for every copper there would be a swift, snatching scramble. Losers wasted no time in tears, but pinched, thumped, squawked, and hiccupped the louder. As these were the littlest, I called them to me and put my coppers safely into their eager hands.

When my purpose became manifest the Pathan was all horrified protest: 'Bibi, Bibi, cast not away money to those black crows! Alms to the faithful are not amiss, but to these — Ya Allah!'

'And should they not have farthings for sweets? You and I had a many sweets when we were children.'

'Crows need not sweets, and these are so fat and well-liking, it is a scandal! Cease, I pray you!' The great creature wrung his hands and entreated me as though I were squandering a king's ransom. I thought that I had never seen anything so droll as his distress. The coppers were gone all too soon.

'Bibi,' he said, almost tearfully

serious, 'you have cast away good money. Those are ba-ad people!'

'Bad!' I said, really surprised. 'How bad?'

'Of a surety they are bad. From beggars they will become thieves, and all their lives they will go about taking people's money and never working.'

I was delighted. 'Then they cannot be bad! For, look you, they will thus become like many excellent Pathans who all their lives go about taking people's money and never working.'

But he was deadly serious, at last. 'Nay, but the black peoples must work; for that did Allah make them.' It had a familiar sound.

'A prophet verily! I also will prophesy. Allah made all men to work, but if the black carry two burdens the white may go light — bless Allah! Wherefore let them break stone all day in the hot sun to make roads for you and me. Let their children likewise break stone and drive donkeys, and the little ones beat their tender sides black and shriveled to make us sport. But if their bones do not pierce their skin it is a scandal. That they should have sweets to eat is matter for lamentation. Black folk are but beasts. They work with so great ease, being made to that end, that but for the wonder-working of Allah they would not be old and withered when white folk are still young. And when they can no longer work, O Allah, do Thou speed them to Jahannam, lest they cumber the earth! Let him that hath ears hearken unto my prophesying!'

He made a despairing gesture. 'Hearken, Bibi. Allah hath not made all alike. He hath made horses, and He hath made asses. And asses were ever an ill breed. Though you trapped an ass in gold and scarlet housings, he would be no less an ass. Or will you indeed say that an ass and a horse are all one?' He spoke with triumph.

'Nay,' I laughed. 'If you speak of beasts I will say that an ass is an ass, and a horse a horse. And if you speak of men I will say that a horse is no less a horse for that he is not of Arab [Arabia] or Balkh. And, however you speak, I will say that Allah loveth asses, for "His tender mercies are over all his works," as Daud — on whom be peace! — saith in the *Zabur* [Psalms]. Indeed, asses have their virtues, as horses have theirs, and the world would lack a thing if asses were not.'

For answer he let out a gusty roar, and indeed the whole compartment laughed. 'Asses also have virtues — Ya Allah! Bibi, in what Qanun found you this learning?' He laughed again.

'It is in the Qanun of him that hath eyes. Even Akbar acknowledged asses as his subjects. Heard you never how he gave judgment for an ass against his master, for that the poor beast was ill fed?'

'Nay, what tale is this?'

Whereupon I told the tale of the grazing donkey who rang by chance the bell of Akbar's hall of audience, of how the emperor had him haled in, since none might ring that bell and depart unheard, and, finding him over-lean and dejected, sent his laughing courtiers to find his petitioner's master, whom he then fined and commanded to present the beast monthly for his approval. I cannot certify that the emperor was verily Akbar, for the story is an old favorite, told in several forms of several kings, both Hindu and Mohammedan. However, it served my purpose, and the Pathan listened like a child. As I ended, the train pulled into

Poona station, where everyone got out, bag and much baggage. In the crowd on the platform the big Pathan, with bulky bundles under arm and over shoulder, suddenly confronted me with an outthrust hand.

'Shek-hand *karo*, Bibi!' Should I? He was such a 'ba-ad' man! Then, seeing the rough friendliness of his smile, and remembering a certain severe parable about a mote and a beam, I held out my hand. He touched it awkwardly.

'Keep me in remembrance, Bibi. My name is Ismail Khan. By the grace of Allah I may meet you again in Berar. There was no sugar on your tongue to-day, Bibi, save for idolaters. In my country they say that even a great spear wound may heal quickly, but not the wound of a tongue.' Very droll he looked, and we both laughed.

'Then give up usury, I pray you, and rob no more our poor Kunbis.'

'Aye, aye! Look you, Bibi, the day you give up almsgiving, and cast no more good coin to idolaters' brats, that very day I will cease to eat what Allah layeth in my mouth! Let Allah be witness!'

I let him keep the last word, and he went away chuckling. At home I looked up Ishmael: 'He will be a wild man, his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him.' But the name means 'he whom God heareth,' and I was pleased. 'The Lord is loving unto every man: and his mercy is over all his works.'

'Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures, the Compassionate Compassioner.'

POLITE TRAVEL IN THE THIRTIES

FROM THE DIARY OF MRS. GEORGE TICKNOR

ON Monday, the twenty-fifth of May, we left Boston for New York, it being the first and most painful step in the serious and important undertaking of a sea voyage and an absence from home of an uncertain length. I will not try to perpetuate the preparatory scenes, such as the arrangement of our happy home, as if for a final separation from it, the calculations, preparations, and packing necessary, nor the still more terrible parting visits and adieus of the last week, for the weariness and sadness which they produced fixed them permanently in my memory, and I am sure descriptions of such things cannot amuse anyone.

It was a bright and mild spring afternoon, and the drive to Walpole was, in a degree, tranquillizing and refreshing, after the strong and painful excitement of our feelings during the last twenty-four hours. Mr. Ticknor and myself, Anna, within a few days of twelve years, little Lizzy, just two and a half, and Catherine Lecomte made the party, with our nephew, William Woodward, who accompanied us to New York, uniting the kind desire to be with us with the pleasure to be expected from such an excursion. Soon after we arrived at the little inn at Walpole, we were rejoiced by having Mr. Norton and Catherine join us, bringing with them not only the restoring influences of affection and intellect, but fruit, flowers, and kind messages. It was a trying evening, however, and I look back upon it, and upon the parting the next morning, as

upon a painful dream, the impression of which I cannot get rid of.

We reached Providence before twelve o'clock, and drove directly to the steamboat. There we waited the arrival of the coaches from Boston, looking anxiously for our friends, and soon had the happiness of greeting Eliza, Mr. Guild, and Elizabeth. It was a great blessing to be thus aided and cheered by this succession of kind friends, for our spirits were a good deal wearied and exhausted, and the voyage which was before us, and the preparations for it, made each of us a little anxious from different causes.

I cannot bring myself to describe at any length the disagreeable and wearisome week which we passed in New York. The weather was very warm. Heat, dust, noise, and fatigue are the component parts of existence in that metropolis, and when one's only rest and refreshment are to be found in such bustling and dirty hotels as we were lodged in, the chance for contentment is very small. Friends were attentive and kind. Many residents in New York came to see us, and Mr. Savage, Mr. Ward, Mr. Gray, and Mr. and Mrs. Curson, who happened to be in the city, were with us daily. Our parlour was generally full, and the excitement and bustle were characteristic of the place. Mr. Ticknor was much occupied, and anxious; and I, in the anticipation of so new an experience as a sea life, felt fearful that I had not done all that was best and made

the most judicious preparations for the comfort of others. My health was very feeble and my nerves much worn, and I truly cannot remember any cheerful hours in that long-drawn agony of packing, heat, and company but when talking quietly with Eliza, or playing with our happy little Lizzy.

Everything promised favorably for our comfort in our sea home, and every preparation that thoughtful kindness or ingenious liberality could suggest was made for our pleasure and amusement, as well as comfort. We could learn nothing of our future companions but that there were several from Boston. The Captain had promised all possible arrangement for Lizzy's comfort, and our staterooms looked so spacious and accommodating that, forgetting seasickness, storms, and disagreeable companions, one might have anticipated a pleasant excursion.

On the next Monday, the first of June (being Anna's birthday), we left the hotel about ten o'clock, driving to a steamboat which was to carry us to the ship, the latter being anchored at a little distance in the harbour. Many friends had promised to meet us here, and I shall not soon forget the agitations and annoyances of the half hour before we left the wharf. The passengers were all on the deck of the boat, while a crowd of their friends and acquaintances and many idlers made a confusion which in the calmest state of mind is not agreeable. Many of our acquaintances greeted us, forcing us to talk when the heart was almost too full for utterance; and several like Chancellor Kent and Mr. Ward were there to give us a parting benediction, which was nearly the finishing blow to my laborious self-command. At last the boat moved from the wharf, still retaining a crowd upon the deck, for the thirty-two passengers of the good ship Europe, and their attending

friends, made a great show. Eliza, Mr. Guild, and Elizabeth, William Woodward, Dr. Julius, Mr. Gray, and Mr. Savage, with our trusty attendant, Charles Philbrook, were with us, and their considerate and affectionate kindness I can never forget.

Looking back upon the city, the thought of what I had left, of the probable length of time to elapse before we should return again, if ever, made my heart ache bitterly at the prospect of parting with the few who still remained with us. But, though agitated and anxious, I could not help feeling the extreme beauty of the day. The atmosphere was clear and bright as possible, the sky and water of the most pure and softened blue, while the city, as long as it remained in sight, was a fine object, and the beautiful, very beautiful form of the whole harbour attracted our strong admiration. We approached the ship rapidly, and observed that another steamboat was, at the same time, conveying passengers to the London packet ship Westminster. The two vast receptacles looked like mere specks within the horizon, which was enlarging around us, and yet, what a world of feeling, agitation, expectation, and anxiety they were about to enclose.

The distance diminishes fast, the boat seems flying, and as I see my future prison nearer and nearer, I rack my brain to collect any forgotten message, or any kind word still omitted, so that, when the boat was fastened to the ship, and sailors and servants were ascending and descending, with much bustle and activity, I seemed to have lost sensation and perception. The anxiety about Lizzy's transportation from one to the other vessel roused me, and I was thankful when I saw both her and Anna safe. Then came the parting from Eliza and Elizabeth, and then I was led away, I knew not where.

I found myself leaning against something in the center of the deck, and with no pause for words, hardly for breath, Savage, Gray, William Woodward, Dr. Julius, who all accompanied us on board, took leave of us. What a horrid moment it was! All the passengers were leaning over the side of the vessel, and I joined them and had another glimpse of our friends as the steamboat rapidly disappeared.

The sails of our beautiful ship were all set, there was no noise or bustle, but we separated from the anchorage and the steamboat, and commenced our long and trackless path with a gentle dignity and the magnificent ease of a noble bird. But I could not fix my thoughts upon what was around me. I longed to be alone and went below to the cabin, which was quite deserted, and arranged some beautiful flowers which Eliza's kind thoughtfulness had provided for me. I found solitude not the best strengthener, however, and returned to the deck, where the passengers were watching the progress of the *Westminster*, which started at the same moment with the *Europe*, with the greatest interest.

We soon outstripped her, as well as a heavy Dutch ship-of-war, and long before night we had left them quite out of sight. Before that time, too, we were all feeling pretty wretched; and of the next ten days I have only some horrid dreamy recollections of my own sufferings and the sounds of those of others, of anxiety for Anna, who was wretchedly sick and did not know how to manage herself well, and of cruel efforts to go upon deck, when extreme faintness overpowered me and the multitude of strangers was most annoying. The Captain was always kind, attentive, and cheerful, and had such a great quietness of manner in the management of his ship and sailors that the whole seemed governed almost

without means. I have a few memoranda written at the time, which perhaps speak with more animation.

At Sea, *June 13th*, 1835. — We have finished the twelfth day on board the good ship *Europe*, Captain Marshall; and I am still wondering and questioning whether it is really I, whether it is possible that my imaginings, and castles in the air, are absolutely brought to reality. That I, who have lived and moved all my life in the same little circle of friends, pleasures, and duties, should suddenly have my horizon so extended and such a variety and instruction opened to me. It brings new responsibilities with it, and I trust I shall not neglect them. I thought to have found myself braced to new industry and energy by the pure sea air; but on the contrary, the constant presence of strangers in so confined a space, the sights and sounds so new to me, and the lassitude after sickness, quite dissipate my attention, and I lounge away the hours; now and then reading or sewing a little; trying to amuse poor Anna, who can hardly be persuaded to leave her berth; or talking to some of the passengers equally *désœuvré* with myself.

The first nine days I was fully occupied by seasickness, but since then have been entirely free from it. Mr. Ticknor still suffers occasionally and Anna feels wretchedly all the time, unable to eat, and desiring nothing but to be left in her berth and supplied with amusing books. Fortunately Catherine is always well enough to keep about and to do all that is necessary, otherwise I don't know how we should get along, for the stewardess, who is a little above her place, is often sick, and always entirely occupied in serving Miss Perit. Lizzy is as bright and well as possible, happy and contented in all weather and all places, and

contributing constantly to our pleasure and amusement.

The first six days, while I was in my berth, the weather was delightful, the wind fair, and our progress so rapid that the Captain said on the eighth day that he had never been so far on his course before in the same number of days. On the eleventh we had made half the voyage, but ever since the eighth we have had northwest and southeast winds, which have tried the spirits and stomachs of all.

Yesterday, twelfth, the scene on deck was quite striking to a fresh water hand. The wind was north. We sailed 'on the wind,' as the phrase goes, which caused the vessel to careen a good deal. The breeze was very strong; it was 'a little dusty,' as the gentlemen say, which I should translate 'very stormy'; the clouds were dark and heavy, seeming to enclose us nearer and closer; it rained occasionally, so as to keep the deck and sails of a dark hue, which seemed caught from the solemn colouring of the sky and water. The vessel, with but little canvas spread, was driven rapidly through the dark waves, the wind roared loudly through the rigging and, with the dashing of the angry waters, seemed to command silence from all other created things. It was very solemn. Once I stood alone at the door of the companionway watching this new and awful exhibition of power and omnipresence. The noble vessel laid so much upon one side that the waves seemed rushing directly under my feet; no one was on deck but a few dripping sailors, and they slid about the slippery deck without noise, governed by the spirit of the blast. The ship, sometimes sweeping over the top of the waves, sometimes descending into what seemed a moving cavern, stooped and rose so gracefully and majestically as to fill me with wonder and admiration.

There is nothing that such a motion can be compared to. The sails were soon double reefed, and I began to imagine it a serious gale. I could not get my fears confirmed, however, and so kept them to myself. Mr. Ticknor and Anna were in their berths quite sick, while I was perfectly well, and so interested and excited that Mr. Perit joked me upon my enjoying a gale so much, as if it were no good sign for the quiet of my home. The wind continued strong through the evening, and at ten o'clock, when I went up to look about me once more, the scene was truly solemn and striking.

There was no one to be seen but the helmsman, and he, wrapped in his seaman's coat, was sternly and silently attending to his great responsibility. The moon was full, but her power, through the thick clouds, was only sufficient to show the form of the ship, and the heavy and tumultuous motion of the black waves. The whole vessel, deck, masts, and rigging, was entirely black, too, and seemed riding in the midst of a vast boiling caldron. The solitude of the place and hour, the entire silence except the strong voice of the blast, and the darkness, impressed and awed me painfully. I was chilled, and glad to go below to the comfort of lights and friendly faces. At twelve, the wind subsided, and today we have a bright sun, though a strong head wind. This produces much trouble about me, but I am brave and well. It is droll to see our little Lizzy struggling against the motion of the ship. Yesterday, when it careened so terribly that the cabin floor must have seemed to her like a very steep hill, she managed herself in the most adroit manner and rarely fell or got hurt.

June 15th. — Yesterday, though it was rather rough, was a cheerful day. The air was bracing and invigorating,

the sun was bright, and in the afternoon we were all on deck. Mr. Leigh, an Englishman, brought out his flute, and it put dancing into young ladies' heads, and though some had been lying on the sofa all the morning, it was soon commenced. I was dragged in to fill a space, but found it quite too difficult an art to jump at the right moment, when the ship was pitching and rolling at such a rate. It made a frolic, however, and that is a good thing on shipboard. We are rather fortunate in our companions; that is, amongst thirty-two people there are only three or four whom one wishes decidedly to avoid.

There is a queer medley, for there are four Englishmen, three of them miners in South America, two Spaniards, one Frenchman, one Scotchman, two Irish, one German; seven Americans are from Boston, three from Philadelphia, two from Mobile, and one from Charleston, South Carolina. It would not perhaps be quite right to sketch them as they appear in this trying life, this half sort of palace of truth. Some, however, are pleasant enough, and all harmless.

Mr. Ames, a Mobile cotton merchant, a hypochondriac, tall and awkward enough, is kind and affectionate to his young daughter of sixteen, and does what he can with his stores of cake, lemons, sardines, etc., to please the ladies and add to their luxuries. Mr. Perit and his daughter, from Philadelphia, are rather more accustomed to the forms of good society, but do not contribute much to the general pleasure. Miss Perit is tall, and rather graceful; is an imitator of Mrs. Butler, a would-be wit, is a monstrous talker and has many Philadelphia characteristics. The Englishmen, fresh from the Columbian mines, Mr. Leigh, Mr. Powles, and Mr. Wallis, are part cockney, part schoolboy, but they have done their part for our amusement,

showing us some South American dresses, saddles, etc. Mr. Stephenson, an Englishman settled in Carthage, S. A., says little, but uses his sharp black eyes actively and scrutinizingly; he enjoys the mirth and jokes about him good-naturedly, and is very civil to the ladies.

Then, there is Lord Powerscourt from Ireland, not yet twenty-one, quite handsome and animated, perfectly unaffected, accommodating himself easily to people and things, and willing to be quite social. We have many good games of ball together, and one Sunday afternoon he joined a party of us who were singing Psalm tunes in our cabin. I like him quite well, though I do not discover that he is much cultivated, or that he has anything strongly marked about him.

Mr. Miller, of South Carolina, is gentlemanly and equable, ready to talk to the ladies and to laugh and joke, but there is not much that interests about him. Lopez, a Spanish gentleman, and Raminey, a Spaniard of less refinement, are desirous to please, but have but little English and less knowledge how to succeed. They are great smokers, and the other day Mr. Lopez presented me with a slow match to light cigars, arranged, as in Spain, with ribbons. The ladies are Mrs. Taylor and her sister, Miss Newman, from Hanover St., Boston, Miss Perit, of Philadelphia, and Miss Ames of Mobile. Little can be said of them, and that little will never be missed. Mr. Taylor annoys us much by sitting in our cabin incessantly. But I have not mentioned good little Mrs. Marshall, the Captain's wife, whose amiability and quiet good sense make her quite a pleasant companion. Then there is a herd of men whom I know nothing of but their names and looks, though one of them, a Mr. Hagan, a rich Irishman from New Orleans, is so gentlemanly that if he

was not painfully shy I think we should get something out of him.

How great an interest a little matter excites in a sea life! The other morning, Lord Powerscourt called through the skylight of the ladies' cabin, 'A ship in sight,' and what a resurrection it produced! It was a rough, blustering, cold day, and Miss Perit, stretched on the sofa, was fast asleep, Mrs. Taylor was in the same happy state in her berth, Mr. Ticknor was reading in his, and the rest of us busy at work; but in half a minute all were on deck, watching and wondering. It was an English brig, which had sailed a fortnight before us, and we soon left her far behind. We did not pass very near her, but exchanged signals, and the hunting out her name in the signal book, and gossiping with the gentlemen, made an hour pass very merrily.

June 17th. — We are almost entirely becalmed, and I believe it has a composing effect upon the faculties. I feel none of the brightness of mind and energy of purpose which I flattered myself would succeed seasickness. The gentle rocking of the vessel, the regular flapping of the sails against the masts, and the mild, soft air no doubt have a tranquillizing effect. The time begins to seem long since we sailed; partly because the run at first was so rapid that our expectations became unreasonable. For three days we have made almost no progress, but it has been delicious weather, clear and mild; our attentive Captain stretches an awning to protect us from the sun, and we pass most of the day on deck. Even poor Anna has been brought up and laid upon a mattress. Lizzy is full of frolic, and finds plenty of playmates among the lazy gentlemen. She and Bevic, Lord Powerscourt's Newfoundland dog, are great friends.

The ladies produce their albums and

fortune tellers and puzzles, and the gentlemen their curiosities. Mr. Wallis showed us today a pair of riding trousers made of tiger's skins, and many specimens of different ores. Lord Powerscourt exhibited a pair of snowshoes and some other Canadian and Mexican articles; and Mr. Stephenson has brought upon deck a large cage, with a pair of splendid South American birds, which sing deliciously and are as brilliant as our golden oriole.

June 18th. — Still head winds and very little of them. The Captain looks very dull, and we are all rather stupid. The day seems long, for it is hardly dark at nine o'clock; but we get through it very cheerfully. Of course, eating is the great resource and amusement. We breakfast between eight and nine, lunch at twelve, dine at four, and drink tea between six and seven. Sewing, reading, and writing fill many of the hours. I exercise regularly, and give some time to the amusement of the children. We tried jumping rope for exercise, but that did not answer, and then I made some balls, and found playing with them quite good fun. But today we lost the third overboard, so that it seems rather a losing game.

Last night, after a game of whist, I went up on deck to get a little fresh air, and was amazed and delighted at the scene. The ship was going at the rate of nine knots, so that the waves seemed to rush by with the greatest rapidity, and, being all brilliant with phosphorescence, they had the most graceful and ethereal appearance possible. The ship's bows, dashing through the water, threw the waves from them, and as they fell off and passed away to a distance they seemed carrying light to darkened regions. It was perfectly dark except for the reflection from this beautiful light, which, to be sure, lighted up the sails and rigging in a

most picturesque manner. By the help of the gentlemen, and their minute directions when to lift up our feet and when to put them down, some of us ladies found our way to the forecastle, and there witnessed one of the most beautiful and curious appearances of the ocean. The mass of foam caused by the motion of this vast body was all as brilliant as sunlight upon a body of diamonds, with the additional beauty of rapid, graceful motion. The tops of the waves, to a great distance, were all lighted, and, what was still more curious and beautiful, a party of porpoises playing round the ship were perfectly imbedded in fire, as it were; and whenever they darted forward, or to a distance at the side of the vessel, they looked like comets. I enjoyed all this beauty, wildness, and novelty excessively and am very glad to have seen such an exhibition of one of the wonders of the ocean. Poor Anna is too feeble, and it was too late at night for her to have seen it.

June 20th. — One of the serious teachings in life has passed before us, and it certainly ought not to have been witnessed without touching some chord, or producing some good effect. I have often watched, while sewing on deck, a little boy about five years old, amongst the steerage passengers, who seemed most particularly robust, active, and playful. We heard a few days ago that he was sick with a cold. Mrs. Marshall sent some suitable medicine and the stewardess went to see about him. His mother is excessively reduced by seasickness, and seemed to have no perception or knowledge what she should do for him; and though the Captain directed an emetic, and her companions urged her to give it, I believe nothing was done for the poor little fellow, and he gradually grew worse and at last died of the croup.

The last day he lived they kept him a great deal upon deck, because, they said, he wanted air, and it was awful to see his sufferings, and to know he was so soon to enter upon another existence.

The parents were very anxious, after his death, to have some service performed. The weather was windy, gusty and rainy, but to soothe their feelings, they and their friends and as many others as found room stood in the companionway and Mr. Ticknor read the funeral service. It was almost oppressively solemn to hear it in the solitude of this vast world of waters, with no other sound but the rustling voice of winds and waves, and to think that, though the little frame was to be committed alone to the stormy deep, what an incomprehensible change had been wrought in the real existence; a few hours before, suffering, ignorant, trammelled — now it was safe, happy, free.

June 24, 5 o'clock P.M. — The pilot on board, and we shall soon, I trust, reach our port. I have had more fear of the channel than of the whole of the rest of the passage, and cannot but be thankful that we are so nearly safe. We came in sight of land yesterday, and today, of course, have found the greatest interest in watching our progress and learning the different portions of the coast. We reached Holyhead early today and have been striving to get round it against a strong head wind. It has made it a rough and laborious day for the Captain and men, and I think they all felt it a great relief and comfort to get a pilot before dark. It was quite exciting to watch the little boats at a distance, and conjecture whether either of them would prove to be the pilot. And then it was a pretty sight, when one really approached us, to see it dancing on the tops of the

waves, with so light and rapid a motion, its form relieved against a very clear and deeply coloured sunset sky.

The moment that the pilot touched the deck was the subject of another interest, for it settled the question of the lottery. This is not an uncommon amusement on board these packet ships, and is easily described. Cards are provided, marked with the date of some day and a nautical quarter of it, including five or six days, any one of which may possibly be the day of arrival. These cards are distributed among the passengers, who give \$2.00 for each, taking as many as they please. Some are given to the officers of the ship and to the stewards, who do not pay. The whole of the money so collected goes to the person who holds the ticket marked with the day and quarter when the pilot comes on board. If he had come up the side of the ship only one quarter of an hour earlier than he did, I should have been the winner; but the quarter of the hour gave it to Mr. Hagan, and, having enjoyed the fun of anticipation and expectation, I certainly did not regret the money.

We are tossing and tumbling about sadly, the wind is pretty strong, and dark, heavy clouds are gathering. How glad I am that we are so near Liverpool.

Liverpool, *June 27th*, 1835. — I never can measure or describe the deep, unutterable joy and thankfulness which I felt when I saw my husband and children safe on the stone pier, day before yesterday, and when I, too, stood once more upon the solid earth. My last memoranda give some slight hint of the sad struggle we had to get round that horrid Holyhead, tacking all day of the twenty-fourth and fighting both wind and waves. It was an anxious day to the Captain; and though he was relieved a little by the presence of the

pilot, yet, almost immediately after, the wind, still so absolutely against us as that but for skill and science we must have been blown out to sea again, rose rapidly, so that by ten o'clock it was an absolute gale.

It was a fearful night, so dark and thick that an unpracticed eye could not distinguish anything, the ship rolling and tossing violently, and the noise and uproar of the elements appalling. The pilot soon ascertained that it was not possible to pass the bar of the river till at a certain state of the tide and by daylight; and so in the midst of the gale, almost within sight of the haven, we were obliged to 'lay to' for several hours. We went to bed as usual, for, though anxious, none of us ladies knew *then* the whole extent of our danger, and in 'lying to' the ship was more steady. There was no diminution of the wind, and the Captain did not leave the deck a moment.

At four o'clock both tides and light favoured our progress, and we once more got under weigh. The passengers were all stirring, some with a vivid sense of extreme danger, and the rest of us from a desire not only to see what was about us, but to be *ready to land*. About five o'clock I went up to the door of the companionway, and the scene was truly frightful. The bare masts and wet rigging and deck, the enormous waves, which seemed higher than any I had ever seen before (because we could compare them with objects on shore), and the solitude, which struck me more because the day before many ships and smaller vessels had been in sight, and because now, with land all around us, I expected to see still more. The wind still roared, and the fog still hung thick about us; but though indispensable that the pilot should see some landmarks, he said we could hold off no longer, and, making a long tack, prepared to cross the bar. Just then, by

God's merciful care, the clouds lifted enough to enable him to steer, and we rushed through the mouth of the river, crossing the bar with the whole fury of the blast about us, as if we were to be swallowed up by the raging waves, which came towards us with their wide caves open, like the jaws of a monstrous beast. The appearance of the waves was most strange to us, having become accustomed to the deep green of the open ocean, for they were so yellow and so thick that they looked like masses of sand, as if the spirit of the storm had scooped up the bed of the river to envelope and destroy us. But the gallant ship withstood these great dangers, and with a few sails set drove up the river at the gentle rate of eighteen knots an hour, twelve from the wind and six from the tide.

At six o'clock we had a sort of breakfast, not in the usual neat and exact order, but enough so for such a morning, and the Captain then came down for a moment or two, looking excessively worn and exhausted by the night of watching and anxiety. He said he would give \$5.00 to be, at that moment, in port, and that if we had struck the bar, no two timbers would have held together two minutes.

As we approached the city, we found the shores and wharves lined with people watching our progress; and in the city the wharves, docks, ships, and roofs of houses were quite filled with anxious spectators. What a comfort it was to look at the firm set earth and the nice houses, and to think, 'Tonight we shall have a quiet bed.' We were all collected upon deck, rejoicing in our safety, for the gale was over, and examining the city; when, as we arrived opposite to the stone pier, the pilot gave the order to let go the anchor, the enormous chain cable rolled out with a most frightful noise, which was, of itself, alarming enough to ignorant ears;

but I was still more startled to see the sudden appearance of anxiety among the sailors at the windlass, and the pilot rushing to them at his best speed. I knew something had occurred, and mentioned my alarm to Lord Powerscourt, whose arm I held at that moment; but he said little, not thinking it worth while, probably, to increase my fears. In another moment the other chain cable rushed out, with the same horrid noise, and an instant after we were safely at anchor. The alarm has since been explained to me, and my fears were not imaginary, though they were ignorant. The first anchor got entangled in the chain, and for a moment the second got caught in the first, so that, if their weight had not cleared them, the ship would have gone against the stone pier and been terribly injured, though probably not lost.

During this most disagreeable interval we saw a steamboat approaching us, but it was so tossed by the rough waves that it was far from agreeable to think of going down the side of the ship to it. However, things are generally worse in anticipation, and so, though the wind was still very violent and the boat very wet, we ladies and the children were so well guarded and cared for that we were but little incommoded, and when I saw my children safe on shore, and stood myself upon the noble pier, I looked back upon the turbulent waters and our sea-house with a feeling of gratitude and security such as I never experienced before. Carriages (shabby enough, to be sure) were waiting on the pier, and, bidding our fellow passengers good-bye, we drove to the Adelphis Hotel (where our rooms had been engaged for us by Mr. Gair), feeling every instant a refreshment and comfort that one can experience only after a month's confinement on ship-board.

The rest of that day (the twenty-

fifth, Thursday) we gave to resting, eating, bathing, and sleeping, all great luxuries. Anna we found so feeble and unable to bear exertion that that evening we sent for Dr. Bickersbeth to ascertain what sort of treatment was wisest and would restore her strength most rapidly. He ordered quinine and plenty of beefsteak, and she has already gained visibly. Though my history of our voyage has taken so much room, I have hardly mentioned either of the children. They have been perfectly good, and given as little trouble as possible. Anna was very patient through long indisposition and great discomforts; and Lizzy has been a gay, happy plaything every moment. The weather has been too damp and windy, ever since we landed, to allow her to go out, and so she has begged many times to 'go up a deck' — 'Please, Catty, go up a deck.' Mr. Gair came in soon after we reached the hotel to congratulate us on our safety, and, two

hours after, Lord Powerscourt and Mr. Miller; but I was thankful to feel that the rest of the day would be entirely quiet.

Yesterday (Friday, the twenty-sixth) the natural languor and fatigue after such excitement and the month of sea life were heavy upon us all. Mr. Ticknor, however, was obliged to go to the Custom House, and when he sent home our luggage I was obliged to unpack and get some clothes for the children. Mr. Marshall and Miss Perit were my only visitors. We were hearing constantly the most terrible accounts of the storm on land, as well as at sea; but at sea the losses have been terrible. Three large vessels have been wholly lost very near Liverpool, and one of them came round Holyhead with us, and therefore must have been wrecked near us. It makes me shudder to think of the dangers we were in, and inexpressibly grateful for the kind providence which preserved us.

THE OLD BELIEVER

BY ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS

I

IN the famine year, Kvalinsk bazaar was a place of the dead. The black log elevators stood empty-bellied as the people, the last grain blown from their cracks. No cattle, no dogs, no cats, no pigeons — all had been eaten. In the Bread Row the corpses were corded like wood.

That was five years ago. To-day the bazaar is stacked with food. Green piles of watermelons, yellow pyramids

of millet, golden mounds of wheat and rye. Most gay the red and rose mountains of the Apple Row, and moving among them a huge mountain of flesh on two short legs of enormous girth.

'How are you, Vlas Alexsevitch?' I called to him.

'I'm two hundred and eighty pounds — five pounds gain this week,' he replied exultantly. '*Slava Bogoo!* Glory to God! I'm recovering.'

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C

By 'recovering' the old man meant getting back the three hundred and sixty pounds that hung upon his four-and-a-half-foot frame in the days before the Revolution. Then he was a veritable behemoth. But his was not the fat of sloth and indulgence, for, from the days when he went barefoot in winter, Vlas never spared himself.

A big wheat harvest across the Volga? There was Vlas, buying early, rushing it across steppe and up river to Kazan. Horses to buy from the Kirghiz, a thousand versts away? There was Vlas, waging war on the natives who stole the laggard ones from his drove, stealing twice as many in revenge. A caterpillar raid on his orchards? No sleep or rest for Vlas until the last pest was gone. A big wall-on-wall fight on Maslenitza? Vlas was in the thick of it, his great ham fists swinging till the last man was down. Vlas carried the scars of battle. 'My left ear knocked deaf by a whaling blow on my right ear,' as he proudly explains.

No, Vlas's immense diameter was not the fat of inaction. He got it by taking to the table the same enterprise he took into work and business and fighting. In normal times his zest for food is quite abnormal, but on saints' days, surrounded as he is by his ikons and his dowager daughters, swathed in his Old Believer caftan, waited on by his wife Shura, it passes all degrees of abnormality.

'Come on Saint John's Eve,' urged the old man, 'and bring your *baba*.'

We came at six to find Shura, majestic in a green *sarafan* with silver buttons reaching to her feet, bringing on the *piroghi*, a kind of pastry. A peculiar Slav failing is the pirog. No Russian housewife can rest easily with a plain piece of dough. She is impelled to wrap it round something — rice, liver, cheese, cabbage, fish, anything she can lay hands on; this, baked,

becomes a pirog. There were five kinds around the samovar, and over all the fragrance of cherry tea.

'Fill the glasses to the brim,' said Vlas.

'The intelligentsia don't do that any more,' corrected Shura, passing the tiny morsels of sugar through which the Russians usually suck their tea.

'The intelligentsia don't do that any more,' snorted Vlas gleefully. 'They put the sugar, not in their mouths, but in their glasses.' He ran our glasses over with three splashing lumps and piled our plates with herring, sterlet, caviar, red and black, and eggs; then sweets to satiation, brined apples, pickled preserves, all-flower honey, and four sorts of spicy jam.

This, I presumed, was the supper. It proved to be but a preliminary skirmish to a long series of soups, tongues, hams, fish, joints. Crowning all, the great pies, — ten American pies in one, — almost rivaling Vlas in circumference, and following one another down into his enormous maw. Vlas's stomach was a lineal descendant of Gogol's Aphanasy Ivanovich, who after eating all day would get up at night to eat more; who found the cure of all diseases, including indigestion, in more abundant eating, and gorged himself to the glory of God and the Ancient Faith.

I paid my compliments to Vlas's food, his great capacity, and his size.

'Huh!' said the old man, shaking his head sadly. 'What I might be now if it had n't been for the Revolution!'

This pre-Revolutionary *papasha* — as he was called by daughters and sons-in-law — became the subject of half-boasting, half-bantering comment.

'Luckily papasha did n't fall in with Brikovka peasants in the hunger year,' said son-in-law Lukas, the tar-and-rope trader; 'he would have made a month's meat supply for the village.'

'Or turned into candles he would have lit the churches till Ilya's Day,' said son-in-law Feodor, the cloth merchant.

'Papasha does n't like the Revolution, but he might have died long ago if there had been none.' This from younger daughter Lina.

To her remark I gave point by citing cases of people saved from untimely graves, thanks to the work, hunger, and rigors imposed on them by the Revolution. There was Madame Rimsky Korsakova of S—. In the old days she rose at noon, full of ailments, to walk around her boudoir a hardship. The Revolution took away her money and gave her six people to help support. Now she is up before dawn, dragging great sacks of black bread and potatoes back from the bazaar, four versts away. The troubles of others give her no time to dwell on her own.

Then the old epicure, the landlord I met on a Volga steamer. In the old days of high living he had catarrh of the stomach, and half the doctors of Germany prescribing for him. The Revolution took away his delicacies and put him on a diet of black bread and cabbage soup — when he could get them. 'The best specialist was the Revolution,' said he. 'It gave me a stomach that digests nails.'

Vlas, it would seem, was another example of the saving power of the Revolution, fear and famine frying off great slabs of the fat that was smothering and choking him. All this to Vlas, of course, was sheerest nonsense, as ridiculous as making the sign of the cross with three fingers instead of two. To him food and fat are good things in themselves — the more the better.

Indeed, his chief grievance, it seems, against the Revolution was not for the six expropriated *datchas*, the three hundred poods of tallow, the six hundred poods of salt beef it took out of his cellar, but for the four poods of fat

it took off his belly. His set aim is to win it back, and the old man beams satisfaction at his growing circumference, marking progress on the road to recovery.

II

'More vodka!' cried Vlas. Out of big *jorghums* he kept the red and white vodka gurgling, drinking with each guest in turn and, when he had drunk everybody full, drinking by himself — twenty tumblers. The only apparent effect of it all was to liven up his legs and set him capering across the floor, snapping his fingers.

I complimented him on the nimbleness of his legs.

'Yes,' said Vlas, slapping them. 'Woolen stockings on them all summer, and they never sweat or stink. I got them as captain of my ship on the Volga.'

'You mean your uncle's old barge,' scoffed Shura.

Passing this over, Vlas resumed: 'My grandfather lived to be a hundred and sixteen years.'

'One hundred and six,' put in Shura.

'Well, one hundred and ten,' conceded Vlas.

'Hundred and six — and not a year more.'

Vlas sullenly capitulated. Shura always puts a blight on his stories. When she is absent, his grandfather grows to be one hundred and twenty-six. His own thousand-verst journey to the Kirghiz becomes three thousand. Ten thousand horses were frozen to death before his eyes. His broken leg hung by the skin like a hinge. As with 'Lightnin', who boasted that he drove a swarm of bees across the American continent without losing a bee, Vlas's tales have sweep and imagination.

But none of this when Shura is around. Besides an irritation arising from a too close and constant conjugal

life, Shura harbors against Vlas an incident of long ago. She was not consulted about her husband. He was picked up by her father, as was the procedure in those days. Not on that score does she base her grievance; but on her wedding night someone, knowing Vlas's weakness, came and cried into the bedroom window:—

'Eh, Vlas! A big wall-on-wall fight in the next village!'

'And the good-for-nothing,' said Shura with terrible venom, 'jumped into his clothes, fought all night, and did n't come back till morning.'

'Yes,' said Vlas sheepishly, 'and it's been eating her for forty-two years. When she's buried she'll still be talking about it.'

'I ran home,' continued Shura, 'but my father beat me with a halter and drove me back. If I had said anything my husband would have beaten me with his fist. But those days are over. They don't dare do that any more.'

'More's the pity,' commented Vlas gloomily. 'The Revolution has spoiled everything—even the women. In the old days women used to weep at weddings. Now it's the men.'

But Vlas's rancor against the Revolution for putting rebellion into Shura is softened by the fact that at the same time it has made her an economic asset. In the new land code the wife has equal claims to the land with the husband. To Vlas's two dessiatines of orchard are added the two that are Shura's in her own right.

This orchard is Shura's great, wide *terem*. Majestic, strong-featured, with a soft cashmere shawl pinned under her chin, she looks the *boyarina* one sees so often in the Moscow opera. Here all summer from dawn to dark she is pruning and scraping and spraying her beloved trees.

'*Mamasha* is so much in the orchard,' said daughter Lina, 'that she looks like

it. Her hair is as white as the spring blossoms and her cheeks as red as the autumn apples.'

'She does n't ever go to the theatre,' said Vlas approvingly; 'the nightingales and cuckoos are horns and bala-laikas to her.'

This was Vlas's one poetic outburst. His own approach to the orchard is highly practical. Pulling down a branch, he counts the little green knobs, calculates the number of poods the tree will bear, and puts a corresponding number of leaves in his pocket. At last, the leaves all laid out and counted, he announces, 'As she stands, two hundred barrels, one thousand rubles.'

A record crop this year. But apples are an uncertain quantity. Next year there may be none at all. So Vlas does n't depend only on his apples. He is a cereal expert. His season begins when the first wagons come creaking in from the villages, laden with the first offerings of the grain fields.

Along the long lines of peasant wagons moves Vlas. Down goes his arm, deep dredging into the open sack. Up it comes with a bursting handful. He sniffs it, hefts it, tosses it, sifts it, then cries out, 'One hundred and sixteen,' 'One hundred and thirty,' or 'One hundred and thirty-two.' These are *zolotniki*, the amount of flour a pood will grind into. He can do it with his eyes shut and never make a mistake.

'I never cheat a peasant, and they never cheat me,' Vlas asseverates solemnly.

'How is that?' I ask him.

'I knock them down when they try it. Or, at least, I did before the Revolution.'

III

In those days Vlas was a buyer for private traders, speculators, and merchants. Now individuals have been replaced by institutions. Now the log

elevators, standing like blockhouses along the river front, flaunt the signs, 'Bread Products,' 'Gosbank,' 'Goob Coop.' Now Vlas is a 'red merchant' buying for the Coöperative — a huge, impersonal corporation. He can't bargain with it, nor joke, nor drink vodka with it as he did with his former masters. Vlas misses that. But it does n't affect the zeal and energy and conscientiousness of his work.

He is the oldest buyer in the market, but the most active. When the grain sledges cross the frozen Volga, Vlas is up before dawn to meet them. When the red flag goes up on the central kiosk, announcing the opening of the market, Vlas, with all the gusto of an old wall fighter, plunges into the thick of the buying, his great globe body rolling in and out among the sledges, puffing, shouting, scolding, joking, chiding. This is Vlas's element — food in the raw, food in abundance, mountains of it, chuting into elevators, filling the barges — food going out to feed the world. And Vlas is part of the process. The joy of it shines in his face. It exalts. It intoxicates. It transfigures him.

On these big grain days a veritable revolution is wrought in his property-loving soul. The crass old individualist is socialized. 'My' orchard, 'my' house, give way to 'our' wheat, 'our' Russia, 'our' coöperative.

'Look what our coöperative has given me!' he cries, digging a paper out of his pocket and reading: 'In recognition of faithful services performed by Vlas Alexsevitch Podkletnov.'

'Seel' says the old man. 'There's the seal. There's the sickle and hammer.' The same pride as a Red-Armist in his service medal.

'You know our country is great,' Vlas goes on. 'In the Kuban the crop ripens a month earlier than here. They talk of ordering me down there this

season. Anywhere they send me I'll go, even to America. But they would n't let me in, would they? They would say I'm a Bolshevik.'

Old Believer Vlas, arrested as a Bolshevik! His great carcass heaves with laughter. Suddenly he stops, saying: —

'But I'm just like a Communist. I've got a red card. I'm a Union man.' He shows me a tiny red book, certifying his membership in the Union of Soviet Employees, and recounts its privileges: nine rubles out-of-work benefit; forty rubles at the birth of a child; free medicine.

'But what good is that to me?' says Vlas regretfully. 'I'm never out of work, never sick, and my baba is too old for babies.'

Vlas, however, is a good Union man. Dues paid to date, not a black mark on the pages for reprimands and reproofs, and on Soviet holidays Vlas always in the front ranks near the tribune, his good right ear glued to the speaker.

Maybe he can get a clue as to what the Revolution was about: to what purpose it took away his datchas, beef, and tallow, his Falstaffian figure, and the spirit of obedience that once was Shura's. Another grievance against the Revolution is that it loosed on him bandits and bourgeois-baiters. Though he tried hard to make himself inconspicuous, his nine poods too magnificently incarnated their conception of a 'bourzhuey,' and made him the target for their terror, rapacity, and humor.

One night robbers came, demanding five thousand rubles. On his refusal they led him down to an ice hole in the Volga, saying: 'Pray your prayers, old man, then down the river under the ice to Astrakhan!' A hundred times he crossed himself; then turned to find the bandits had vanished.

Another time a sabre was flashing above his head. 'Shall I carve him?' asked the swordsman. 'No! He's a full-blooded old devil. Too big a mess he would make.'

Again he was whisked away from his samovar to run the gauntlet of the Red Chambers. Four rifles blazed at him in the dark and he fell unconscious. Coming to, Vlas felt about for blood and holes in himself. There were none. It was a hoax with blank cartridges.

Naturally enough, these memories rankle in his breast, and occasionally smouldering resentment flashes into fire. But he tries valiantly to let bygones be bygones, to forget and forgive. All in all, the old man is a remarkable case of adaptation to the new system of life and ideas.

IV

One thing that helps reconcile Vlas to the new order is that to Vlas, as to all sectarians, the Revolution means freedom in religion, a release from the persecutions with which the State Church had hounded them since 1665. It had exiled them to the far-off forests and wastes of Russia. It had confiscated the treasures of their churches. It had broken up their monasteries on the Irtysh River. It had closed their asylums and divinity schools. It had fallen on them with fire and sword.

It is noteworthy that the Communists have used no measure against the Orthodox State Church which that Church has not used for centuries against the nonconforming faiths. In fact, it went far beyond anything the Communists ever attempted. No slanders were too base, no cruelties too vicious.

The Old Believers were declared a menace to the State and put outside the law. Their nostrils were ripped by pincers. Their children were made

bastards and torn from their parents. Seals were put upon their altars and gates. Their clergy were forbidden to perform their offices. More than once Vlas has brought a priest at night, disguised as a merchant, to conduct worship. And to ward off a raid on his church Vlas often carried hush money to the police.

One time the procurator charged 'a serious crime' against Old Believers of Kvalinsk for 'the ringing of bells from their belfries, thus luring and tempting citizens to attend their services, a scandal not permitted in Saratov or Kuznetsk.' Orders were issued by the Governor to muffle the bells.

The Revolution of 1905 took the seals off their altars. The Revolution of 1917 gave them equal rights alongside other faiths. The right of assembly they used to convene in Kvalinsk a unity council of three branches of the Old Believers. Hither came three hundred delegates out of old Moscow, out of the forests of Archangel, the valleys of the Caucasus, the Caspian steppes — out of the Russia of far away and long ago. Had I not known Vlas, I should have wondered how this strange, weird assembly of figures could have survived the Revolution. Big, hulking merchants who might have stepped out of the marts of old Novgorod. Gaunt, hollow-eyed monks who might have stepped out of the ikon frames. Priests with fanatic devotion to the ancient ritual, like their forefathers, ready to be burned to death for it — and equally ready to burn others.

'A foreigner! A spy!' thundered at me a giant virgin-bearded Cossack of the Don. 'Put him out!'

They put me out. But old Vlas smuggled me in again. And in course of time they grew tolerant of me. I even lured one of them, a Siberian priest, to my house. Five goblets of

wine, and the pent-up hatred against the old State Church broke out in a flaming tirade: —

‘Snuff-pinchers! They make the sign of the cross with thumb and two fingers! Cowards! They could n’t compete with the true faith and they put seals on our altars. Liars! They founded their religion on deceit. So they betray everybody, even those who confess to them. Why, if someone confessed to me that he killed the Tsar, it would be my secret forever. Police spies, charlatans, wolves —’

In contrast with such extremists Vlas is a modernist and has departed far from the faith of his fathers. The strictest Old Believers will not touch tea and sugar, nor potatoes, for they were unknown before the days of Nikon. But to Vlas all food is good. The strictest Old Believers, holding that false religion defiles a man in body and soul, keep themselves sternly aloof from the ‘worldly’ as unclean. In the villages zealots often refused to shake the hand I proffered, and the bowl I ate from — as I found later — was the one from which the cat was fed. Any other dish I defiled would have to be broken or thrown away. When I told Vlas of this, he only laughed, and to prove that he had no such prejudices made me drink from the same bowl with him.

The Revolution has done much damage to Vlas’s observance of the ancient customs and conventions. Even for those to which he conforms he gives secular and not religious reasons.

The strictest Old Believers lay no razor to their face, for the beardless may not enter Heaven. Bandits once waylaid Old Believers with the demand, ‘Your money or your beard!’ If the beard was severed, it was gathered up to be buried with its owner lest at the

gates of Paradise he be unrecognized. When I asked Vlas why he does n’t cut his whiskers off, he shook his head and said: ‘Do I want to look like a dog?’

The strictest Old Believers use no tobacco. It was unknown before Nikon, and the Scriptures say: ‘Not what entereth into the mouth, but what cometh out, defiles a man.’ Vlas bases his abjuration of smoking on purely physiological grounds: it would cut down his weight. ‘Do I want to look like a weasel?’

To Vlas sheer size and bulk are virtues in themselves. He is proud of his big self, his big daughters, his big ikons, his big cross with the legend, ‘*Vladika!* Ward off my enemies.’ Proudest of all of his enormous *Nomakanon*, the Laws and Scriptures in archaic red and black Slavonic script. To Vlas a magic spell lies in its great dimensions and in its great age — more than three hundred years, he boasts. The very reading of it has healing power.

This Vlas was doing in a loud voice when I went to say good-bye. The room oven-hot, the ikon lamps alit, a sizzling samovar, haunches of pork and beef and pies on the table; and the old man, barefooted, in his black caftan, vodka pouring into him, sweat pouring out of him, was singsonging a prayer out of this holy book.

‘Just curing myself of a cold,’ said Vlas apologetically.

Good health to Vlas! Hoch to Vlas!

Maybe, long after the ascetic Bernard Shaw has finished his meatless, wineless days, this voracious, flesh-eating, vodka-drinking, Bible-reading, Union-carded Old Believer will continue to stand, a bulwark of his ancient faith, refuting all the laws of physiology and hygiene and some of the tenets of Marxism.

CELESTIAL RHYMES

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

I SHALL write verses if I get to Heaven.

(But few more now.)

There I shall learn new rhymes for Fire, for Seven,

For Sleep, for Bough;

New rhymes for Star, and Wing, and Death, and Glory.

There I shall use

Clear iridescent words, no longer hoary

With time's abuse.

For when I have pursued the star-suns, burning

In long advance,

Swung in the curtains of the cold Aurora, learning

Her hidden dance,

When I have torn all bodiless fears asunder,

I shall require

Unchallengeable rhymes for Space — for Wonder —

For Time — for Fire —

Wiser than now in secrets always dying

Before their birth;

In rhythms blurred; in music blown and flying

Always, from Earth.

BEFORE CATHOLICS YIELD

QUESTIONS FOR PROTESTANTS

BY JUSTIN WROE NIXON

THE doctrine of the union of Church and State is evidently in a parlous condition. After a long and fairly honorable history it is about to pass, to use Archbishop Dowling's phrase, into 'the limbo of defunct controversies.' Catholics fear to pay their respects to it. Protestants spurn it.

It is not difficult to understand why the doctrine has few adherents in America to mourn its demise. In its historic Christian form it called for the solidarity of the State with the Roman Catholic Church. One of the characteristic features of the doctrine was that it accorded to that Church a preferred position before the law and placed the State under obligation to proscribe the public exercises of those forms of religion not in harmony with the established cult. In modern America, with our religious heterogeneity and with only a small minority of our people within the fold of the Roman Church, that feature was a serious liability. To Catholics it seemed an insuperable handicap in the struggle for social recognition. To Protestants it was a sinister anachronism.

And yet, now that the doctrine seems to be approaching dissolution, may we not discern virtues of a rather substantial character under a form of thought so forbidding to the contemporary mind?

The most casual student of the doctrine discerns in it a protest — a protest

against the absolute State, against the arrogance of a secular nationalism, which our generation needs to hear. We need to know that the State is not above the moral law and that there are elementary human rights which, under God, the State is bound to respect. Italy and Russia both illustrate how brutally indifferent to those rights the State may be. No fiction of absolute sovereignty in an interdependent world can exempt the State from its obligations to mankind. The State which bullies a weak nation is just as guilty in the eyes of God as the man who takes advantage of a helpless neighbor. The gravest danger to individual liberty in our time, moreover, does not come from any threatened invasion of the rights of the State by the Church. It comes from an impudent Cæsarism which maintains that the State can do no wrong, that it is above criticism, that all its wars are righteous — claims which are blasphemous to religious men regardless of denominational affiliation. The State can be and is a grievous sinner and needs to repent. The Roman Catholic Church has taught this truth for centuries, and it is to be hoped that it will keep on teaching it. We Americans have a day of National Thanksgiving. Every modern State might well establish a day of National Repentance and Atonement for its collective sins.

We need such a day all the more

now that Nationalism has become the real religion of great masses of the population in both Europe and America. No other religion has ever asked so much of its adherents. As Lucien Romier suggests, 'it is the only religion which requires immediate and gratuitous human sacrifice and which imposes and obtains such a sacrifice without discussion.' But this, the prevailing religion of our time, has no day of Repentance and Atonement because the establishment of such a day would mean an acknowledgment that there was a Will above the will of the nation. It would mean a confession of national sins. In time of war such a confession would break the morale of the people. In time of peace no ruler could make such a confession and be reelected. With popular governments it is more convenient for rulers to confess the sins of their predecessors.

Under the old régime of the union of Church and State, contrition and confession on the part of the State, through its responsible officials, were possible. There was a God with whose will and law the actions of the State should conform. That will and law, above all conflicting national ambitions, hatreds, and prejudices, was symbolized in a manner effective in impressing the mind of the humblest citizen, by one who sat in Peter's Chair at Rome.

What substitute has the religion of Nationalism provided for the confession at Peter's Chair of the sins of the State against a supernatural moral order? Confession on the part of States there must be if we are to maintain our collective sanity. Perhaps the trouble with the modern world is that, in default of the purging experience of repentance and penance on the part of great States, they have become the victims of nationalistic paranoia. The psychological causes of war may be more subtle than we think.

Before this old doctrine of the union of Church and State passes finally from the realm of practical considerations, may we not recall also that it embodies a religious social philosophy? The Church of the Middle Ages did have a theory which covered the whole of life. There was a separation of powers, civil and ecclesiastical, but no separation anywhere from divine obligation. Christianity was, in truth, a way of living. Men pursued their careers, public as well as private, under the eye of God. The readers of Troeltsch and Tawney know how desperately the Church tried to expand its theory to meet new conditions. With the development of trade in the later mediæval period, and with the religious and commercial revolutions of the sixteenth century, the areas of social intercourse where the voice of the Church could be heard effectively grew smaller and smaller. The Church stood finally like a beleaguered city with bandits and revolutionaries ranging over her formerly peaceful pastures outside the city wall. But there were no abatements of her claims of sovereignty. Man's life and man's property, though for the time being the prey of brigands whom the Church could not control, belonged to God. Eventually the representatives of God would reclaim these areas of thought and activity which had been secularized by evil forces.

Puritanism took over the essential elements of this mediæval theory of life as a divine vocation. And Puritanism is the only self-respecting and logically consistent social philosophy Protestants have ever had. Puritanism substituted religious assemblies and consistories for popes and bishops. The Puritan Church had constantly to steady the ark of the State. The Puritan system, having been brought to this country, dominated New England.

It generated a temper of mind as inimical to the 'godless' State as any theory of Roman Catholicism. Vestigial action patterns created by Puritanism are with us still. When someone proposes that the State dispense liquor according to Canadian or Swedish plans, the cry goes up that 'it would be immoral to place the State in alliance with the unholy traffic.' The theory of the 'godly' State gets under way once more. In legislative issues which concern personal vices, marriage, divorce, and Sabbath observance, our inherited Puritanism still asserts itself.

Protestants, for the most part, have abandoned Puritanism and now find themselves without any religious social philosophy at all. Their religion is confined to private virtues, ritualistic observances, institutional practices and associations, and mystical energies. Specialized recreational, philanthropic, and educational functions are 'acquired characteristics.' Without are business, politics, international relations, education in the broadest and most effective sense, and general philanthropy. In every one of these spheres the Church, Catholic and Puritan, once had a social philosophy. Protestantism now covers them all with bland exhortations to practise the brotherhood of man and the golden rule.

The eclipse of religious social theory, however, does not mean the passing of all philosophy from these vast secularized areas of the modern world. Far from it. Nature abhors a vacuum in thought as well as in space. The area vacated by religion has been occupied by Militarism, Imperialism, and Capitalism, and on the Continent, where the masses have become estranged from Catholic teaching, by Socialism and Communism. The churches, Protestant and Catholic, behold at a distance the development of a secularized ethic whose principle is simply the

prudential adjustment of conflicting impulses within the individual and of competing interests within society. The State according to this principle is an institution of power fashioned by the dominant elements within the social group to enable them to settle their own difficulties and to control the weaker members with as little friction as possible. The view that life, personal and collective, is the fulfillment of a divine vocation is utterly alien to this world of thought. 'Business' and 'politics' assert their complete independence of religious guidance and ignore even the suggestion that religious ideals are at stake in their respective spheres.

When the Church does undertake to express a collective interest in or judgment concerning any problem of public ethics, she seems 'out of character.' The activities of the Church in promoting Prohibition, for instance, are resented because they have no foundation in her social theory. If the churches are concerned with the Volstead Act, why are they not also concerned with the enactment and enforcement of a hundred other laws and with other political issues just as vital to human progress? The interest of the churches in the Eighteenth Amendment is an aspect of their vestigial Puritanism. If the churches would develop a Christian social philosophy and lay it alongside the ideal and practice of the modern State, they would find enough divergence to frighten them by the magnitude of their task.

Without a social philosophy, the churches are doomed ultimately to ethical impotence. The religious life cannot be lived in a social vacuum. Everywhere it is conditioned by the concrete situations of the modern world, for dealing with which 'business' and 'politics' claim sole responsibility. Farsighted men in the churches see the

significance, sinister for religion, of this claim to absolute ethical autonomy on the part of these secular interests. These men have organized the Federal Council of Churches and the National Catholic Welfare Council to give expression to religious ideals in public relationships. They are feeling their way amid a world of infinite moral complexity, but they know what they are about. They are aware that religion must be good for the whole of life if it is to be good for any part of it.

What if this doctrine of the union of Church and State is an ancient landmark surviving all the trappings of a secular age, marking a way to a view of the world in which religion and life will have overcome their disastrous dichotomy? It is a rather safe guess that only a religion which is the companion of man through all the vicissitudes of his experience has any future in Western civilization. For a timid, apologetic religion, fawning on our secular prosperity for sustenance, humanity will ultimately have little use. It may tolerate such a religion for a while, paying it tribute out of consideration for a sturdy Catholic and Puritan ancestry which compelled respect, but in the end such a religion will be thrown out of its own house. Only a religion which troubles our modern secular world with the thought of 'judgment' can heal it.

Before Catholics yield their ancient doctrine to the final ravages of a triumphant secularism, it seems to the writer,

accordingly, that in all fairness they may ask us Protestants such questions as the following.

Has contemporary Protestantism a vital conception of a supernational moral order, and does it accept as a religious obligation the task of establishing institutions which will symbolize and interpret that order to average men?

Has contemporary Protestantism a social philosophy, and, if it has, how does that philosophy differ from the Catholic view of society as a spiritual organism?

Has contemporary Protestantism thought through the meaning of this process of paring down the realm of spiritual sovereignty? Business, politics, and education claim emancipation from that sovereignty now. Ethics seeks autonomy. To-morrow the mystical energies of religion will be secularized by psychiatry. In fine, over what area of human interest is religion to remain sovereign, after it has given up its claim to a vision of the whole of life, public as well as private, in a divine perspective?

Before we secure adequate answers to these questions, we may discover that it is no slight achievement to build a structure of thought which enables man to live through the entire range of his associated life in the presence of God. Yet, such was the achievement in the days of its prime of the now apparently discredited doctrine of the union of Church and State.

REPUTATIONS: TEN YEARS AFTER

I. JOFFRE

BY CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL HART

I

SON of a village cooper to Marshal of France — such was the record of Joseph Jacques Césaire Joffre, who was born on January 12, 1852, at Rivesaltes on the eastern edge of the Pyrenees. A man from the people and of the people, plain in character as in origin, here was surely the ideal representative of the 'war to save democracy,' and by him the capacity of democracy may fairly be judged.

It was a family tradition that the Joffres were originally Spanish, their name Gouffre, and that the great-grandfather of the future Marshal had crossed the Pyrenees as a political exile. He was a merchant, but the business decayed, and Marshal Joffre's father, as soon as he was old enough to work, took up the trade of a cooper. He remained a simple workman until his marriage, when he inherited a modest competence from his mother, which enabled him to become a master cooper. Joseph was one of eleven children, and was helped up the first rungs of the ladder by the system of State-aided education. Showing a leaning for mathematics and science while at the College of Perpignan, he was encouraged to try for the École Polytechnique, and, after eighteen months' final preparation in Paris, passed into the Polytechnique at seventeen, fourteenth on a list of one

hundred and thirty-two, although the youngest of his 'promotion.'

This was in 1869, and the outbreak of the Franco-German War the next year interrupted his course. Like his comrades, Joffre was called to active service as a *sous-lieutenant* and took part in the siege of Paris — serving in one of the forts. At the close of that disastrous war he returned to finish his studies, but, passing out too low to have the option of a civil-service post, he took a commission in the Engineers.

That same year the youth who was destined to be the other great legendary figure of the World War entered the Engineers also — but in the army of France's future ally. The parallel between Kitchener and Joffre was soon strengthened, for the loss of his wife led Joffre in 1885 to seek distraction in colonial service, where so many of the leading soldiers of France, as also of England, have done their military apprenticeship — a service, moreover, which is a forge of character and leaves also its peculiar stamp on the mind. His reputation already, among his comrades, was that of a reserved and silent man, one who, although a staunch comrade, was neither easy to approach nor easy to move. These tendencies the desert naturally developed.

His first service, however, was in

Indo-China; he took part in the Formosa campaign, and later spent three years at Hanoi as chief engineer in organizing the defense of Upper Tonkin. General Mensier, who appreciated his value, brought him back to Paris in 1888 to a post in the directorate of engineer services. The following year he was promoted *chef de bataillon* in the railway regiment, and later became professor of fortification at Fontainebleau.

In 1892 he was sent out to West Africa, where he was entrusted with the task of building the railway from Kayes to Bafulabe. If the duty seemed prosaic, it was to prove the path to glory. For it was late in 1893 that Colonel Bonnier's expedition set out to extend French influence to Timbuktu, and Joffre was taken from his railway work to command a supplementary column of one thousand men — two thirds of whom were carriers and followers. Passing up the left bank of the Niger, he joined Bonnier at Timbuktu. His account of this march, afterward published, has no literary or narrative power, but it at least shows infinite care to ensure the supplies of the column and its protection from Touareg raiders. But the five-hundred-mile march would hardly have won him fame but for the disaster which befell Bonnier, whose force was surprised and cut to pieces by the Touaregs. The remnant joined Joffre, who imperturbably decided to continue his march. Such calm disregard of their efforts seems to have nonplused the Touaregs, for he was allowed to reach Timbuktu without serious interference. Here he received orders for recall to his railway building, but disregarded them and, after making his garrison assault-proof, secured the submission of the whole territory. The disaster to Bonnier had caused a sensation in France, so that the news of the way in which

Joffre had promptly retrieved it created the greater reaction, and he was promoted lieutenant-colonel and officer of the Legion of Honor.

Recalled to France in 1896 to be secretary of the Commission of Inventions, he was soon sent abroad again — to construct the defenses of Diego-Suarez, in Madagascar, the new French naval base in the Indian Ocean. Here he was under the command of Gallieni, and the contact thus established between the two men was to have a far-reaching influence on the destiny of Joffre and of France. In 1900 Joffre was promoted general of brigade, and quitted Madagascar on his appointment to command the 19th Artillery Brigade at Vincennes, whence he moved to the Ministry of War as Director of Engineers. Promoted general of division in 1905, he remained at the Ministry of War for another year, when he was given command of the 6th Infantry Division, and later of the 2nd Army Corps at Amiens.

In 1910, while holding this post, he was nominated to the Conseil Supérieur de la Guerre, whose members are the official advisers of the Minister in peace and the higher commanders designate in case of war. Joffre's prospective war appointment was that of head of the lines of communication, a post for which his previous career and technical knowledge clearly fitted him. Fate, however, intervened to cast him for a very different rôle, and one for which his qualifications outwardly seemed to be that he had none. He had come to fifty-eight years of age with hardly any experience in command of troops and no higher study of war. He was suddenly to be raised to chief of a general staff which had only one rival in its intensive — if not extensive — research into the conduct of large-scale operations of war. His equipment was the experience of a single little colonial

expedition in early life and a technical knowledge of fortification and railway construction. If he had been able to bring the minds of this staff down out of the clouds, from their philosophical contemplation of the offensive spirit, to the solid groundwork of material conditions, the surprising experiment might have been justified. But in fact he proved merely a solid shield behind which subtler brains could direct French military policy on the path to a crevasse which they had not perceived — because they were too absorbed in military occultism to watch the ground over which their steps were taking them.

II

How did this astonishing appointment come about? Through a military revolt, none the less powerful because it was waged by tongues instead of arms. It found its leader and prophet in Colonel Grandmaison, chief of the Operations branch of the General Staff. In the existing plan of campaign in case of war against Germany the French Army was distributed in a strategic formation in depth, roughly diamond-shaped, which could be manœuvred against the enemy according to the line of invasion that he took. Its strategy was thus of an offensive-defensive nature, letting the enemy make the first move and then, through the elasticity of the French dispositions, concentrating a powerful mass of manœuvre for a counteroffensive against his advance. But to Colonel Grandmaison this plan was contrary to the French spirit and constituted 'an almost complete atrophy of the idea of the offensive.' Instead of waiting for the enemy to disclose his hand, 'it is the quickness with which we engage the enemy that guarantees us against surprise, and the power of the attack which secures us against the enemy's manœuvres.' Grandmaison

summed up his theory by saying, 'We must not recoil before this principle, of which only the form seems paradoxical: in the offensive, imprudence is the best of safeguards.' The conclusion was that, whatever the rôle of a force, there was only one mode of action — attack, which meant a head-long assault.

This theory certainly simplified the rôle of the leader, for directly an enemy was sighted he had merely to give the order 'Forward!' As General Boucher has told us, if on manœuvres any officer did not thus charge like a bull with lowered head, he was thought to be lacking in 'nerve.' The very simplicity of this theory combined with its appeal to the French temperament — an implicit tribute to the irresistible spirit of Frenchmen — to capture the imagination of the army. In the young who would have to stake their own lives the folly was at least tempered with a certain superb audacity, but in generals responsible for others' lives it was wholly culpable, and the only excuse is that they were afraid of being thought to be failing in nerve through increasing years.

General Michel, Vice President of the Conseil Supérieur de la Guerre, and therefore commander in chief designate, almost alone stood out against the tide, but under the existing system his prospective office did not give him power to control the doctrine of the General Staff. This dissociation of those who formed the doctrine — and the plan — in peace from the man who would have to carry it out in war caused a military crisis. As Michel was in a minority of one, the 'Young Turks' carried the day, for, dominating the General Staff, they were firmly entrenched in the Ministry of War, where the political chief was a bird of passage, and the vice president of the council an outsider.

Michel was relieved of his post. Gallieni, who had opposed his views, had the good taste to decline, on the score of age and an experience mainly colonial, the succession to the man he had helped to displace. Pau was offered the post, but stipulated that he must be given powers which the Government was unwilling to grant, more especially as his clerical opinions made him suspect to politicians ever haunted by the bogey of a military coup d'état. Gallieni then proposed Joffre; the new Minister accepted the suggestion and, addressing an audience of journalists, declared: 'With General Joffre . . . I shall strive to develop the doctrine of the offensive with which our army is beginning to be impregnated.' Joffre was known to be such a good Republican and so devoid of political attachments that the Government did not hesitate to give him the combined functions of Vice President of the Conseil Supérieur and Chief of the General Staff, a duality which endowed him with control in peace and command in war. Heavy in body and intellect, he was obviously no Cassius. (Strange how stoutness inspires the politician with trust.) Screened by his massive frame, and under cover of his all-powerful authority, the 'Young Turks' radically refashioned the official doctrine.

'The French Army, returning to its traditions, no longer knows any other law than the offensive. . . . All attacks are to be pushed to the extreme with the firm resolution to charge the enemy with the bayonet, in order to destroy him. . . . This result can only be obtained at the price of bloody sacrifices. Any other conception ought to be rejected as contrary to the very nature of war.' To this end the training reverted to the Frederician, aiming at a discipline of the muscles, not of the intelligence, sacrificing initiative, in

order, by an incessant repetition, 'to develop in the soldier the reflexes of obedience.' The successive tactical regulations issued during the forty-odd years of peace which separated the wars of 1870 and 1914 shed a curious light on the way the memory of pain fades — and still more of its cause. Thus it came about that the first regulations of 1875 were nearest to the reality of 1914, whereas the last of the series was framed for a battlefield on which there were no bullets.

But the delusive basis of the new tactical doctrine was solid in comparison with the foundations on which the new plan of campaign was built. This, the notorious Plan XVII, was based on a double miscalculation. The initial strength of the German Army was estimated at not more than forty to forty-two infantry divisions — whereas there were seventy-two — and, although the possibility of a German move through Belgium was recognized, the wideness of its sweep was utterly misjudged. The Germans were expected complaisantly to take the difficult route through the Ardennes in order that the French might conveniently smite their communications! Based on the idea of an immediate and general offensive, Plan XVII ordained a main thrust by the First and Second Armies toward the Saar into Lorraine. On their left were the Third Army, opposite Metz, and the Fifth Army, facing the Ardennes, which were either to take up the offensive between Metz and Thionville or — if the Germans came through Luxemburg and Belgium — to strike northeast through the Ardennes at their flank. The Fourth Army was held temporarily in reserve near the centre, ready to combine with either the right or the left thrust, and two groups of reserve divisions were disposed in rear of each flank — relegation to such a passive rôle expressing

French opinion on the capacity of reserve formations.

General Michel had partly wrought his own downfall, because, foreseeing the wide German sweep through Belgium, he had proposed to swell his forces by incorporating the reserve divisions in the active army. Such an idea was anathema to the 'Young Turks,' who held that their cherished *offensif à outrance* could only be carried out by rigidly disciplined troops whose reflexes would carry them forward in spite of bullets. Thus the way was paved for the great, and almost decisive, opening surprise of the war — for the Germans, in contrast, had not hesitated to build up their attacking mass from an amalgam of active and reserve divisions, and thus obtained a superiority of three to two at the outset. And thus the pit was dug for the downfall of Plan XVII, and almost of France, by the hands of Joffre, guided by the minds of his entourage.

The phrase, if hard, is justified not only by unofficial evidence but by the words of Joffre himself before the court of inquiry which in 1919 investigated the causes of the loss in 1914 of the Briey iron fields — whence came practically all the iron-ore supplies of France. It is, incidentally, a further side light on the narrow outlook of the French command that their plan had not taken into account the defense of their vital economic sources.

III

No more pitiable disclosure of puppetry has ever been made than in Joffre's evidence. When asked to produce the plan of campaign, he first replied that he had no remembrance of it, and fatuously said: 'A plan of operations is an idea which one has in one's head, but which one does not commit to paper.' This was so absurd, as well

as contrary to the evidence of all the other generals, that the President of the Court expressed surprise that there were no traces of a plan in writing. Joffre replied, 'There may be some, but it was not I who drew them up.' He became more and more confused under examination and ultimately said, 'You ask me a mass of things which I cannot answer; I know nothing about them.'

His slow wits, combined with his inexperience of higher war study, made him a modern Delphic oracle, the mere mouthpiece of a military priesthood among whom Grandmaison was the leading intellectual influence and Castelnau the acting high priest. On Joffre's appointment, his ignorance of European warfare had been officially recognized by the nomination of General Castelnau as his assistant, and chief of staff in case of war, and although this was subsequently changed to command of an army, owing to political distrust of Castelnau's clerical sympathies, he remained the chief influence on Joffre until the war came. As it was Pau who discounted the value of reservists, so it was Castelnau who underrated the danger of a German advance through Belgium and neglected the fortress defenses, saying, 'These strong places cramp me and take too many men. I don't want them.'

When the war came, a still more astonishing revelation of Joffre's surrender of his military conscience occurred at the conference of army commanders on August 3, 1914. General Dubail, commanding the First Army, declared that he would need strong reënforcements for his 7th Corps which was to begin the offensive in Alsace. Joffre merely replied: 'This plan is your plan; it is not mine.' Dubail, thinking he had not been understood, began to explain his needs, whereupon Joffre, his face beaming with his usual large smile, repeated his words. The conference

broke up without further light, and it was little wonder that some of the army commanders were uneasy, asking each other if there was any idea behind the massive forehead of their commander in chief.

Nor did enlightenment as to their own misconceptions come quickly either to Joffre or to his staff. On August 6, when the German guns were battering at the outer defenses of Liège, Joffre informed the French armies that 'it may be concluded that the Germans are executing a plan of concentration, drawn up two years ago, of which we have knowledge.' The reference was to a document found by a French officer, when traveling in Germany the year before, in the lavatory of his railway carriage!

Thus, in blind ignorance and supreme disdain for the enemy's moves, the main French advance into Lorraine began on August 14 — and on August 19 and 20 was broken in the battle of Morhange-Saarburg, where the French discovered to their surprise that the material could subdue the moral, and that in their enthusiasm for the offensive they had blinded themselves to the defensive power of modern weapons, a condition which was to throw out of balance the whole mechanism of orthodox warfare.

Faced with this repulse and the now unmistakable news of a German advance through Belgium, Joffre and Company, *Limited*, were forced to readjust their plan, which had, it is true, partially allowed for such an alternative. But as the plan only recognized the hypothesis of a German advance east of Liège and the Meuse, and not the wider arc the Germans were actually traversing, the French command were more than ready to believe that the enemy was merely 'conforming to plan' — the French plan.

Grasping once again at phantoms,

Joffre and Company embraced this idea so fervently that they transformed their counter into an imaginary coup de grâce. Their Third and Fourth Armies were to strike northeast through the Ardennes against the rear flank of the Germans advancing through Belgium. The left-wing (Fifth) Army, under Lanrezac, was moved farther to the northwest into the angle formed by the Sambre and Meuse between Givet and Charleroi. With the British Expeditionary Force coming up on its left, it was to deal with the enemy's forces west of the Meuse, and then to converge upon the supposed German main forces in conjunction with the 'right fist' attack through the Ardennes. Here was another pretty picture — of the Allied pincers closing on the unconscious Germans! Curiously, the Germans had the same idea of a pincerlike manoeuvre, with rôles reversed, and with better reason.

The worst flaw in the French plan was that the Germans had deployed half as many troops again as they had been credited with, and for a vaster enveloping movement. The French, pushing blindly into the difficult Ardennes country against a German centre supposedly denuded of troops, blundered head on into the advancing German Third and Fourth Armies, and were heavily thrown back in encounter battles around Virton-Neufchâteau. Fortunately the Germans were also too vague as to the situation to exploit their opportunity.

But to the northwest the French Fifth Army and the British had, under Joffre's orders, put their heads almost into the German noose. The masses of the German First and Second Armies were closing in on them from the north, and the Third Army from the east. Lanrezac, the French Fifth Army commander, alone had an inkling of the hidden menace.

All along he had suspected the wideness of the German wheel, and it was through his insistence that his army had been allowed to move so far north. It was due to his caution in hesitating to advance across the Sambre, to the arrival of the British on his flank unknown to the German Intelligence, and to the premature attack of the German Second Army, that the Allied forces fell back in time and escaped from the trap.

At last Joffre realized the truth, and the utter collapse of Plan XVII. An Olympian calm was his greatest asset, and with a cool resolution, admirable, if astonishing, in face of the disaster to which he had led France, he sanctioned a retirement which had already begun, while he and his staff were evolving a new plan out of the wreckage. He decided to swing back his centre and left, with Verdun as the pivot, while forming a fresh Sixth Army to enable the retiring armies to return to the offensive.

His optimism might have been again misplaced but for German mistakes. The first was the folly of Moltke, chief of the German General Staff, in detaching seven divisions to invest Maubeuge and Givet, and to watch Antwerp, instead of using Landwehr and Ersatz troops as in the original plan. This had been drawn up as far back as 1905 by Moltke's great predecessor, Graf von Schlieffen, who had decided on the route through Belgium, and whose governing idea had been to mass overwhelming strength in the wide-marching right wing. He had even welcomed the likelihood of a French advance into Lorraine, and made his left wing there purposely weak, for thus the action would be like a revolving door — the more heavily the French pressed on the eastern side in Lorraine, the more effectively would the western side in Belgium swing

round and hit their exposed rear. Schlieffen's dying words were: 'It must come to a fight, only make the right wing strong.'

A more ominous infringement of his plan was when, on August 25, 1914, Moltke decided to send four divisions to check the Russian advance in East Prussia. All these were taken from the right wing, and the excuse afterward given for this violation of the principle of concentration was that the German command thought that the decisive victory had already been won!

Further, the German headquarters lost touch with the advancing armies and the movements of these became disjointed. The British stand at Le Cateau and Lanrezac's *riposte* at Guise were also factors in checking the German enveloping wing, and each had still greater indirect effects. For Le Cateau apparently convinced the German First Army Commander, von Kluck, that the British Army could be wiped from the slate, and Guise led von Bülow (Second Army) to call on von Kluck for help, whereupon the First Army wheeled inward, thinking to roll up the French left. The idea of a new Sedan was an obsession with the Germans, and led them to pluck the fruit before it was ripe. This premature wheel before Paris had been reached was an abandonment of the Schlieffen plan, and exposed the German right to a counterenvelopment.

While the French command clung too long to preconceived ideas, the Germans could not cling long enough to any idea. Almost daily during the advance they were changing their minds, — and the original plan, — until on September 4 they definitely abandoned it in favor of a concentric thrust on both sides of Verdun, which was intended to squeeze the French armies as in a pair of pincers. One further factor must be mentioned, perhaps the

most significant of all: the Germans had advanced so rapidly that their supplies failed to keep pace. Thus, in sum, so much grit had worked into the German machine that a slight jar would suffice to cause its breakdown. This was delivered in the Battle of the Marne.

IV

The reputation of Joffre is so linked with the drama of 1914 that it is essential to paint his figure against a background of events, but we have here reached a point at which we can break off for a brief sketch of his personal action during the great retreat.

It is beyond doubt that he did much by his moral — rather than by his mental — influence to repair the shattered fighting power of France. This influence was applied, not by any soul-stirring appeal, but by simply visiting the headquarters of his sorely tried subordinate commanders and sitting there, saying little, but conveying such an impression of ponderous and benign calm that they felt that affairs must be favorable elsewhere, however serious was their own situation. By similar intervention he sought to pour oil on the troubled relations between Sir John French and Lanrezac, and to secure some coöperation between their two armies, on the Allied flank, which were each 'ganging their own gait.'

More disputable is Joffre's action in dismissing several score of generals, including Lanrezac, during the retreat, which was mainly due to the blind folly of Joffre himself and his staff.

It was bitterly said later that it was fatal to offer suggestions to Joffre and to prove right when he was wrong; that Lanrezac was 'sacked' because he divined the German plan; Ruffey (Third Army) because he had proclaimed the vital need for heavy

artillery; Sarraill — Ruffey's successor — because he proposed sending troops by sea to Dunkirk to strike the enemy's open flank. Although Joffre's known jealousy of possible rivals lends weight to this charge, it is not the whole truth.

Lanrezac's is the most famous case. For long recognized as the ablest manoeuvre general in the French Army, he, like Gallieni, had distrusted the new Plan XVII, but his observations had no effect. As soon as Liège was attacked he urged that his army should be moved farther to the northwest as a precaution, but was curtly answered 'that the responsibility of stopping a turning movement [by the Germans] did not rest with him.' The rebuff did not quiet him, and day after day, as the news of German movements became clearer, he pressed his point. At last, on August 15, he received permission, but still with the promise that he must hold himself ready to march by the Ardennes — to the northeast! But for his insight and insistence the German right wing must have swept almost unopposed to victory; although Lanrezac had moved seventy-five miles farther west he was still overlapped by the German right wing. And in face of emphatic orders Lanrezac, by his refusal to cross the Sambre and attack, alone prevented his army from putting its head into the German noose. The fact that he proved right was not likely to lessen the irritation of the higher command at his importunity and disregard of their orders. All the public evidence strengthens the view that the man who unquestionably saved France was dismissed, at the end of the retreat, for his presumption.

But the intimate evidence of members of his staff raises a doubt. They say that this man, so acute of vision and intelligence during the concentration period, became hesitating and

flustered when the German forces were actually met, and lost his nerve as the pressure increased. Did his subaltern impressions of the *année terrible* of 1870 rise again to flood his mind? It may be significant that he was born in the West Indian island of Guadeloupe. It is at least certain that he only counterattacked at Guise — a tactical victory which had a great indirect effect — under pressure from Joffre. Moreover, his friction with Sir John French made impossible that co-operation between the Allies which was vitally important. At their first meeting at Reims, Lanrezac acquired such a contemptuous opinion of French's military knowledge that he never troubled to return the visit and made no effort to maintain liaison — making his plans as if no British troops existed on his flank.

Joffre attempted to reconcile French and Lanrezac, but in vain, and his final step in replacing Lanrezac by Franchet d'Espérey may have been justified by the need for better co-operation and unflinching determination in the forthcoming counteroffensive. It is just also to say that Joffre had a long-standing admiration and personal regard for Lanrezac, and his reluctance during several days to take the actual step of dismissing Lanrezac is supporting evidence that his action was not merely pique.

V

The curtain was now to rise on the immortal drama of the Marne, that battle so indecisive in its fighting, yet one which by its mere frustration of the German plan changed the whole face and issue of the war. On the morrow of the battle the German armies, although undefeated, had lost the war.

It was natural that an event which caused such a miraculous change in

the course of the struggle should be explained by appropriate stories, but the documented records of the two sides now enable us to disentangle fact from fiction. The popular legend was that, following upon a check on the frontier due to mere weight of adverse numbers, Joffre conducted a masterly strategic retreat — *reculer pour mieux sauter* — and then, after drawing the Germans on to the position intended, launched his premeditated counterstroke at the chosen moment. His order of August 25 was quoted to buttress this legend. It ran thus: —

'As it has not proved possible to carry out the offensive manœuvre which had been planned, the object of the future operations will be to reconstitute on our left flank with the Fourth and Fifth Armies, the British Army, and new forces drawn from our right, a mass capable of resuming the offensive while the other armies hold the enemy for the time necessary. A new group will be formed in the neighborhood of Amiens. . . .'

This order merely discloses a fresh burst of ill-timed optimism, for it was issued at the outset of the forced retreat, before Le Cateau and other rear-guard battles had revealed the full degree of the German pressure. Official orders are commonly worded with a vagueness which will cover the issuing authority in case of failure, but this one spoiled its general airiness by the incautious reference to a concrete locality — Amiens. With the retreat gathering momentum like a rolling stone, this suggested line of resistance was soon passed and the mirage of a French offensive vanished like its predecessors. A week later, on September 1, Joffre issued orders which, while still suggesting airily an ultimate counteroffensive, revealed a different outlook in the concrete details, by directing a continuance of the retreat

southward and indicating the line of the rivers Seine, Aube, and Ornain as the possible limit of the retirement. Such a line, well to the southeast of Paris, not only kept the capital exposed but was far from a good jumping-off place for any counterstroke.

But in order to know how remote in Joffre's mind was the idea of an early return to the offensive we need not rely merely on these orders. There is ample indirect evidence. For on August 30 Joffre — yielding to the pressure of a Government alarmed at seeing him abandon Paris, by his direction of retreat — detached Maunoury's Sixth Army to reënforce the garrison of the capital. This was the newly formed army that Joffre had assembled near Amiens, and parting with it meant, obviously, parting with any early hope of a counterstroke. For, once his retreat had taken him south of the Marne, he would be too far away for the garrison of Paris to coöperate, even if its independent commander were willing. And on September 2 Joffre rejected the suggestion of Sir John French that the Allies should make a stand on the Marne, saying: 'I do not believe it is possible to consider a general action on the Marne. But I hold that the coöperation of the English Army in the defense of Paris is the only course that can yield an advantageous result.'

When Joffre's supporters say that the idea of a counteroffensive was at the *back* of his mind, the historian can agree! The opportunity was perceived not by Joffre but by Gallieni, the newly appointed governor of Paris, under whose orders the Sixth Army had come. On September 3 Gallieni realized the meaning of von Kluck's wheel inward, realized that the flank of the German advance had thus exposed itself to a stroke from Paris, and with some difficulty won Joffre's agreement

to such action. Such was Gallieni's initiative and foresight that before gaining Joffre's sanction he had begun to reënforce Maunoury and had ordered the latter to make his reconnaissances and dispositions for the advance.

Even then Joffre was slow to comprehend and nearly marred Gallieni's conception by directing that Maunoury's attack with the Sixth Army should be made south of the Marne, which would have lost the essential value of Maunoury's position on the German flank — for an enveloping manœuvre. Fresh arguments on the telephone led Joffre, on the evening of September 4, to adopt Gallieni's scheme and, in combination with the flank thrust, to order the whole left wing to turn about and return to a general offensive from Verdun westward, fixing the date for September 6. But the delay robbed the attack of immediate British support; despite Gallieni's direct appeal Sir John French decided to continue his retreat for want of contrary orders from Joffre, and on September 5 he marched southward again. When he retraced his steps on September 6, it was at so leisurely a pace that von Kluck was able to draw off two army corps from this sector to reënforce his menaced flank and check Maunoury's enveloping move. On the other hand, this lateral 'stretching' created the gap in the German front which enabled the French Fifth Army (now under Franchet d'Espérey) to drive in the bared flank of von Kluck's neighbor, von Bülow, and it was this danger, combined with the feared entry of the British into the gap, which caused the German order to retreat. The onrush of the 'irresistible' German war machine, already breaking down, was finally dislocated by this jar.

The most marvelous feature of the 'miracle of the Marne' was its evidence of human frailty — for a month the

rival commands had been outbidding each other in folly. The popular version, fostered energetically by Joffre's staff, reveals also how true to human nature is the proverb, 'All's well that ends well.'

Nevertheless, in justice to Gallieni's memory, it is right to emphasize other features. As he had inspired the counterstroke, so during the crucial days Gallieni rushed troops by every possible means — including the Paris taxicab — to back up Maunoury. Joffre, in contrast, not merely failed to mass troops on the decisive wing, — rather he held them back in face of Gallieni's importunity, — but on the morning of September 8 removed Maunoury's army from Gallieni's control and so checked both the flow of supports from the Paris garrison and Gallieni's efforts to exploit the opportunity of a great victory. And if Joffre had to thank Gallieni for forcing his hand, he had to thank Sarraill, commanding the Third Army, for staying his hand — by holding on to the vital pivot of Verdun in spite of Joffre's earlier instructions for retreat.

Thus, in sum, the Battle of the Marne was a strategic but not a tactical victory; and, given a respite from the initial pressure, the Germans recovered from their momentary confusion, standing firmly on the line of the Aisne eastward.

Here was reëmphasized the preponderant power of modern defense over attack, primitive as were the trench lines compared with later years. Then followed, as the only alternative, the successive attempts of either side to envelop the other's western flank, a phase known as the 'race to the sea.' The French, however, were always 'twenty-four hours and an army corps behind the Germans.' When the race neared its limit — the Channel coast — Joffre was wise enough to send Foch

as his deputy to coördinate the Allied action. With the ultimate, but perilously narrow, success of the Allied resistance at Ypres and the Yser, trench warfare settled in and the whole front from the Swiss frontier to the sea was locked rigidly henceforth. Joffre's first attempt to unlock this barrier was expressed in the historic phrase, '*Je les grignote* (I am nibbling them).' If it was certainly no more effective than a mouse nibbling at a steel safe, the teeth it wore down were the fighting forces of France.

When this attrition-of-oneself strategy became unpopular, a variant was tried in the abortive offensives of May and September 1915 in Artois and Champagne. But it was idle to expect from Joffre a quick perception of the new conditions of warfare, far less any lead or ingenuity in divining a solution. When Colonel Carence, head of the Intelligence at the Ministry of War, came to him early in 1915 to plead the obvious need for heavy artillery, Joffre gave him a patient hearing, making no attempt to stem his flow of arguments. At first encouraged, Carence's tide of argument finally ebbed from sheer lack of response, whereupon Joffre gave him a friendly pat of dismissal and the enigmatic comment, 'You always loved your guns; that's excellent.'

I am reminded, too, of the anecdote told me by a French officer, later distinguished, who some years before the war was appointed to the 'English' section of the Intelligence at the Ministry of War. Going to pay his respects to Joffre, he was disconcerted by the great man's prolonged silence. At last, after a series of grunts, Joffre remarked, 'You are in the English section?' Further silence; then, 'Ah, well. They used to be our enemies; now they are our good friends. Good-bye.' What an oracle!

VI

Here we may turn to study the man in his new surroundings — as created by the trench-warfare stalemate. From his headquarters — the famous G. Q. G. — near the Chantilly race course, Joffre kept one eye on the front and the other — as well as both ears — on Paris, for in a man so devoid of political interests his interest in politicians was as remarkable as his skill in dealing with them, ever alive to incipient intrigues and quick to counteract them through his faithful entourage and press supporters. And to the politicians his personal reticence and sparingness of phrase — here his parsimony was an asset — formed a protective screen which baffled their subtler wits and tongues. He had, too, the political gift of compromise to smooth over a rough period, and several times conciliated opposition by the prompt transfer of an assistant to a distant sphere of activity. Let it be said that the sacrificed ones usually took their demission in good part — for the good of the 'Company.' Similarly he made a concession to political demands in 1915 by giving countenance to the Saloniki expedition, which he had formerly opposed. Although this support was superficial rather than genuine, his change of attitude weakened the military opposition to this move, and disconcerted the British General Staff, who were left to play a lone hand in opposition.

If his long tenure of command in face of widespread dissatisfaction was partly due to this native shrewdness, it was due still more to the world-wide prestige won him in popular opinion by the 'miracle of the Marne.' For if his attendant 'priesthood' had done little to produce the miracle, they were as prompt as their kind to exploit the opportunity and to foster

the legend. To the Villa Poiret, the shrine of the 'Savior of France,' poured a ceaseless stream of adulation and presents from faithful worshipers in all parts of the world. Pierrefeu, writer of the official communiqué, has opened to us a peephole into the inner sanctuary, disclosing delightful aspects which the contemporary historian is able to confirm and supplement from other members of Joffre's entourage. How the placid Olympian 'sniffed appreciatively at this incense,' shutting himself up to peruse the letters and sample the presents, signing punctiliously the replies in acknowledgment. He was the better able to spare the time because, like a model commander, he left all military details to his staff and only gave the big decisions. His office table was unencumbered by notes or papers, his walls bare of maps — except when, on the visit of a photographer, a supply was hastily brought to festoon the walls and provide a background appropriate to the popular conception.

His hold on the public was enhanced because, although remote, he was yet so akin — the very type of the *bon bourgeois*. His universal nickname, 'Papa Joffre,' was not only witness to his hold on the affection of the people, but symbolical of the picture he presented in the popular imagination. Simple in manner and tastes, he kept a strict check on his household accounts, but relished his meals with all the gusto of a true French *rentier*, and valued his sleep. His staff learned that it was better to sacrifice duty than to be late for meals, and only in emergency would they dare to rap on his locked door after he had retired to bed — at ten o'clock.

Yet, laughable as these traits may seem in a neo-Napoleonic figure, they had the value of making him a calming influence among a race who tend to be excitable — and calm in emergency,

even if it springs from insensibility, is a priceless asset. Moreover, if he was swayed by the nimbler brains of his staff officers in the technique and theory of warfare, he was indisputably master, as dominant as he was obstinate, not only in the domestic sphere but on broad questions of policy. 'Thrice-armed is he who is forewarned,' and Joffre, adept at frustrating political threats, was quickly suspicious of rival stars in the military firmament and jealous for his authority.

The Battle of the Marne had barely been launched before he had skillfully checked the opportunity and potential ambitions of Gallieni, the quondam superior to whom he owed his present chieftainship. And he was quick to monopolize the public glory of that victory. But he overreached himself when a year later he sought to settle the growing controversy by a 'citation' of Gallieni's services which was at least a perfect example of faint praise: 'Placed on September 2 under the orders of the commander in chief, he gave proof of the highest military qualities . . . in facilitating, by all the means in his power, the fulfillment of the mission assigned by the commander in chief to these mobile forces.' Little wonder that this minimized recognition disgusted those who knew the truth.

This trait, moreover, paved the way for disaster — at Verdun in the spring of 1916. Like Paris, the frontier fortresses were not under the command of the chief of the field army, but instead their governors were directly responsible to the Ministry. During 1915 Joffre, who since the rapid fall of Liège and Namur had no trust in his old love, persuaded the Government to declass Verdun as a fortress, and, having got control, from then on drained it of its men and armaments. This removal of guns continued until

a month before the German onslaught, and the casemates were simply used as shelters for troops. It was a grim jest of fate that the forts thus discarded which fell into German hands — Douaumont and Vaux — should have withstood over six months' intense bombardment from the French, the underground cover intact and not one field-gun turret destroyed.

General Coutanceau, the governor, had not shared this hasty assumption that permanent forts were valueless, but when, before a Parliamentary delegation, he dared to express his opinion, in contradiction to the Army Group Commander, General Dubail, he was not only rebuked but dismissed. Unhappily also the alternative defenses were neglected. Instead of an all-round defense, a single trench position was dug, and in rear only one subsidiary trench line was usable. This continuous front the new commander had not enough men or material to garrison, or to keep in an efficient state of repair.

Rumors percolated through to Paris, and in December Gallieni, now Minister of War, wrote to Joffre asking for information as to the defenses, and an assurance that they would be developed. Joffre's reply might well be framed and hung in all the bureaus of officialdom the world over — to serve as 'the mummy at the feast.' Rebutting the suggestions, he continued, 'But since these apprehensions are founded upon reports which allege defects in the state of the defenses, I request you to . . . specify their authors. I cannot be party to soldiers placed under my command bringing before the Government, by channels other than the hierarchic channel, complaints or protests concerning the execution of my orders. . . . It is calculated to disturb profoundly the spirit of discipline in the Army.' The

Germans were soon to dispel his doctrine of infallibility, as the mutinies of 1917 were to show that the incapacity of generals and their waste of human life are the most potent factor in disturbing the spirit of discipline.

If the claim of Joffre and his supporters to the credit of the Marne, on the ground that he bore the responsibility, be considered just, by that same standard he is convicted for Verdun. Actually his Intelligence branch gave early news of the German preparations, but the Operations branch was so full of its own offensive schemes that the warning fell on deaf ears. Only at the last moment were adequate reinforcements sent. As the German blow had been intended for February 13, Verdun was only saved by 'General Rain,' who held up the attack until the twenty-first. Even when the news of the crumbling front came through, Joffre was not moved, much less disturbed. At last, on the evening of February 24, General Castelnau — who, since his appointment as Chief of the French General Staff, had been sidetracked so far as possible by Joffre's ever zealous, and jealous, staff — took the initiative and, going direct to Joffre, gained his permission to send Pétain's Second Army to take over the defense of Verdun.

Still more alarming reports came in later, and at eleven o'clock Castelnau, with greater daring, insisted on the orderly officer disturbing Joffre's slumbers. Before the great man returned to his bed, he gave Castelnau authority to go to Verdun with 'full powers.' And in the months-long struggle which followed, Joffre and Verdun became twin symbols for patient and heroic endurance. But the French defenders lost three men to the attacking Germans' two, and the drain on the French reserves almost bankrupted their share in the long-planned Allied offensive on

the Somme. Although the French fared better than their allies, the bitter cost for small gain of that long-drawn-out attrition battle sealed Joffre's fate, for he belonged to a nation which because of its more widespread military knowledge was more militarily critical. His star had deserted him; this time he did not acquire borrowed laurels from the brilliant autumn ripostes of his subordinates at Verdun, and the failure to safeguard it originally was now fully known. He had been retained in power through the summer mainly as a symbol to sustain the public confidence. As quick as ever to perceive the signs of the rising storm, Joffre sought to propitiate the angry gods by throwing overboard Foch, who had been in direct charge of the French action on the Somme, and this led to a tempestuous scene between the two. Although the sacrifice was of no avail ultimately, the Government at first thought of securing Joffre's demotion by the conventional method of promotion. They gave Joffre the new-coined title of Commander in Chief of the French Forces, whose duty would be to act as technical adviser to the Government in the general conduct of the war. This enabled them to bring Nivelle — in public eyes the hero of the Verdun counterstrokes — to G. Q. G. to take charge of the western front as 'Commander in Chief of the Armies of the North and Northeast.' But a few days later they changed their minds again, or, perhaps relieved by the absence of public outcry at the first step, gained confidence to make a bolder change. On December 27, 1916, Joffre was definitely retired and in compensation and recognition promoted to Marshal — the first Marshal of the Third French Republic.

Pierrefeu has exquisitely painted the final scene — how Joffre summoned his staff to say farewell, and asked who

would accompany him as the three orderly officers to which his new rank entitled him. Only one, the much abused but ever faithful Commandant Thouzelier, raised his hand. Joffre made no complaint, but, when all had gone, turned to the loyal one and, giving him a friendly pat, uttered his favorite exclamation: 'Poor old Joffre! Damned old Thouzelier!'

And by a paradox of fate the passing of Joffre, combined with the subtle manœuvre of Ludendorff, was to throw out of gear the Allied plan of 1917, leading France to fresh disaster, worse than any of those, save the first, to which his régime had contributed. In retirement, too, his help to the Allied cause was greater than in his activity, for his mission to the United States in 1917 was a triumphal procession, and as a symbol of France unconquerable he inspired Americans both with enthusiasm for the war and with a sympathy for France which for long counteracted the sources of friction.

Joffre's was not a character which lends itself to an extensive summing-up, for his virtues were primarily passive. His passivity, like his silence, was carried to such a pitch that he was one of the greatest of human enigmas. This was an inestimable asset in a

world where the myth of the 'strong silent man' had not yet been exploded. Reluctant to believe that a man in so great a position could be as simple as he appeared, that his superhuman calm could come from insensibility, his silence from ignorance, even the Allied leaders who met him at close quarters felt there must be unplumbed depths in the apparent shallows.

That he had real strength, or at least solidity of character, is unquestionable, as is also his possession of a shrewd if limited common sense and an instinctive understanding of human nature. And because in a time of emergency outward impressions are more important than reality, Joffre's stolid calm and obstinate determination had an influence which offset many of his grave blunders. If his brain was as solid as his appearance, lacking in flexibility and imagination, his external effect on the minds of others enabled him to become the rock on which France held and Germany foundered. Only as the documentary records come to light and the need for moral prophylactics is replaced by the need for reality, so that future generations may profit by the experience of the last, can the historian come to a more penetrating verdict. Joffre was not a general, but a national nerve sedative.

OUR MEXICAN MISTAKE

BY * * *

I

IN the last year and a half there has been considerable discussion of intervention by the United States in Mexico. It has been an intermittent discussion, arising according as developments in Mexico affected the interests of citizens of the United States. It has been, too, a rather passionate discussion, both in the press and otherwise — even more so, perhaps, than had been the case when, for example, in the years between 1913 and 1921 intervention was alleged to have been committed or to be inevitable. Regardless of their several interests and points of view, those persons in the United States who have publicly participated in this controversy have uniformly appeared to assume that it was some *future* act of intervention that was at issue. From no responsible quarter has there come the suggestion that a grave and unprecedented act of intervention had *already* taken place, not only seriously complicating the future relations between the two countries, but also establishing a precedent of great significance in the field of international policy. Even when the question of removing the embargo on the sale of arms arose, after the announcement that the United States would not extend the one-year ‘antismuggling’ treaty of March 18, 1926, it was still the shadow of some *future* act of intervention, or act tantamount to intervention (that is, the permission to export arms to revolutionists

in Mexico), that those discussing the matter seemed to fear or to favor.

That such an act of intervention was carried out in the last days of 1923, that, despite specious argument to the contrary, it was a step grossly *ultra vires*, and that, in its departure from an important and long-established principle of our foreign policy, it has prejudiced our international good standing — these propositions seem not to have been realized by the majority of even well-informed persons and to have been judiciously overlooked, for a wide variety of reasons, by the few who comprehended the facts.

One of the first important acts of President Coolidge was the recognition, on September 3, 1923, of the administration of Alvaro Obregón as the government *de jure* of Mexico. Since the assassination of Venustiano Carranza in 1920 by men who were presumably bent on promoting the interests of Obregón, the Government of the United States had refused to recognize the Obregón régime as lawfully constituted and internationally acceptable; but at length a long series of negotiations, into the origin of which we need not enter, brought about a conference of plenipotentiaries of the two countries at Mexico City. The conference had terminated its three months’ work on August 15, 1923, by concluding general and special claims conventions for the disposition of all pending disputes. With the granting of recognition, the

situation that had existed prior to the overthrow of Porfirio Díaz may be said to have come again into existence — namely, normal international intercourse between two sovereign states, each exclusively responsible for the maintenance of law and order within its own jurisdiction. Yet four months did not elapse before the Government of the United States took it upon itself brusquely to upset this situation, by interfering directly in the internal affairs of Mexico, and assuming, in consequence, a share — indeed, a preponderant share — of the responsibility for the maintenance of law and order in that country!

This surprising development had a great number of antecedents which deserve the fullest exploration in the light of day, but to which only brief reference is necessary here. Shortly after the granting of recognition by President Coolidge, it became generally known that a serious quarrel had broken out between the principal candidates for the presidency in the campaign then in course. These candidates were Adolfo de la Huerta, the Secretary of Finance who had conducted the important negotiations at New York in 1921, preliminary to the refunding of the Mexican foreign debt, and Plutarco Elías Calles, likewise a cabinet officer of President Obregón, and therefore, in the absence of notice to the contrary, implicitly bound by all the engagements entered into by, or on behalf of, the Obregón administration in 1921-23. An open break developed rapidly, and within a few weeks both factions had taken the field. Although President Obregón supported General Calles, General de la Huerta enjoyed the support of sufficient military forces to begin early to get the better of his opponents. The military position and prospects of the Obregón-Calles faction became distinctly unfavorable, and

in the early days of December the triumph of de la Huerta was already being anticipated by impartial European observers in Mexico.

Apparently it was only in December that the idea took root in certain quarters that intervention by the Government of the United States should be resorted to if the Obregón administration could be saved in no other way. The form which effective intervention might take appears to have been uncertain until late in the month, about which time there appeared in Washington Ramón Ross, who had been one of the Mexican plenipotentiaries in the conference with Messrs. Warren and Payne during the preceding summer. As soon as Ross had seen the Secretary of State, a series of conferences took place between the latter and the Secretary of War; both cabinet officers, as well as other persons interested, conferred with the President. On the morning of Sunday, December 30, 1923, it was announced that the President of Mexico had urgently requested that war material of the United States Government be made available to him, and that the request had been granted. The Secretary of State permitted himself to be quoted as follows: —

The Mexican Government has presented a request to this government to sell it a limited quantity of war material. This government has expressed its willingness to make the sale, in view of the relations between this government and the Mexican Government, which was formally recognized last September, and of the importance of the maintenance of stability and orderly constitutional procedure in the neighboring republic.

So lively appear to have been the expressions of protest on the part of the officers of the General Staff, and so unfavorable were the public criticisms

by Senators and Congressmen of both parties, that the administration found it necessary on Monday morning to issue a more detailed and authoritative statement. In line with the silly practice of avoiding responsible quotation of the President that has grown up in recent years, this statement had to be carried by the press as having been 'obtained in an informed quarter,' as the *New York Times* of January 1, 1924, characterizes the declaration. That it was issued by the President himself — even though internal evidence indicates the authorship of Secretary Hughes — was obvious, and indeed, a few months later, was so stated by the *Washington Star* (May 3, 1924), when discussing a sale of arms to the Government of Cuba, where an insurrection was getting under way.

The statement of December 31 laid its emphasis on two points: first, that the Obregón administration had deserved well of the United States for its zeal in giving effect to the financial and political agreements of 1921-23; and secondly, that the sale of arms to Mexico was 'in no sense a reversal of the policy regarding the sale of arms as announced by President Harding in his letter to the Secretary of War,' of April 23, 1923. One of the most outspoken critics of the Obregón transaction, Congressman Fairchild of New York, had drawn attention to a letter which Mr. Harding had written in the preceding spring to the Secretary of War, in which the late President had said: —

Referring to your inquiry for advice relative to the sale of surplus arms and war supplies to proposed purchasers among foreign powers, I am writing to say that I hope that it will be the policy of the War Department not only to make no sales of war equipment to any foreign power, but that you will go further and make certain that public sales to our own citizens will be

attended by proper guarantees that such supplies are not to be transferred to any foreign power.

For a few days it seemed as if Congress might seriously debate the merits of the transaction; and Mr. Fairchild indicated his intention to ask that Congress specifically adhere to the 'Harding doctrine.' But this prospect soon passed, for two reasons. In the first place, the measure was given the approval, expressed or tacit, of the leaders of organized labor, most of whom were deeply interested in the success of one of the battling factions in Mexico.¹ In the second place, the effect of the sale was already decisive, long before the arms and ammunition could be delivered to the purchaser. It was quite evident that if the United States sold arms to one of the factions it would follow this step, if necessary, by sending troops to use them. The significance of the sale was immediately recognized in Mexico and in Europe. De la Huerta's chances of securing foreign loans, supplies, or recognition of his belligerent status disappeared at once; even the morale of his military forces reflected the seriousness of the blow. From the day the sale was announced his was a lost cause.

II

In the second week of March, 1924, the War Department announced that

¹ Not all the labor leaders in Washington, however, were convinced of the sincerity of the Obregón-Calles faction's professions of devotion to the workingman; and one man, perhaps the most thoughtful and perspicacious labor leader in this country at the time, told the writer later that his suspicion of what might lie behind the whole transaction was first aroused when an emissary of a cabinet officer in Washington not particularly distinguished for his labor sympathies paid him a friendly visit casually suggesting that a word in favor of this sale of arms might well be a helpful thing to come from the labor man.

it had sold 11 airplanes, 33 machine guns, 15,000 Enfield rifles, 5,000,000 rounds of ammunition, and other supplies to the Government of Mexico. On March 20, 1924, Senator Walsh of Montana presented a resolution calling upon the Secretary of War 'to furnish the Senate with a statement of the particular statutory authorization by virtue of which he is reported to have sold' arms and ammunition to the Government of Mexico, as well as information on a number of specific points, such as, for example, the precedents for the sale and an indication of the obsolescence of the material sold. This resolution was immediately passed by the Senate.

The Secretary of War replied in two communications dated March 31 and April 24, 1924, which, together with such exhibits as he saw fit to furnish, will be found in Senate Document 104, 68th Congress, 1st Session. The reply falls far short of the Senate's request for information, failing, for example, to transmit any of the interdepartmental communications or copies of the instruments embodying agreements of sale, and like documents specifically requested in the resolution. After reciting the reasons advanced by the Secretary of State for the sale of arms, the Secretary of War went on to state that the question had been discussed in the Cabinet, which concluded that the Secretary of War possessed authorization to make the sale. The statutory authority for the sale was declared to exist in an army appropriation act of June 5, 1920, which reads as follows: —

That the Secretary of War be, and he is hereby, authorized, in his discretion, to sell to any State or foreign government with which the United States is at peace at the time of the passage of this act, upon such terms as he may deem expedient, any matériel, supplies, or equipment pertaining to the military establishment, except food-

stuffs, as,² or may hereafter be found to be surplus, which are not needed for military purposes and for which there is no adequate domestic market.

'In view of the plain terms of this statute,' wrote the Secretary of War, 'I did not consider it necessary to ask for the formal opinion of my law officers or those of other departments, and none were furnished.' Nevertheless, one of the enclosures is a long memorandum from the Judge-Advocate-General, which recites all the opinions that had been given by his office subsequent to 1919 with respect to the sale of arms and ammunition to foreign governments. The memorandum sets forth at considerable length the situation that arose as a result of a limitation in an act of July 9, 1918 (40 Stat. 850), upon the sale of guns and ammunition 'to any other department of the Government, or to any foreign State or Government, engaged in war against any Government with which the United States is at war.' This limitation, it might be remarked in passing, had been a barrier in the way of the sale of arms and ammunition to Mexico in April 1919, when the Carranza administration was looking for supplies.

If we may summarize the documents submitted by the law officers of the War Department, and, indeed, the letter of the Secretary of State itself, it would appear that, with the exception of the special case of Cuba, there had not existed prior to July 9, 1918, any authorization for the alienation of government-owned arms and ammunition to any foreign governments; that, by virtue of that war measure,

² The omission of a verb (i.e., 'are' or 'may be') occurs in all prints of this act, (1) Public 251, 66th Congress, (2) C. 240, 41 Stat. 949, and (3) the United States Code (the restatement of all permanent legislation given force of law by the 69th Congress), title 10, par. 1262.

the Chief Executive was empowered to sell arms and ammunition acquired since April 6, 1917, provided that the purchasing foreign state or government was engaged in war against any government with which the United States was then at war; and that, by virtue of the Act of June 5, 1920, the Secretary of War was authorized to sell to any foreign government with which the United States was then at peace any matériel, supplies, or equipment pertaining to the military establishment as might then or subsequently be found to be surplus and not needed for military purposes.

It will be observed that the authorization of 1920 refers to matériel, supplies, and equipment which may be *surplus* or not needed for military purposes and not possessing an adequate domestic market. Let us first consider the adequacy of the domestic market. For Enfield rifles, and for ammunition and airplanes such as were sold to Mexico, there can hardly be said to have existed no adequate domestic market in 1923-24. Moreover, one would suppose that the Director of Sales of the War Department would have freely advertised such matériel for sale at about that time if he had had available stocks thereof. It may be, of course, that private correspondence or circulars were dispatched by the Department to prospective purchasers, but we are precluded from believing that such was the case because of the failure of the Secretary of War to submit copies of such documents when the Senate requested them. Whether or not the market existed, one may conclude that the Department had made no effort to determine its adequacy.

The question then arises whether the property sold to Mexico could be classified as not needed for military purposes and 'surplus.' If the country

were at peace, presumably no readily replaceable military stores could be characterized as immediately necessary for military purposes; but as long as material had been acquired or manufactured for the use of the army and had not yet become obsolete, or even obsolescent, it would be presumed to be required for the military purposes for which the money expended upon it had been appropriated. In and out of Congress, between 1916 and 1921, there had been ample demonstration of the time required to produce high-grade rifles, machine guns, ammunition, and aircraft. Nor is the elastic term 'surplus' capable of being stretched indefinitely. It is true that during the years just after the Armistice the War Department had on hand far more supplies than it was likely to have occasion to use in the immediate future, but, as was the case with other departments of the federal government, a robust ambition to get rid of existing stocks and replace them with improved models had stimulated very considerably the estimation of 'surpluses.' The writer spent those years in the Treasury, and had frequent opportunity to observe this interesting phenomenon. In any event, the lists of inquiries received by the Department for arms, ammunition, and aircraft to be found at the end of the document we have been quoting indicate that inquiries for arms and munitions even subsequent to the Act of June 5, 1920, when emanating from countries this side of the Atlantic, had not been satisfied, with the exception of some negligible orders of Krag rifles for Nicaragua in 1921, of which we shall have more to say presently. On the other hand, it is rather significant that numerous requests by European governments, lately associated with the United States in the war, for rifles, machine guns, and other materials

had to be rejected for lack of a surplus. On June 5, 1922, the Yugoslav Government, which had been able to buy several million dollars' worth of such supplies in 1919, requested 500,000 Springfield and Enfield rifles, 500,000,000 cartridges, 4000 machine guns, and other substantial items. The notation in the list with the Secretary of War's reply reads as follows: 'No sale. No surplus available. Advised to arrange with manufacturers.'

One might go further and have a tenable basis for challenging the applicability of the act of June 5, 1920, to *any* sale of arms and munitions whatsoever to Mexico, regardless of the existence of bona fide surpluses. Only countries with which the United States was at peace on June 5, 1920, could be considered among possible purchasers. By the suspension of all diplomatic relations after the assassination of President Carranza, the short-lived restoration of normal relations between Mexico and the United States that had begun with President Wilson's recognition of Carranza gave place to relations somewhat difficult to describe, but hardly in any case to be given the full content of a state of normal, peaceful intercourse such as the courts have had occasion to define in construing the effect of pre-war and post-war treaties with Germany. How many members of the Congress which granted the authorization to the Executive to sell surplus arms to countries with which we were at peace would have included in that category the unhappy neighbor just previously thrust once more into international quarantine by the shocking murder of its president?

III

The army officers who opposed the sales of arms to any of the factions in Mexico had correctly visualized the

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consequences of this transaction. They foresaw the use that would be made of the precedent by this, that, and the other Latin American group hoping to secure from Washington an *official certification of the legitimacy of its claims*. They realized, of course, that it was not the particular store of arms which the prospective buyers would want, since the material they desired could be bought much more easily and promptly from private manufacturers, but rather the moral support to their claims which the transaction would each time involve.

Small wonder, then, that the officials who had to bolster up the sale of arms went about their task with slight enthusiasm. When it came to giving precedents for the sale to the Mexican Government, the subordinates of the Secretary of War could find but one genuine case of a sale of arms by one government to another, wholly outside the purview of the authorization of 1918 of sales to cobelligerents and the special case of Cuba — namely, the sale of a hundred thousand rifles by the Imperial Arsenal of Austria-Hungary to the Confederate States in 1861. The Secretary of War also referred to the sale of arms to the Kolchak Government of Russia in 1919, but inasmuch as Secretary Lansing's letter cited by him specifically justifies this sale on the ground that the government represented in Washington by Ambassador Bakhmeteff was considered to be a cobelligerent of the United States and therefore entitled to enjoy the advantages of the act of July 9, 1918, the precedent simply did not exist. Reference was also made to a loan of ammunition by authorization of President Roosevelt in 1906 to a firm holding a contract with the Cuban Government; but this case was equally irrelevant, for it was admittedly based upon special legislation relating to

Cuba, growing out of the Platt Amendment and Cuba's clearly limited sovereignty.

As might have been foreseen, use was made of the Obregón-Calles precedent within a very short time. We have already referred to the sale of arms to the Government of Cuba in May 1924, and the reference to the transaction with General Obregón as its justification — an unconscious assimilation of Mexico's status to that of Cuba. In the summer of 1924 several million dollars' worth of arms and war material was sold to a faction in Honduras. Other instances might be cited, but it will perhaps be sufficient to close with a reference to the sale to the Government of Nicaragua in February 1927.

It is perhaps worth while to reproduce the statement issued by the Department of State to the press on March 23, 1927, concerning this transaction: —

The Nicaraguan Government has purchased from the United States War Department: 3000 Krag rifles; 200 Browning machine guns with accessories; and 3,000,000 rounds of ammunition, the total price being \$217,718. The Nicaraguan Government gives notes in the sum of \$5000 each up to the total of the purchase price. The notes mature monthly and bear interest at 6 per cent, the first note to be paid on January 31, 1929.

These are the same terms upon which rifles, machine guns, and ammunition were sold to the Nicaraguan Government by the United States War Department in November 1921, at which time the Nicaraguan Government purchased 10,000 Krag rifles with 6,000,000 rounds of ammunition and 50 machine guns with 1,000,000 rounds of ammunition, total price \$170,585 with interest at 6 per cent payable in 33 notes of \$5000 each and one note for the balance, the first note payable January 3, 1924. These notes have all been paid off.

These munitions were sold under a contract dated February 25, 1927, and have been shipped from the United States and

are now in Nicaragua. They were represented by the Nicaraguan Government as being urgently needed to maintain law and order in the country and suppress revolutionary activities which not only threatened the Constitutional Government of Nicaragua but also the lives and property of Americans and other foreigners.

It will be recalled that a similar transaction was entered into early in 1924 with the Obregón Government in Mexico after its recognition by this Government and during the de la Huerta revolution. The War Department sold on credit to the Obregón Government arms and munitions of the value of approximately \$1,250,000.

The reference in the second paragraph of this statement to the transaction of November 1921 might lead the reader to suppose — and was perhaps so intended — that the Chief Executive possessed the same authorization in 1927 that he had enjoyed in 1921 for sales of War Department property to foreign governments. But in 1921 there were still available supplies of arms and munitions manufactured during the war and available for sale under the terms of the act of 1918 to which we have referred; and Nicaragua was one of the countries associated with the United States in the war against Germany. The material sold in 1927, however, can hardly be classifiable as 'surplus,' if the annual reports of the Secretary of War in recent years as to the needs and requirements of the military establishment are to be believed. Whatever may have been the case in 1921 with regard to authorization under the act of 1918, it is asking too much of us to invite us, in the face of insistent demands on the part of the military authorities for appropriations with which to expand the resources at their disposal, to assume that there are now, or have recently been, any 'surpluses' available for sale under the act of 1920.

It is hardly possible to express too

emphatically the regret that a student of our foreign policy must feel on reviewing the deplorable intervention in Mexico's internal affairs at the beginning of 1924. It has given rise to a series of incidents in other countries, and it could conceivably have a profound bearing upon critical conditions at home in certain circumstances. That act of intervention not only complicated the situation in Mexico, — as those who sanctioned it and many who endorsed it were soon destined to find out, — but it also exposed the United States to an equivocal position in international discussions regarding *every* aspect of the problem of regulating the malodorous traffic in arms. The hypothesis may seem extreme, and yet, in effect, what else did the transaction signify than the transformation of the relations between Mexico and the United States from those between two sovereign states to those which obtain between a limited sovereignty and a state which furnishes the final sanctions — as, for example, Cuba and the United States? By its decisive intervention in the internal political affairs of Mexico at the end of 1923, our government consciously or otherwise assumed moral sponsorship for the

validity of the acts of the administration it sought to reënforce. Will anyone seriously question the likelihood that, if the United States were not the great world power that it is, European governments, seeking to hold someone *legally* as well as *morally* responsible for the confiscation of Mexican property of their nationals, would have little difficulty in persuading an impartial tribunal of the full liability of paramount sovereignty?

The departure from our traditional policy of nonintervention in the internal affairs of other countries involved in this reprehensible transaction of 1923–24 is destined to have far worse consequences for this republic than the resale of the military equipment we sold to Obregón to a Nicaraguan faction friendly to Calles. How remote now seems the outlook of a Secretary of State, who could write, as Cass did to our Minister in Mexico in March 1859 (Moore's *Digest of International Law*, par. 898), that, however great might be the sympathy of the people of the United States for the cause of the Liberal Party in Mexico, '*our government cannot properly intervene in its behalf without violating a cardinal feature of our foreign policy.*'

CHINA: AND YET AGAIN

BY J. O. P. BLAND

I

WHEN, shortly after the inauguration of the nominally Republican Government at Peking and the abdication of the Manchu dynasty, I had the honor of lecturing on the Far Eastern question at various centres of learning in America, I found myself at a loss to account for the optimism generally prevalent in the United States with regard to the future of China. A book which I wrote at that time, in which I summarized the actual position in 1912, and from it predicted the chaos which has since prevailed, was generally received with polite incredulity. Both by my audiences and by the press it was borne in upon me very clearly that mine was a voice crying in the wilderness of unbelief. My views were regarded as 'reactionary,' those of an incorrigible monarchist, incapable of appreciating the regenerating virtue of Young China's enthusiasm for republicanism and democratic institutions. It was natural enough that public opinion in the States should be disposed to sympathize with the aspirations of the Chinese intellectuals who proclaimed their fervent belief in American ideals and their professed determination to apply them for the benefit of their country. Misled by their eloquent appeals, the imagination of the American people saw China, with the eye of faith, as a great nation of philosophers and scholars, like Wu Ting-fang and Wellington Koo, heading straight for the Promised Land of peaceful

prosperity. Last, but not least, the path to an unbiased judgment of the Far Eastern question was darkened for many by the shadow of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

Then came the Great War—the years that the locusts have eaten. On the course of events in China during those four years it is unnecessary, for our present purposes, to dwell. I would only observe, looking back, that the Allies probably never committed a more shortsighted error than when they decided to bribe China (there is no other word) to declare war upon the Central Powers, and thus enabled her, without having to have a ship or a soldier, to deprive Germans and Austrians not only of their extraterritorial privileges but of a considerable amount of capital and valuable property. Having regard to the realities of the situation in China and to the wider interests of humanity, it was a blunder which the civilized nations were bound to regret before long, if only because it precluded for many a day all possibility of that united international action whereby alone the Chinese nation can be saved from the dangers of disintegration which threaten it. But in 1917, when for purely financial ends China was induced to declare herself a belligerent, public opinion in America and England was already feeling the influence of the sentimental enthusiasms associated with the name of President Wilson, which finally played

so decisive a part at the Washington Conference.

Prior to the opening of that Conference—that is to say, in November 1921—the editor of the *Atlantic*, greatly daring, had accepted for publication an outspoken article in which I endeavored to define the dominant factors of the Chinese problem, as it then stood, and to suggest a basis of international remedial action whereby it might be solved to the mutual advantage of the Powers concerned and of the sorely harassed Chinese people. That seed fell also upon stony ground. Its immediate and only noticeable result was to bring down upon the editor criticism and rebukes for allowing the *Atlantic* to be used as a medium for the dissemination of skeptical opinions so heterodox and depressing. So the voice in the wilderness was stilled.

Much water and a great deal of innocent blood have flowed beneath the bridges of China during the five years which have elapsed since the representatives of nine nations affixed their signatures to the Washington Agreements. And now once more, with the patient editor's permission, I propose to analyze the present critical position of affairs and to draw attention to the dangers which menace China more imminently than ever, as the result of idealism in high places and of the continued failure of the American and British Governments to face them fairly and squarely.

II

What's done is done. No good purpose will be served by crying over spilt milk or by demonstrating how easily intelligent anticipation and concerted action at Canton two years ago might have nipped in the bud the evil growth of Bolshevism à l'orientale which now threatens to lay waste the land. Let me only say that, as the result of the

unchecked chaos of native misrule and of the new disruptive elements that have been introduced by the emissaries of Moscow, the problem of China is a much more serious matter to-day than it was five years ago.

When writing on the subject in 1921, I expressed the opinion that unless steps were speedily taken, under an international agreement, for the restoration of law and order by concerted action of the Powers there could be no possible prospect of any permanent settlement of the Far Eastern question; furthermore, that only by active participation in such an agreement could America ever hope to carry out her benevolent ideas of friendly coöperation for China's benefit; and finally that, 'failing active American participation, the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance appears to offer the only alternative solution of the problem.' At that time there was every reason to believe that the Japanese Government was prepared to welcome an American-Anglo-Japanese understanding having as its avowed object the restoration of financial and administrative order in China, with all due regard to her sovereign rights; it was manifestly futile, then as now, to talk of restoring the unfettered authority of the Chinese Government until financial and administrative measures had been taken to make an effective government possible. For these and other reasons there seemed to be valid grounds for hoping that the Conference might produce results immediately beneficial to the Chinese people, and ultimately to the world at large, if only responsible American opinion were not misled by the specious pleadings of China's representatives.

It was a big 'if.' No special gift of prophecy was needed to predict the policy which those astute diplomats, Mr. Alfred Sze and Mr. Wellington

Koo, would adopt at the Conference. I make no apology for quoting the following passage from my article in the *Atlantic* of November 1921, because, in addition to having anticipated their line of action at the Conference in every particular, it still constitutes an accurate presentment of the Cantonese Government's extremely effective propaganda abroad.

They will undoubtedly present a glowing picture of the Chinese Republic, successfully progressing toward Utopia by the development of liberal ideas and democratic institutions, all regardless of the fact that these are as remote as the planet Mars from all the realities of the situation in China. They will make eloquent appeal to the sympathies of the civilized world, in the name of Democracy, on behalf of Young China's chimerical Republic, and of its splendid programme of purely imaginary reforms. . . . They will continue to describe the social activities and academic theories of a few thousand 'Western-learning' students and journalists as truly representative of the political convictions and institutions of the Chinese people.

And all the while they will complacently ignore the lamentable and notorious facts of China's actual position, the utter demoralization and inevitable bankruptcy of the Peking Government, the lawlessness and insatiable greed of the military chieftains, whose rabble armies have devastated the country for the last ten years, and the untold sufferings of the defenseless people, more pitiful to-day than ever they were under the Manchus. . . . They will earnestly invoke the assistance of America and England against Japan, for the restoration of China's rights in Shantung, and of her unfettered sovereignty over the Northern dependencies; but they will say nothing of the lamentable fact that, since the death of Yuan Shih-k'ai (1916), the several political factions that have struggled for mastery at Peking have vied with each other in mortgaging to Japan, in return for subsidies and loans, many rights, privileges, and concessions calculated to jeopardize their country's political independence.

The real Far Eastern question, as it stood when the Washington Conference was convened, was whether, by virtue of a new policy of self-denying co-operation, it might be possible for the Powers to arrest the process of disintegration wrought in China by various disruptive influences, of which (though the fact is not generally admitted) the most formidable is the influence of 'Western learning.' The Far Eastern question, as it came to be discussed by the Powers in Conference, contained little or no reference to any unpleasant topics such as processes of disintegration. Thanks to the exigencies of domestic politics in the United States, and to the skill with which the Chinese delegates availed themselves of these, and of the jealousies and rivalries of the commercial Powers, the immediate aim and object of the Conference (to quote Senator Lodge) was 'to render such aid to China as may help her to secure real independence.' The nine-Power treaties and four-Power agreements in which the resolutions of the Conference were finally recorded had little or no bearing upon the facts of the case. They reflected, in the first place, the determination of President Harding and his advisers to conciliate an important element of public opinion by expiating Mr. Wilson's failure at Versailles and vindicating American idealism in world politics. Secondly, they bore unmistakable testimony to the fact that Great Britain, having decided to abandon the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, was prepared to follow the American lead in China and to adopt a policy of 'patience and conciliation,' even though it might involve the sacrifice of important national interests. In the words of Colonel Harvey, late Ambassador at the Court of St. James, it was henceforth to be 'a cardinal principle of British policy, under the avowed headship of the

King, to do nothing which might impair the friendliness of, or give offense to, the United States.'

Such success as the Conference achieved was chiefly due, as Senator Lodge observed, to the fact that its scope was strictly limited to matters of immediate concern to the United States. The avowed purpose of the Administration was to revitalize the principle of the Open Door and equal opportunity in China, and, with that end in view, to substitute for the Anglo-Japanese Alliance a new alignment of the Powers in which American leadership would be tacitly admitted.

As the policy expounded by Secretary Hughes began to take definite outlines, those who looked beyond the benevolent aspirations of the proposed agreements to the probable results of the new alignment perceived that, owing to the increasing disorganization of China, the principles upon which stress was laid were rapidly ceasing to have any real significance. Furthermore, it became manifest to close watchers of the political skies that beneath the attempt to revitalize these dry bones there lay a very definite, though unexpressed, intention to establish an Anglo-Saxon moral guardianship over China and at the same time to limit Japanese expansion on the Asiatic mainland. As the result of the atmosphere thus created, and of the attitude adopted by the Chinese delegates, the position in which Japan found herself at the Conference was plainly that of a defendant at the bar of international opinion. Baron Shidehara and the other Japanese delegates, accepting the situation, cheerfully subscribed yet once again to the principle of the Open Door. Also they tactfully refrained from any reference to that aspect of the doctrine of equal opportunity which arises out of the 'White Races' Asiatic Exclusion Acts.

Smiling, as is their wont, they went their ways, to ponder at leisure over Mr. Harding's valedictory assurance that 'no seeds of conflict had been sown at the Conference, the very atmosphere of which was such as to drive national selfishness into retreat.'

But the watchers of the skies aforesaid, looking ahead, saw clearly that, with the close of the Conference, the Far Eastern problem had entered upon a new phase, of which the finally dominant factor must be Russia. Upon the determination of that undiscussed and unknown factor Japan's future policy must eventually depend. Until such time as, out of the chaos of Bolshevism, a government shall emerge in Russia with which Japan can safely deal, her attitude must perforce be, as it was at the beginning of the century, one of watchful waiting, combined with vigilant protection of the special position and economic interests in Manchuria which are of vital importance to her national security. Inasmuch as the Conference had done nothing to stem the tide of anarchy in China, and as, on the contrary, by proclaiming its belief in the policy of noninterference, it had ensured an acceleration of the process of disintegration, there was nothing for Japan to do (confronted with the possibility of isolation as the result of the new alignment of the Powers) but lie low and bide her time. The unconcealed purpose of China's diplomats and Westernized students to incite public opinion in America against Japan produced a widespread and unmistakable effect in evangelical and educational circles; but the tactful quiescence of Dai-Nippon's farseeing statesmen cut the ground from under the Chinese attempt to create strained relations. These were avoided; but American policy, at and after the Conference, became centred in the endeavor to win the good will of China, and a

position of diplomatic advantage at Peking, by supporting the opinions and ambitions of the ultramodern school of Chinese intellectuals and especially those who, having been trained to the profession of American democratic ideas in American universities, might therefore be expected to promote American interests.

China's representatives left the Conference convinced, by all that they had seen and heard, that they might now proceed with impunity to abolish the 'unequal treaties' and the foreigner's extraterritorial rights, inasmuch as none of the Powers concerned were likely henceforth to invoke the argument of force for their protection. They too went their ways smiling, fully prepared to take advantage of that post-war development of the public conscience in England and America which has made it increasingly sensitive, humane, and sympathetic toward the rights of weaker nations. They themselves had helped to sow the good seed which had come to fruition in the ascendancy of a new democratic theory, prepared to credit uncivilized, or politically unconscious, nations with the qualities requisite for the successful working of democratic institutions. (To the influence of this strange theory the present parlous condition of China is very largely due.)

III

It is not necessary, for the purposes of this article, to recapitulate the course of events which, since the close of the Conference, have made civil war the only profitable profession in China, inspired her students and politicians with a spirit of unreasoning hostility to the foreigner, and finally led the Cantonese 'National' Party, struggling for supremacy over its Northern rivals, to accept the doctrines and dollars of

Bolshevism. The political record of these five years has been ably and concisely summarized in a work quite recently published by the American Geographical Society — namely, Mr. Walter H. Mallory's inquiry into the causes and results of chronic famine conditions in China. The following passage from this work is well worth quoting, particularly because of the vital truth contained in its concluding sentence:—

The central authority has grown weaker and weaker until at present its mandates are practically without effect. In the meantime the military leaders in the various provinces, realizing their power and subject to no restraining influence, have worked each for himself, rising and falling like the tide. Temporary combinations are effected for the purpose of eliminating anyone who appears to be gaining the ascendancy; but when this is accomplished the allies split up to fight among themselves, until the time is ripe for another effort at military consolidation.

All men are equal; all claim the same privilege of preying on their fellows. The idea of responsibility to the State, in the absence of a monarch, is not yet envisaged; it hardly enters at all into the consideration of modern Chinese leaders, *for the reason that the old spirit of family enrichment at the expense of other families is the paramount motive.*

To this lucid exposition of the situation may be added the following brief quotation from a recent British Blue Book, wherein His Majesty's Consul at Foochow describes the appalling conditions to which, in the absence of efficient government, the common people have been reduced:—

The Government of Foochow has for the past two years been banded about from one set of adventurers to another. It has never for a moment enjoyed the stability necessary for carrying out reformatory measures. It has subsisted by levying arbitrary loans,

by seizing revenues pledged to the creditors of the Chinese Republic, by enforcing the cultivation of, and collecting taxes on, opium . . . and by laying all the taxes it can on whatever appears capable of yielding a tax. . . .

The real abuses under which China labors are nepotism and corruption.

If we contrast these dispassionate statements of the true condition of affairs in China (which might be multiplied indefinitely) with the pious aspirations and abstract moralities recorded in the Washington Agreements, it must, I think, be admitted that, by common consent, the Conference ignored the real 'crux' of the Far Eastern problem. In its zeal for 'adventures in liberal action' it overlooked the undeniable fact that the widespread and increasing rapacity of the official class is the chief cause of China's national weakness and an insuperable obstacle to the creation of that 'stable and effective government' for which the Conference was to provide 'the fullest and most unembarrassed opportunity.' The Agreements solemnly recorded China's 'intention and capacity to protect the lives and property of foreigners in China,' her 'earnest desire to bring her judicial system into accord with that of Western nations,' and other stereotyped sterilities, but the proceedings of the Conference entirely ignored the lamentable and all-important truth that the new class of semi-Westernized officials which has come to the front since the Revolution of 1911 has not produced any public-spirited and efficient administrators, or even a single leader, in whom the nation can trust. Since then, thanks to the skillful propaganda of a number of able Chinese diplomats and publicists, and to the powerful influence of religious and educational societies, public opinion throughout America, and to a great extent in England, has been

deluded into the belief that the political activities of the Cantonese faction represent a real awakening of national consciousness and genuine patriotic ideals. It is a delusion to which missionaries and educationists are vocationally liable, if only because acceptance of Young China's promises and professions implies the belief that Western education can implant in the Oriental mind the Anglo-Saxon's standards of conduct and religious beliefs. Nevertheless, the incontestable truth remains that the acquisition of foreign university degrees has never yet modified in any perceptible way the traditional methods and paramount motives of Chinese officials.

During the five years which have elapsed since the Conference, America's policy has been to gain the confidence and friendship of the Chinese by 'liberality in policy and generosity in action.' England, following this lead, has persisted, at no small cost to British interests, in her attitude of 'patience and conciliation.' In both cases the assumption underlying the policy adopted is that out of the present chaos a stable and effective government will in time emerge, suited to the character and needs of the nation. It is an assumption that can only be maintained by turning a blind eye to all the unpleasant facts of a situation which has steadily gone from bad to worse since the leaders of the Cantonese Party made the amazing discovery that the foreigner is prepared to surrender his treaty rights and valuable vested interests to mob violence and organized intimidation. It is an assumption which errs, first from well-meaning but misguided sentimentalism, and secondly from failure to appreciate the social, political, and economic conditions reflected in the soul of the Chinese people.

How can it profit us, or the Chinese,

to talk of their conscious nationalism and patriotic ideals in the face of their administrative and legislative record, North and South, for the past ten years? Can anyone deny that the only law which has been recognized in China since the Revolution of 1911 is the law of armed force, or that the only thing which matters in Chinese politics, from Mukden to Canton, is money?

IV

What, then, of the future? The restoration of peace and prosperity in China, and her continued existence as an undivided and independent nation, depend first and foremost upon a clearer perception of the essential facts of the situation and the adoption of a firmer policy in America and Great Britain. Next, if the pernicious purposes of Bolshevism are to be checked, if some sort of order is to be reestablished throughout the land, it is even more essential to-day than it was in 1921 for America, England, and Japan to come together and, uniting in a common purpose of good will toward China, support the law-abiding and well-disposed elements in the country in gradually producing the authoritative government which it needs. Continuance in a policy of facile optimism, noninterference, and graceful concessions is impossible, unless we are prepared completely to evacuate China as a field for our trade, industrial enterprise, and other activities, to fold up our tents like the Arab and leave it to the Japanese to dispute possession of the field hereafter with the Muscovite. Continuance in a policy which is prepared to surrender wholesale our treaty rights, and particularly extraterritoriality, must of necessity involve evacuation. As a distinguished American writer succinctly puts it, 'Extraterritoriality is a necessity of the

case if foreigners are to remain in the country.'

The question of extraterritoriality is, like many others in this world of hard facts, not to be solved by virtue of abstract moral principles. China's moral right to object to the privileges thereunder enjoyed by foreigners is as incontestable as her moral right to object to the presence of foreigners on her shores, or her right to claim admission for her surplus millions into the United States and Canada on grounds of 'racial equality.' But none of these rights is admissible in practice, for the simple reason that when we come down to realities 'racial equality' is a snare and a delusion. Twenty years ago England and America pledged themselves by treaty to relinquish their extraterritorial privileges 'when satisfied that the state of the Chinese laws and their administration justify them in so doing.' If it was then impossible for Europeans to submit their persons and property to Chinese conceptions of law and justice, how much less can they do so to-day, when the last remnants of responsible government have disappeared in the North and Bolshevism is spreading like a plague in the South?

One of the most remarkable features of the present situation is that public opinion in the United States, which has set so good an example to the world by steadfastly refusing to have any dealings with Bolshevism, now extends its sympathy and moral support to the Cantonese faction in China, which is largely controlled and financed by the Communists of Moscow and openly identified with Bolshevik propaganda. Encouraged by American sympathy and by the peace-at-any-price attitude of the British Government (as manifested in the Hankow Concession agreement), this Cantonese wing of the Kuomintang Party now makes no secret

of its intention to go much further than the abolition of the foreigner's extraterritorial rights. Following Moscow's example and advice, it proposes not only to repudiate forthwith all existing obligations and agreements, but to clear the country of all foreigners, prohibit foreign shipping in Chinese waters, and 'nationalize' all foreign factories, banks, and private property. An outline of the party's programme (rapidly growing by what it feeds on) is set forth in resolutions drafted for the People's Conference, lately published in a work entitled *China and the Nations*, by Wong Ching-wai, the chairman of the Kuomintang Executive Committee.

If, pursuing paths of peace and political idealism, America and Great Britain are prepared to abandon their treaty rights in China and the fruits of two centuries of legitimate commercial enterprise, it should at least be understood that the hostility which they are endeavoring thus to placate is far more Russian than Chinese in origin. The group of political adventurers which calls itself the Cantonese Nationalist Party has risen to unexpected heights of power by the aid of Bolshevik subsidies and Bolshevik propaganda,

skillfully addressed to the natural chauvinism and predatory instincts of the lowest classes. But there is nothing in its leadership, record, or political methods to justify a serious belief in its capacity either to win the support of the better elements in the nation or to establish an effective government acceptable to the masses. If our treaty rights, and with them our lawful place in the sun of the Far East, are to be surrendered to their artificially created agitation, let there be no mistake: Soviet Russia, and not the unhappy Chinese people, will gain by our self-denying forbearance. The future of China will still lie on the knees of the gods, and her destinies will eventually be determined, in all human probability, by the course of events on her Northern borders. But this much may safely be predicted, that the cause of her national independence, and even of her continued existence as an undivided State, will not be promoted, but rather jeopardized, by the elimination of the commercial enterprise and political influence of the English-speaking nations. Are we really prepared to face the prospect of that elimination for the sake of a forlorn hope in political idealism?

THE CALIBAN OF ASIA

BY H. E. WORTHAM

I

ON no subject do loose thought and loose talk more freely abound than on that of Asia. The yellow peril, we know, was once the Kaiser's pet bugbear, and his affection for it used to bring no little ridicule on that august personage. But our nerves had not then been shaken by the war. Nowadays the yellow-cum-brown peril has established itself in the affections of French, English, and American journalists and publicists; they love it for its very ugliness, as the Spanish Hapsburg loved his dwarfs or the eighteenth-century marquise her black page-boy. This fearful creature, this Caliban, 'has a name and a face,' — I am quoting M. Henri Massis, the French observer of world politics, — or rather it has two names and two faces: Bolshevism and Asiaticism. It is not his fault if our flesh does not creep as he displays this awe-inspiring monster, this great evil spirit, trying, in Chesterton's words, 'to melt everything in the same crucible.' On this subject Latin and Anglo-Saxon are equally impressionable.

Dr. Lothrop Stoddard in several volumes has marshaled battalions of facts which darken the horizon, even as that firebrand, Count Okuma, foresees the hordes of Asia black on the rims of the Balkans and the Alps. As we read his picturesque pages we feel that Europe indeed has its back to the wall of the gray Atlantic and that the very hearth and home of our civilization is

threatened. Dr. Lothrop Stoddard is more hopeful than many others. 'The great nations of the West,' says M. Romain Rolland, 'are on the eve of ruin,' and his sensitive intellect seems to take almost a gloomy satisfaction in the reflection that the 'mad dogs of Europe' are tearing each other to pieces, that their talk of 'supremacy' and 'revenge' makes the victory of Asia the more imminent. But let no American take unction to his soul and thank God that He made America differently from Europe. For such political philosophers, however great their disillusionment, will never allow that the United States does well in remaining out of the cockpit as far as possible; they point out with admirable logic that the ganglion of American culture lies in Europe, and that if European civilization dies its revised American edition will equally perish. 'Asiaticism' is the common enemy against Europe and America. Asiaticism and Bolshevism, — which is the contribution of Russia, the renegade from the European system, — these are the forces which threaten to overwhelm the West under their spate of destruction. The Soviet Government, having made friends with Japan and galvanized the enormous body of China with the doctrines of militant communism, is at the head of a movement — so runs the argument — which is inimical to the ordered progress, the social activities, even the moral and ethical codes which

Europe has evolved at such enormous pains.

The vision is the more horrific from its very vagueness. It is concerned with the profound forces of history, forces that can hardly be separated into their constituent elements. And it is so difficult to preserve one's intellectual detachment in the presence of Bolshevism! It seems to embody all sorts of fearful compounds; the nihilistic thought of Asia added to the European desire for action, the bitterness of the Jewish race, and the intellectual waste products of industrialism — these are some of its ingredients. To such add the indubitable stirrings of Asia, taking into account the European race-memory which is not unmindful of Attila and others of his kidney, and you have the makings of a very alarming demon, so alarming that, when Mr. Zinoviev talks of the eight hundred million Asiatics who are to lay European society in the dust, you and I and all of us are almost ready to take that pleasant gentleman at his word.

Almost — but not quite. For if we look steadily at the beast which is so anxious to impress us with its length of tooth and claw he undergoes a strange metamorphosis. As in those dreams where one meets a lion but on patting him finds that he is the most amiable of dogs, so our Caliban at a second view is apt to take the likeness of any social reformer. His beard becomes clipped, his teeth display themselves in a smile of zealous enthusiasm, and out of his mouth flows not the breath of slaughter but a stream of statistics. A subject so enormous offers so many facts that one can prove any thesis. It is possible to argue that Tolstoy — who is anathema to the Soviet authorities — is the intellectual parent of the Russian revolt against Western imperialism and capitalism, which in reality are only synonyms for government and the right of

the individual to the fruits of his labor. Gandhism, now an exploded political force, has often been instanced as the protest of India against the spread of our social and industrial ethos. And one can quote numberless examples of the common habits among Oriental politicians of girding at Western 'materialism.' But to me Caliban steadily refuses to seem monstrous, and the more I look at the question the more it appears that, far from Europe being in danger of submersion by Asiaticism, there has been no period in the world's history when the predominance of Europe over Asia in the region of ideas has been more secure.

II

Before giving facts to support this contention, I may be allowed, since generalizations are the common stock in trade of those who frighten us with the vision of Asia redivivus, to draw one or two of my own. In the first place, therefore, I would point out that the social structure of the West has been built upon a theory of knowledge first regularly formulated by Francis Bacon. Bacon's object was 'not to make men perfect, but to make imperfect men comfortable,' and for the last two and a half centuries the 'new philosophy,' as it was once called, has been transforming, not only the face of the earth, but the ideas, the minds, and the hearts of the men and women who walk upon it.

Bacon has not thus conquered at first hand. His *Novum Organum* has never been widely read. He has, however, 'moved the intellects which have moved the world.' The English philosophers of the nineteenth century owe him a debt that can hardly be overestimated, and anyone who has come into contact with the intellectual youth of Asia will know how these young men

are stirred by the plodding systems of the utilitarians and of Herbert Spencer; their writings, and not the mysticism of a Tagore or the nihilism of a Tolstoy, are the quarry from which contemporary Asia has hewn its ideas. Thus the slogan of progress echoes to-day wherever you travel, from Beirut to Peking, a progress depending on a continued expansion of man's command over the resources and the power of nature, and demanding as its first essential the technique of Western government. Macaulay, a writer who has had enormous influence in the schools and colleges of the Orient, celebrated the achievements of the Baconian philosophy in a famous passage: 'It has lengthened life; it has mitigated pain; it has extinguished disease. . . .' I cannot quote it all. Its naïve materialism sounds quaint to us from the vantage ground of a century which has grown accustomed to the benefits it has conferred. But it is the language which Asiatic statesmen talk to-day. Mustapha Kemal Pasha in Turkey, King Amanullah Khan in Afghanistan, Riza Shah in Persia, King Feisal in Iraq, Mr. Chen in China, speak in accents sufficiently similar to suggest that the rebirth they postulate will produce, not the nameless horrors of a Tamerlane or a Jenghiz Khan, not the monster with 'a name and a face,' which publicists, eyeing the eastern horizon, see striding toward us, but an Asia desiring to become as like Europe as possible.

Europe, I write, when I should really say America. For pragmatism America has managed to put the Baconian philosophy on a firmer intellectual basis than it has ever been able to make for itself in Europe. The religion of business, that logical outcome of Baconism, has been established more securely in the United States than even among that nation of shopkeepers whose empire, I suppose, is the finest example of

big business the world can show to-day. It resembles other religions in having man and not God as its kernel; but it is man who finds himself able to commune most freely with God, not in the simple life of poverty nor in the solitude of the desert, but in an environment created by a plentiful supply of commodities which can be procured only by modern industrial processes. That religion, that philosophy, that reaction to life, call it what you will, is the motive force of Asia to-day.

III

It is not easy to grasp the implications of this profound spiritual change among the peoples of Asia, the change from a static to a progressive organization of society. Few are willing to look at the matter with unbiased judgment; the past is too strong for them. Though they all admit that there is a new world, it is for them but the old writ large. They still see East and West divided by the gulf of thought. The very vastness of the subject tends to vagueness, and under their guidance we lose ourselves easily in clouds of conjecture, surmise, and prophecy.

But if we look at the problem piecemeal we shall see everywhere striking confirmation of the tendencies I have outlined. A generation ago Pan-Islamism was a serious anxiety to British statesmen, and the policy both of Great Britain and of France, the two European Powers with the greatest stake in Mohammedan countries, was sensibly influenced by the fears that it aroused. So late as 1919 these two Governments were seriously embroiled over their rivalry in the Islamic world: we saw France aiming at an hegemony by winning over the Turks in Angora, while Great Britain, true to its object of holding the road to India, supported the Arab *bloc* that was to be a counter-

poise to Turkey and from its central position was to dominate Islam. Great Britain, better informed, better served, and more flexible in the details of its policy than France, — the Latin logic is a terribly dangerous instrument for determining high policy, — has managed to accommodate itself to the changing circumstances of these last years with more success than its neighbor across the Channel. How much these circumstances have altered is shown by the fact that in 1915 the British Foreign Office looked forward confidently to the establishment of an Arab caliphate, and that in 1921 the so-called Pan-Islamic movement in India, anti-British and pro-Turk in character, caused serious misgivings in England and among Anglo-Indians regarding the wisdom of Mr. Lloyd George's policy toward the recalcitrant Turkish Nationalist Government. Once more those who still regarded Islam as a political force prophesied evil from the religious antagonism that was being aroused. It was at about this time that Dr. Lothrop Stoddard published his book, *The New World of Islam*, which, while it called attention to the Westernizing processes I have mentioned, failed to foresee the changes that were about to take place, changes so radical that to-day one can find no more justification for talking of a world of Islam than of a world of Christendom.

Far from being a vital political force, the politico-religious influence of Islam in its former strongholds has undergone an extraordinary eclipse. True, the Mohammedan East is burgeoning with a new life, but the springs feeding it are in no sense Islamic. The Ottoman caliphate has disappeared, and the attempt of ex-King Hussein to put an Arab caliphate in its place has been defeated by the action of a rival Arab leader. Yet Ibn Saud, in whose followers burns the true flame of religious zeal,

and who now rules in Mecca, has little support from his coreligionists and on political grounds is equally distasteful to those of India and Egypt. Turkey, for four centuries the greatest Moslem Power, has become a secular republic. Mustapha Kemal, its president and virtual dictator, is a professed free-thinker, and his Government, bent on carrying out its programme of complete Westernization, even to the clothes of its citizens, rides roughshod over prejudices which any European Moslem Power would never have dared to disregard in its own subjects.

More remarkable still, Afghanistan, once the most sternly traditionalist of Moslem countries, where the mere presence of a Christian was an offense, has been started on a career of social and economic development by its energetic young ruler, King Amanullah Khan. He has asserted his independence against the Government of India and he has already come down with a heavy hand upon the fanatical spirit of the wilder and more unruly tribesmen of his remote and mountainous kingdom who wish only to walk in their fathers' footsteps. It is of course a far cry from Turkey, washed by the Mediterranean and open to European influences, to Afghanistan, hidden in the fastnesses of Asia, yet in both countries the same leaven is at work. Thus in the Allahabad *Pioneer* of December 2, 1926, there was an article about Afghanistan of which the headings were: 'Afghan Ambitions; Passion for Military Training; Banning the Purdah; People's Whole Outlook Changing; Western Ideals.' There followed two columns about the future development of that country, as foreseen by the newly appointed Afghan Consul-General for India. The making of roads, the fostering of home industries, and the emancipation of women, these were some of his points. Western clothes

were becoming universal; Afghan girls were going to school dressed like their European sisters, though their faces were still thinly veiled. Modern Western ideas, he said, were gaining a sure footing. When such things are happening in Afghanistan, which, with the exception of Tibet, used to be the most intransigent state in Asia, it seems hardly necessary for me to carry this point of my argument further.

It would be idle to pretend that Afghanistan, where the people still hold with tenacity to the traditions of Islam, has as yet been transformed. The process is inevitable, but its issue is for the future. A like change is taking place in Persia, accompanied by an equally acute sense of national independence and by the same tendencies toward remodeling the social fabric on Western lines. There too the emancipation of women is an acute question of the hour, and there too, as in other Mohammedan countries, — though this is not true of Afghanistan, — ‘religion holds a very small place in the thoughts and life of the young men.’ My quotation is a dictum of the present Mutamenul-Mulk, the president of the Persian parliament.

Farther westward, in Iraq, the process of building up a government on Western models is being accomplished amid general enthusiasm, and the religious conservatism of those strongholds of the Shiite sectaries, Kerbela and Nejef, while it complicates the relations between Persia and Iraq, meets with little sympathy in the political clubs of Bagdad. King Feisal, though a scion of the noblest family in Islam, a descendant of the Prophet whose forbears were lords in Mecca before the days of Charlemagne, is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the West. His younger brother he has sent to Oxford, his son to Harrow, and his one ambition, as anyone who talks

with him realizes, is to see Iraq develop as a progressive, orderly, and scientifically administered state. Iraq a generation ago was a backward province of a backward empire. I can best show, perhaps, how its people have set themselves to master the technique of Western civilization as expressed in parliamentary government by quoting the words of an English observer in the current *Round Table*: ‘We have tried,’ he writes, ‘deliberately to teach Iraq to run before she had learned to walk. Her stumbles have proved to be fewer and her average speed greater than the most ardent exponents of our present policy — Iraq is, of course, under the British Mandate — would have dared to prophesy six years ago. And the reason is that the people have shown themselves more enthusiastic over the experiment, more determined to make it a success, and more capable of making it so, than could have been anticipated.’

It is worth remarking, in passing, that it is in Iraq that the motor car and the aeroplane have won their most signal triumphs. We must never forget that these, with the cinema, are everywhere in Asia potent allies of Western ideology.

Egypt, which, thanks to British administration, is the richest and most advanced economically of the countries of western Asia, — for it belongs only geographically to Africa, — keeps its reputation as the land of paradox by affecting a conservatism in its religious attitude which nearly resulted in the proclamation of King Fuad as the Caliph. Since Cairo, thanks to the great University of El Azhar, has been for centuries the intellectual centre of Islam, it is perhaps as natural that it should be emphatically Mohammedan as that the government of Mussolini in Rome should be Catholic. Nevertheless Egypt, like the rest of the Moslem

world, is riddled with the 'new philosophy,' and its public men are bent on transforming it into the likeness of a modern European state. M. Maurice Pernot, a Frenchman who has lately studied conditions throughout the Mohammedan countries of Asia, testifies to the decline of religious influence. 'What remains here of Islam?' asked of him, not without regret, an Egyptian of the old school. 'Law? It is Europeanized except as regards personal status. Religion properly so called? It loses ground here, as in Turkey. Islam in Egypt will soon be no more than a literature or a philosophy. The national movement here to-day is independent of any religious motive.' And another declared that the University of El Azhar is to-day 'no more than a museum piece.' Anyone whose political memory carries him back twenty years, to the time when Pan-Islamism spread its tentacles throughout Egypt and the Egyptian nationalists tried to make their reforms square with the Koran and the Traditions, must agree that the epithet 'unchanging' is egregiously out of place when applied to this portion of the East.

It is curious, all the same, that the forces of Mohammedan conservatism should be stronger in Cairo, where British bayonets still occupy the citadel, than in once traditionalist Turkey. Eighteen months ago, for instance, a certain Sheik Ali Abdul Razek published a book upon the caliphate in which he set out to prove that there was nothing in the Koran, or in the Traditions, to show that Mohammed cherished ambitions of earthly kingship, or that the Prophet revealed anything relating to matters other than those connected with religious faith and practice. This attempt, — analogous to those of Christian divines of a past epoch to square science and

religion, — which aimed at reconciling Western democratic life and government with Islam, resulted in the author being tried by a council of discipline for heresy and removed from his official posts. The process was supposed to have been instigated by the King, a somewhat vainglorious monarch anxious to revive in his own person the old glories of Islam, and the action of the royal defender of the faith was so hotly resented that it resulted in a political crisis and the return of the Zaghlulists to power. From this straw one may hazard the guess that, had it not been for Great Britain, Egypt would have followed the example of Turkey, and that the first President of the Egyptian Republic, in itself a thing utterly at variance with Mohammedan ideas, would have been Saad Zaghlul Pasha.

The El Azhar a museum piece! Would any student of affairs venture to say that of the Vatican? Yet it looks as if the Egyptian who coined that startling epigram were not speaking without his book. Not long since, for instance, the students of the School of Cadis organized a protest against the turban and the flowing robes which they were required to wear, and they appeared at the school in the trousers of the West. The Government was firm, and the young men ultimately returned to their picturesque and traditional garb. But when the most conservative class in the country can act thus, — the nearest Western analogy would be if the students at a Catholic seminary insisted on wearing 'plus-fours,' — one can well believe that Egypt would be ready enough to follow the example of Turkey, were it free to do so.

IV

There, indeed, in Turkey we have the most surprising acknowledgment of the superiority of the West, the most

complete break with the past. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and Mustapha Kemal has left nothing undone to make the country over which he rules as like Europe as possible. The first things to go under in the welter of reform have been the practices and observances of Islam, which, in the view of the governing class, foster a mentality hostile to progress. The administration has therefore been secularized and the Turkish Government accords no official recognition to Islam. And though there has been no religious persecution, and men may still pray in the mosques or churches at their will, the *medressas* or religious schools have been closed and the *tekias*, the houses of the dervish brotherhoods, which played so picturesque a part in the old Turkey, have been disestablished. The process of secularization has been deliberately framed so as to make it difficult, one might say impossible, for an orthodox Mohammedan to live within the frontiers of the Turkish Republic. The plight of such resembles that of the Roman Catholics in England in the later years of Queen Elizabeth. Your Turk to-day, for instance, may not wear the fez with which he was wont to cover his head in obedience to the behest of the Prophet, and his women may no longer preserve their modesty by means of the yashmak, that veil which — as anyone who knew the old Stamboul is aware — was not always turned to modest uses. A graver infringement of Islamic precepts has been the abolition of polygamy, and marriages in Turkey are no longer celebrated by the cadis but by the civil officials. Then a new code of civil law has been introduced, modeled upon that of Switzerland, and a new penal code has been adapted from the Italian. Islam has about as much political influence in Turkey to-day as it has in the United States.

It would, of course, be absurd to claim that Turkey is indistinguishable from a European state, for it is one thing to decree reforms and quite another to make them effective. But it is remarkable that there reforms have, on the whole, the enthusiastic support of the people. One has only to visit Constantinople to observe how joyously the inhabitants have taken to their new life. In the eastern provinces change moves more slowly; nevertheless it moves. The fabric of Catholicism was not swept away nearly so easily by the Tudors in England — and historians instance this as a popular religious revolution — as traditional Mohammedanism has been abolished by Mustapha Kemal in the ancient homelands of the Osmanli sultan-caliphs who for four centuries were the popes and emperors of Islam. Only among the Kurds have these extraordinary changes produced any such feeling as induces men to fight and die rather than submit, and their animosity springs from national rather than religious motives: even the wild Kurds want their own national government and their own state. Nor has the policy of secularization in Turkey aroused any resentment in other Mohammedan countries. Far from any other Moslem Power wishing to play the rôle of Catholic Spain in the sixteenth century *vis-à-vis* England, we find that the Governments of Persia and Afghanistan are on the friendliest terms with that of Angora, while Egypt has transferred the admiration it felt for the old Turkey to the new, and the secular 'democratic' republic is very popular in Cairo, where the Pan-Islamic policy of Abdul Hamid's days used to excite a fanatical reverence. Egypt admires the efforts Turkey is making to refurnish its house in the European style; it envies the success with which it has thrown off the Capitulations, those shackles imposed

when Occidental and Oriental ideas of administration were radically different; and the Egyptians look to the day when the crumbling façade which hampers the extension of their own ambitions shall have been swept away also in the valley of the Nile.

V

So much for the way in which the militant religion of Asia has reacted to the solvent of European thought. And if space would allow me to deal with China and India I think that it would not be difficult to show how Asiaticism in those regions is not less a figment of tired brains and shaken nerves. To say that Asia is adopting the technique and the ideas of Europe in order the better to destroy us is surely the most childish of arguments, suitable for a Zinoviev who wishes to inspire an ogreish fear in the bourgeois breast, but not to be taken seriously by sensible men. Bolshevism is a problem apart; it has had nothing to do with the movements I have enumerated, and I am unwilling to draw its red herring across the track of my argument. If one thing about it is certain, it is that its intellectual parentage is European. It reposes on the same Baconian basis as any other theory of industrialism, and indeed it only begins to be possible, as a theory, in such an economic state. Readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* will remember not long since an article on the opportunities for employing American capital in the exploitation of Russian resources. What more need one say?

Prune Bolshevism of its extravagances, strip it of its claptrap, and it becomes no more than a theory of distribution. One may admit its doctrines, as preached by its leaders, to be noxious; but that does not make them Asiatic. They are, indeed, the

very reverse. Their very boldness is European.

The institution of the family, for example, and the respect of children for their parents have a profounder meaning among Oriental peoples than in Europe, — and once again let me emphasize that in talking of Europe I also include America, — where the whole story of social progress and reaction has centred round the position of women, who have hitherto throughout Asia frankly accepted an inferior status. As for Soviet Russia being implicated in China, or in Java, where a so-called communist rising on a serious scale took place last year, or in India, or elsewhere, one must not mistake the groupings of political expediency for anything more sensational. It may suit the Chinese Nationalists to use Russian aid against their foes, but to suppose that the Nationalists, if successful, will be bound to the Soviet Government by any other ties than self-interest is to allow fear to get the better of sober judgment.

After all, then, our Caliban is not so fearful a monster. Indeed, I shall have failed in my purpose if I have not made him out to be no more than a rather sorry scarecrow. The idea of Asia laying our civilization in ruins is the more absurd because Asiatics in general are far more peace-loving than Europeans. If they have had their warrior kings, as Europe has had in not less number, their philosophic quietism has at any rate refused to surround the adventure of war with that glamour which in spite of 1914–1918 still persists among us. ‘We are accustomed,’ says an acute English writer, ‘to regard Orientals as turbulent and ill-disciplined, whereas the fact is that the majority of them have a far stronger instinct for obedience than the average Westerner.’ With such material the leaders of Old Japan found it possible to change the

whole balance of the national life and the future course of their history; and other Asiatic peoples, less finely endowed possibly with the civic virtues than the Japanese, are now doing the same thing. With immense effort, with obvious exaltation, and with an intelligence sometimes naïve but nearly always admirable, Asia is adopting our ideals, our codes, our aspirations; trying to emulate our standards, of which it admits the superiority, both openly and tacitly. And our reply is to raise the cry of 'Asiaticism' and to look for another Attila! It would be ungenerous, were it not so silly.

Nor is the *economic bogey*, which many, including Dean Inge, take a gloomy pleasure in surveying, so very dreadful. A rich Asia would be a more profitable business neighbor for Europe and America than a poor Asia. The markets which meet the demands of eight hundred millions of Asiatics, no longer content to be the camp followers of the progressive white races, but themselves taking their place in the advancing line, would offer illimitable opportunities to our industries. It is at least as reasonable to argue thus as to assert that, once the yellow races establish effective economic competition with the whites, the latter will be driven out of business. Such prophets are determined that Europe shall have its back to the wall somehow — if not in one way, then in another. They are determined that their monster shall have a name, and that if one name does

not fit, another shall be found which does. It is, as I have said, a churlish and frightened return on our part to the frank admission of the oldest continent that it has everything to learn from the youngest. It is hardly worthy of our achievements or of our spiritual heritage.

Spiritual heritage — these words are enough to make the prophets of evil intervene once more. They may admit that a Europeanized Asia will not turn and rend Europe, but they lament over the spiritual loss that will accrue to the world from the adoption by Asia of what the American vision has conceived as 'the lifting of the millions.' They must do so. The picturesque East as it appealed to a Loti, to a Blunt, and to scores of other Western souls in love with beauty so long as it is not of today and therefore cannot offend their scrupulous taste — that East spoke of decay and death. Such sentimentalities must be left to their tourist natures; they never moved an Oriental. Yet, though Asia has broken from its moorings and has begun to move its vast bulk over the uncharted seas of progress, seas whereon we have no idea where the Promised Land lies, seas that offer no havens and that are lashed with storms which may destroy the stoutest vessel, one cannot imagine that it will follow tamely in our wake. All we can do is to wish it Godspeed in the great adventure of the modern world, the greatest adventure on which humanity has so far been engaged.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON CONFORMING TO THE TRAFFIC

I HAVE sometimes wondered why a man who has just saved his life by dodging a Ford almost invariably behaves as if it were a matter of no importance. I do this myself, so I know by experience that such a man is probably not so indifferent as he tries to look. He can control his expression because his face goes about naked and is accustomed to observation; but his knees shake (in his trousers) and his hair rises (under his hat). Yet it was only the other day that I came upon a plausible explanation. Pedestrians, said a speaker at a Safety First convention in London, are largely responsible for motor accidents because they fail to 'conform to the evolution of vehicular traffic.' So far I have evidently conformed; the important question is, How long can I keep it up? For my conformity is imperfect, and my assumption of indifference — the manner, that is, of a man who *knows that he cannot be run over by a Ford* — is an instinctive effort to persuade myself that I already conform very much better than I do. My evolution would be arrested if I dropped to my knees in grateful prayer on the sidewalk; and so would the evolution of others if they crowded round to help me up and congratulate me on having again dodged a Ford. It will be understood, of course, that when I say 'Ford' I mean everything from this fine little car to the largest imaginable truck.

This is an illuminating discovery, explaining the present by the past and linking together the whole long series

of survivals by which the pedestrian, alive and kicking, has come down into the twentieth century. Millions of years ago I see in imagination my prehistoric ancestor, a coarse, hairy fellow, yet with a certain family resemblance, dodging a dinosaur. If he could have looked millions of years forward, my prehistoric ancestor would have seen me, a refined, hairless fellow, yet with a certain family resemblance, dodging a Ford. I am by no means certain that he would have thought me an improvement. It is not my intention, however, to attempt a parallel between our conditions, which have little in common except the necessity of evading a destructive force and are widely differentiated by the fact that the survival of those hearty, uncultured men millions of years ago did not require also the survival of dinosaurs. As things are with us, every owner and operator of a Ford is often a pedestrian, little as he likes it, and every pedestrian more or less frequently goes about in a Ford.

Observe, for example, my own present condition. I am, as a rule, wholly subservient to the traffic policeman. I Go when he says Go — and I Stop when he says Stop. But, for all my trust in him, I Go more confidently if I can manage unostentatiously to sandwich myself between two good, stout fellow pedestrians. I agree with Cæsar. 'Let me have men about me that are fat,' I say, 'sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights' — or women either, or both together. But the fatter the better. I am almost timid. Yet the other day, far away from a corner and out of sight or reach of any traffic

policeman, I hopped off, as the aviators say, and went across a street in perfect conformity with the vehicular traffic. I was thinking deeply of something else, and, as I now see, my subconscious mind hastily got into uniform and became what is colloquially called a traffic cop. Go! STOP! Go! JUMP! JUMP BACKWARD! STOP! Go! RUN! STOP AND GO! DODGE LEFT! STOP! Go! RUN AROUND IN A CIRCLE! Go! DODGE RIGHT! BACKWARD AND FORWARD! CHANGE STEP! STOP! Go! JUMP! — and there I was, safe and sound on the other side of the street. But I relapsed immediately into the self-consciousness of imperfect conformity. My knees shook (in my trousers) and my hair rose (under my hat), though, of course, I assumed the conventional indifference, and went on my way as if nothing unusual had happened, humming or whistling. It is only after I have just dodged a Ford that I hum or whistle in the street.

On the sidewalk the conformity of each unit to the evolution of every other unit is well-nigh perfect. Without giving the matter any conscious thought at all, each drives himself or herself with unerring dexterity, now fast, now slow, deviating by a hair's breadth to pass a thin pedestrian or several inches to pass a fat one, constantly changing his or her course and rate of speed, darting one instant, dawdling, very likely in pleasant conversation, the next; and only on very rare occasions making such an error of judgment as causes one pedestrian to embrace another. Even then no harm is done that cannot be quickly remedied by a merry laugh and an apology — especially to the opposite sex. This, however, has been a long, slow process of evolution, as had been the parallel evolution of vehicular traffic until the invention of a mechanical horse of great speed to which

pedestrians have not yet habituated themselves. It must be also taken into consideration that there are far more mechanical horses in proportion to population; or, to put it colloquially, *more Fords than Dobbins*.

Hardly more than a century ago Hazlitt wrote in an essay, 'Give me a clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me — and then to thinking! It will be hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder cloud, I plunge into my past being, as the sunburnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore.' (I am a little puzzled about that Indian, but perhaps he had been out fishing; and anyway, what he plunged off, and why he did it, must have been commonplace compared with Mr. Hazlitt's own dive.) It would appear on this evidence that lone heaths were then available for pedestrians within easy walking distance of large cities, so lone indeed that a pedestrian could laugh, run, leap, and sing without attracting undesirable attention. Occasionally, perhaps, the occupants of a post chaise or a tilbury — vehicles with which Mr. Hazlitt was familiar — might wonder at his behavior. But nothing faster, or more often, than a bull was likely to approach the traveler from behind; and the winding road in front needed no painted death's-head grinning around each gracious curve to lessen the likelihood of a head-on collision between privately owned and operated locomotives. Often, one may believe, there would be nobody in sight on the lone heath but Mr. Hazlitt himself. We have changed all that; but it was a long time yet before Mr. Ford began making those fine little cars, one of which, if he were alive to-day, Mr. Hazlitt would very likely own and

operate. There will be those to say that if he still insisted upon walking he might join the Boy Scouts. But this expedient would give no satisfaction to Mr. Hazlitt. 'One of the pleasantest things in the world,' he wrote, 'is going a journey; but I like to go by myself.'

It is not surprising, therefore, that the pedestrian is still a nonconformist to the evolution of vehicular traffic; but it may fairly be argued that his evolution lags in part because of the very efforts being made to protect him from the consequences of his nonconformity. Nothing is more erroneous than the idea, frequently advanced by pedestrians, that motorists are indifferent to the safety of pedestrians — except, perhaps, the equally silly notion, frequently advanced by motorists, that pedestrians are indifferent to the safety of motorists. The frank statement at the Safety First convention that pedestrians are really responsible for being run over went hand in hand with further efforts to keep them from being run over. But the protection of pedestrians is not the way that nature would conduct matters. Crossing the street in a reasonably confident state of mind, yet a shade apprehensive lest the vehicular traffic start with a rush before the last pedestrian is quite over, — and this, I imagine, is how the last forty or fifty of the Israelites felt when they crossed the Red Sea, — does not advance the evolution of the pedestrian as a free walker in an overpopulated world. It tends, if anything, to make a sheep of him. But even if pedestrians conformed to traffic there would be pride and place for the traffic policeman. It would be all right, as I have just shown, for one pedestrian to cross by himself, but several hundred pedestrians at once would take up too much space. So there would still be

need of the graceful gestures of a handsome man in uniform, or the pretty flashing of colored lights in a tower, to tell these pedestrians when to Go and when to Stop. But the pedestrians would respond better. They *would* Go, and they *would* Stop, and none would Stop when they were told to Go or Go when they were told to Stop. The time may come when such direction is rendered unnecessary by tunnels, and the pedestrian will run lightly downstairs on one side of the street and lightly upstairs and out on the other; or by bridges, in which case the pedestrian will do just the opposite. That he will ever become a mechanical bird and fly over is, I think, as out of the question as that he will ever become a motor vehicle himself by wearing wheels and a motor; and so, whatever happens, the nonconformist will be in the same danger, out of his tunnel or off his bridge, that he is now in when out of sight of a traffic policeman.

Fortunately there remain many places that may still relatively be called lone heaths, where natural beauty is now diversified by the introduction of works of art illustrating the life and manners of the times, and where the vehicular traffic is spread so thin that quite often Mr. Hazlitt might for a minute or two have the road all to himself. It is on these lone heaths that the pedestrian may come to know the motor car, as his prehistoric ancestor came to know the dinosaur, through all his senses. Many things on which I pride myself my prehistoric ancestor did not know, *but he knew dinosaurs*. He knew what they looked like, sounded like, smelled like, tasted like, — fortunately our present situation is not complicated by the palatability of a Ford, — and, either by hearsay or by experience, felt like. He was quick — and this I cannot do even

if I have plenty of time — at shinning a tree. On these lone heaths, where there are no traffic policemen, the pedestrian may practise and acquire conformity to the evolution of vehicular traffic. And when the time comes that he can honestly and comfortably say with Hazlitt, 'a winding road before me — and then to thinking!' he will be in good working conformity.

BURIAL

'You are a doctor?' inquired the person in the pear-shaped hat.

The interrogation lacked the embroidery of usage. It was simple, direct, of the soil.

The traveler from those fabulous countries which lie a hundred nights' lodging from the village answered: 'No, I am not a doctor.'

'You have a book,' answered the person in the pear-shaped hat.

There was finality in the remark; as if the possession of a book by a person from those wizard regions were indisputable proof of science.

'What is the matter?' said the traveler.

The person in the pear-shaped hat lifted a thin brown arm, covered from the elbow up in a loose sleeve of blue cotton cloth. He pointed to a space of rising ground across the road from the village. The place was dry and bare except for a score of low, shapeless mounds marked by rough stones from the hillside, set on end. A group of blue-coated villagers stood among the stones and gazed dully at the traveler.

The person in the pear-shaped hat said: 'We are burying a man over there. Yesterday his wife fled from his house and he became ashamed. He became ashamed, so that he ate opium. So much opium that his heart stopped beating. Is he dead? Is he not dead? We are not sure. But we think that he is dead. And it is our custom that if a man die he must be buried at once. So we are burying him. But we are not sure. You, who are a doctor —'

The traveler said: 'No, I am not a doctor.'

The person in the pear-shaped hat turned away. He rejoined his companions. Then two from among them stooped and lifted from the ground by each end a long narrow object, wrapped in white cloth. The bundle was tied at both extremities with string, but from one end protruded two brown feet.

The men laid the bundle carefully in a hole which had been prepared. A third man took up a spade and began to shovel in the earth.

The traveler shuddered. He thought: 'Under that crush of earth, if he is still alive, he will never wake. He will escape in his sleep.' He thought: 'Even if I could snatch him back, who am I to decide that he must return? He has escaped the torture of being ashamed; escaped hunger, disease, extortion. Let him lie.'

The creaking road carriage crawled over the shoulder of the hill. The wretched village, the group of mute, blue-coated villagers, the bare, forbidding place of burial, were blotted out of sight.

JALNA: A NOVEL

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

WHEN Captain Philip Whiteoak and Adeline Court were married in India in 1848, they were the most brilliant couple in their military station. But the inheritance of property in Canada prompted Philip to sell his commission and bring his wife and infant daughter Augusta to Ontario. A great stone manor house was built and a thousand acres of wilderness transformed into the semblance of an English park. 'Jalna' the estate is called, after the military station where the couple first met.

The story is of the present time. Adeline, her husband long since dead, is an indomitable old woman, eagerly on the verge of completing a full century of life. She has two surviving sons, themselves old men: Nicholas, whose wife left him for a young army officer, and Ernest, a bachelor. A third son, Philip, is dead. His two marriages embarrassed the declining estate with six children. From the first marriage came Meg, the only girl, and Renny, now master of the cohesive little Whiteoak clan. From the second came Eden and Piers, now in the twenties, Finch, sixteen, and Wakefield, nine.

Meg was at one time engaged to Maurice Vaughan, a friend of Renny's, but a month before the marriage a foundling girl was left on the Vaughans' doorstep. Maurice acknowledged his fault, and Meg broke the engagement. As the story opens, Renny has warned Piers against 'nonsense' with Pheasant, the unwanted daughter of Maurice, now grown into an appealing girl. The household shows natural but unbridled resentment when Piers and Pheasant make a runaway marriage. They are received by the family in a pungent interview, in which only Renny's masterful hand finally establishes the rebellious couple as inhabitants of Jalna. In the meantime Eden has upset Whiteoak tradition and incurred Renny's puzzled disgust by writing a volume of poems which has been accepted by a New York publisher.]

VIII

EDEN found that his steps made no noise on the thick rug that covered the floor of the reception room of the New York publishing firm of Cory and Parsons, so he could pace up and down as restlessly as he liked without fear of attracting attention. He was horribly nervous. He had a sensation in his stomach that was akin to hunger, yet his throat felt so oddly constricted that to swallow would have been impossible.

A mirror in a carved frame gave him, when he hesitated before it, a greenish reflection of himself that was not reassuring. He wished he had not got such a brazen coat of tan in the North that summer. These New Yorkers would surely look on him as a Canadian backwoodsman. His hands as he grasped the package containing his new manuscript were almost black, it seemed to him, and no wonder, for he had been paddling and camping among the Northern lakes for months. He decided to

lay the manuscript on a table, picking it up at the last minute before he entered Mr. Cory's private office. It had been Mr. Cory with whom he had corresponded about his poems, who had expressed himself as eager to read the long narrative poem composed that summer. For the book had been well reviewed, American critics finding an agreeable freshness and music in Eden's lyrics. As books of poems went, it had had a fair sale. The young poet would get enough out of it, perhaps, to buy himself a new winter overcoat. He stood now, tall and slender in his loosely fitting tweeds, very British-looking, feeling that this solemn, luxurious room was the threshold over which he would step into the world of achievement and fame.

A door opened and a young woman entered so quietly that she was almost at Eden's side before he was aware of her presence.

'Oh,' he said, starting, 'I beg your pardon. I'm waiting to see Mr. Cory.'

'You are Mr. Whiteoak, are n't you?' she asked in a tranquil voice.

He flushed red, very boyishly, under his tan.

'Yes. I'm Eden Whiteoak. I'm the —'

Just in time he choked back what he had been about to say — that he was the author of *Under the North Star*. It would have been a horrible way to introduce himself — just as though he had expected the whole world to know about his book of poems.

However, she said, with a little excited catch of the breath: 'Oh, Mr. Whiteoak, I could not resist coming to speak to you when I heard you were here! I want to tell you how very, very much I have enjoyed your poems. I am a reader for Mr. Cory, and he generally gives me the poetry manuscripts, because — well, I am very much interested in poetry.'

'Yes, yes, I see,' said Eden, casting about to collect his thoughts.

She went on in her low, even voice: 'I cannot tell you how proud I was when I was able to recommend your poems to him. I have to send in adverse reports on so many. Your name was new to us. I felt that I had discovered you. Oh, dear, this is very unbusinesslike, telling you all this, but your poetry has given me so much pleasure that — I wanted you to know!'

Her face flashed suddenly from gravity into smiling. Her head was tilted as she looked into his eyes, for she was below medium height. Eden, looking down at her, thought she was like some delicately tinted yet sturdy spring flower, gazing upward with a sort of gentle defiance.

He held the hand she offered in his own warm, deeply tanned one.

'My name is Alayne Archer,' she said. 'Mr. Cory will be ready to see you in a few minutes. As a matter of fact he told me to have a little talk with you about your new poem. It is a narrative poem, is it not? But I did so want to tell you that I was the "discoverer" of your first!'

'Well, then, I suppose I may as well hand the manuscript over to you at once.'

'No. I should give it to Mr. Cory.'

They both looked down at the packet in

his hand, then their eyes met and they smiled.

'Do you like it very much yourself?' she asked. 'Is it at all like the others?'

'Yes, I like it — naturally,' he answered; 'and yes, I think it has the same feeling as the others. It was good fun writing it, up there in the North, a thousand miles from anywhere.'

'It must have been inspiring,' she said. 'Mr. Cory is going to visit the North this fall. He suffers from insomnia. He will want to hear a great deal about it from you.' She led the way toward two upholstered chairs. 'Will you please sit down and tell me more about the new poem? What is it called?'

"The Golden Sturgeon." Really, I can't tell you about it. . . . You'll just have to read it. . . . I'm not used to talking about my poetry. In my family it's rather a disgrace to write poetry.'

They had sat down, but she raised herself in her chair, and stared at him incredulously. She exclaimed in a rather hushed voice: 'Poetry! A disgrace!'

'Well, not so bad as that, perhaps,' said Eden, hurriedly. 'But a handicap to a fellow — something to be lived down.'

'But are they not *proud* of you?'

'Y-yes. My sister is. But she does n't know anything about poetry. And one of my uncles. But he's quite old. Reads nothing this side of Shakespeare.'

'And your parents? Your mother?' It seemed to her that he must have a mother to adore him.

'Both dead,' he replied, and he added: 'My brothers really despise me for it. There is a military tradition in our family.'

She asked: 'Were you through the War?'

'No. I was only seventeen when peace came.'

'Oh, how stupid I am! Of course you were too young!'

She began then to talk about his poetry. Eden forgot that he was in a reception room of a publisher's office. He forgot everything except his pleasure in her gracious, self-possessed, yet somehow shy presence. He heard himself talking, reciting bits of his poems, — he had caught something of the Oxford intonation from his uncles, — saying beautiful and mournful things that

would have made Renny wince with shame for him, could he have overheard.

A stenographer came to announce that Mr. Cory would see Mr. Whiteoak. They arose, and, again looking down on her, he thought he had never seen such smooth, shining hair. It was coiled about her head like bands of shimmering satin.

He followed the stenographer to Mr. Cory's private room, and was given a tense handshake and a tenser scrutiny by the publisher.

'Sit down, Mr. Whiteoak,' he said, in a dry, precise voice. 'I am very glad that you were able to come to New York. I and my assistant, Miss Archer, have been looking forward to meeting you. We think your work is exceedingly interesting.'

Yet his pleasure seemed very perfunctory. After a short discussion of the new poem, which Mr. Cory took into his charge, he changed the subject abruptly, and began to fire question after question about the North at Eden. How far North had he been? What supplies were needed? Particularly, what underwear and shoes? Was the food very bad?

Eden in his mind was trying to picture Mr. Cory in that environment, but he could not, and his fancy instead followed Miss Archer, with her bands of shimmering hair and her gray-blue eyes, set wide apart beneath her lovely white brow. He had begun to hate Mr. Cory, since he believed he had found out that he was only interesting to the publisher as a Canadian who knew all about the country to which his physician had ordered him.

Yet at that moment Mr. Cory was asking him almost genially to dinner at his house that night. 'Miss Archer will be there,' he added. 'She will talk to you about your poetry with much more understanding than I can, but I like it. I like it very well indeed.'

And, naturally, Eden suddenly liked Mr. Cory. He suddenly seemed to discover that he was very human, almost boyish, like a very orderly grayish boy who had never been really young. But he liked him, and shook his hand warmly as he thanked him, and said he would be glad to go to dinner.

He had no friends in New York, but he spent the afternoon happily wandering about. It was a brilliant day in mid-

September. The towerlike skyscrapers and the breezy canyons of the streets fluttering bright flags — he did not know what the occasion was — exhilarated him. Life seemed very full, brimming with movement, adventure, poetry, singing in the blood, crying out to be written.

Sitting in a tearoom, the first lines of a new poem began to take form in his mind. Pushing his plate of cinnamon toast to one side, he jotted them down on the back of an envelope. A quiver of nervous excitement ran through him. He believed they were good. He believed the idea was good. He found that he wanted to discuss the poem with Alayne Archer, to read those singing first lines to her. He wanted to see her face raised to his with that look of mingled penetration and sweet enthusiasm for his genius — well, she herself had used the word once; in fact, one of the reviewers of *Under the North Star* had used the word, so surely he might let it slide through his own mind now and again, like a stimulating draft. Genius. He believed he had a spark of the sacred fire, and it seemed to him that she, by her presence, the support of her admiration, had the power to fan it to a leaping flame.

He tried to sketch her face on the envelope. He did not do so badly with the forehead, the eyes, but he could not remember her nose, — rather a soft feature, he guessed, — and when the mouth was added, instead of the look of a spring flower, gentle but defiant, that he had tried to achieve, he had produced a face of almost Dutch stolidity. Irritably he tore up the sketch and his poem with it. She might not be strictly beautiful, but she was not like that.

That evening, in his hotel, he took a good deal of care with his dressing. His evening clothes were well fitting, and the waistcoat, of the newest English cut, very becoming. If it had not been for that Indian coat of tan his reflection would have been very satisfying. Still, it made him look manlier. And he had a well-cut mouth. Girls had told him it was fascinating. He smiled and showed a row of gleaming teeth, then snapped his lips together. Good Lord, he was acting like a movie star! Or a dentifrice advertisement. Ogling — just that. If Renny could have seen him ogling himself in the glass he would have knocked his

block off. Perhaps it were better that genius (that word again!) should be encased in a wild-eyed, unkempt person. He scowled, put on his hat and coat, and turned out the light.

Mr. Cory lived on Sixty-first Street, in an unpretentious house set between two very pretentious ones. Eden found the rest of the guests assembled except one, an English novelist who arrived a few minutes later than himself. There were Mr. Cory; his wife; his daughter, a large-faced young woman with straight black shingled hair; a Mr. Gutweld, a musician; a Mr. Groves, a banker who it was soon evident was to accompany Mr. Cory on his trip to Canada; Alayne Archer; and two very earnest middle-aged ladies.

Eden found himself at dinner between Miss Archer and one of the earnest ladies. Opposite were the English novelist, whose name was Hyde, and Miss Cory. Eden had never seen a table so glittering with exquisite glass and slender, shapely cutlery. His mind flew for an instant to the dinner table at Jalna, with its huge platters and cumbersome old English plate.

'Mr. Whiteoak,' said the earnest lady, in a richly cultivated voice, 'I want to tell you how deeply I appreciate your poetry. You show a delicate sensitiveness that is crystal-like in its implications.' She fixed him with her clear gray eyes and added: 'And such an acute realization of the poignant transiency of beauty.' Having spoken, she conveyed an exquisite silver spoon filled with exquisite clear soup unflinchingly to her lips.

'Thanks,' mumbled Eden. 'Thank you very much.' He felt overcome by shyness. Oh, God, that Gran were here! He would like to hide his head in her lap while she warded off this terrible woman with her stick. Presently Mr. Cory claimed her attention and Eden turned to Alayne Archer.

'Speak to me. Save me,' he whispered. 'I've never felt so stupid in my life. I've just been asked what my new poem was about and all I could say was — "A fish"!''

She was looking into his eyes now and he felt an electrical thrill in every nerve at her nearness, and at an intangible something he saw in her eyes.

'So you are feeling shy! I do not wonder. Still, it must be very pleasant to hear such delightful things about your poetry.'

Looking down over her face, he thought her eyelids were like a Madonna's. He said: —

'I tried to make a sketch of you to-day, but I tore it up — and some verses with it. You'll scarcely believe it, but I made you look quite Dutch.'

'That is not so surprising,' she answered. 'On my mother's side I am of Dutch extraction. I think I show it quite plainly. My face is broad and rather flat, and I have high cheek bones.'

'You draw an engaging picture of yourself, certainly.'

'But it is quite true, is it not?' She was smiling with a rather malicious amusement. 'Come, now, I do look a stolid Dutch Fräulein — acknowledge it!'

He denied it stoutly, but it was true that the Dutch blood explained something about her. A simplicity, a directness, a tranquil tenacity. But with her lovely rounded shoulders, her delicately flushed cheeks, those Madonna eyelids, and that wreath of little pink and white flowers in her hair, he thought she was a thousand times more charming than any girl he had ever met.

After dinner Hyde, the novelist, sauntered up to him and said: 'You are the lucky dog! The only interesting woman here! Who is she?'

'Miss Alayne Archer. She is an orphan. Her father was an old friend of Mr. Cory's.'

'Does she write?'

'No. She reads. She is a reader for the publishing house. It was she who —' But he bit that sentence off just in time. He was n't going to tell this bulgy-eyed fellow anything more.

Hyde said: 'Mr. Whiteoak, had you a relative in the Buffs? A red-haired chap?'

'Yes. A brother — Renny. Did you know him?'

'Did I know him? Rather. One of the best. Oh, he and I had a hell of a time together. Where is he now? In Canada?'

'Yes. He farms.'

Hyde looked Eden over critically.

'You're not a bit like him. I can't imagine Whiteoak writing poetry. He told me he had a lot of young brothers. The whelps,

he used to call you. I should like to see him. Please remember me to him.'

Hyde began to talk about his adventures with Renny in France. He was wound up. He seemed to forget his surroundings entirely and poured out reminiscences ribald and bloody which Eden scarcely heard. His eyes followed Alayne Archer wherever she moved. He could scarcely forbear leaving Hyde rudely and following her. He saw the eyes of Mr. Cory on him, and he saw gleaming in them endless questions about hunting in the North. He felt as though walls were closing in on him. He felt horribly young and helpless among these middle-aged and elderly men. In desperation he interrupted the Englishman.

'You said you would like to meet Miss Archer.'

Hyde looked blank, then agreed cheerfully: 'Yes, yes, I did.'

Eden took him over to Alayne, turning his own back firmly on the too eager huntsman.

The two shook hands.

'I have read your new book, in the proof sheets,' Miss Archer said to Hyde, 'and I think it is splendid. Only I object very strongly to the way you make your American character talk. I often wish that Englishmen would not put Americans into their books. The dialect they put into their mouths is like nothing spoken on land or sea.' She spoke lightly, but there was a shadow of real annoyance in her eyes. She had plenty of character, Eden thought — she was not afraid to speak her mind. He pretended to have noticed the same thing.

The Englishman laughed imperturbably. 'Well, it's the way it sounds to us,' he said. No protests could change his conception of American speech. He said to Eden: 'Why don't you Canadians write about Americans and see if you have better luck?'

'I shall write a poem about Americans,' laughed Eden, and the glance that flashed from his eyes into Alayne's was like a sunbeam that flashes into clear water and is held there.

Would they never be alone together? Yes, the pianist was sitting down before the piano. They melted into a quiet corner. There was no pretending. Each knew the other's desire to escape from the rest. They

sat without speaking while the music submerged them like a sea. They were at the bottom of a throbbing sea. They were hidden. They were alone. They could hear the pulsing of the great heart of life; they could feel it in their own heartbeats.

He moved a little nearer to her, staring into the room straight ahead of him, and he could almost feel her head on his shoulder, her body relaxing into his arms. The waves of Chopin thundered on and on. Eden scarcely dared to turn his face toward her. But he did, and a faint perfume came to him from the wreath of little French flowers she wore. What beautiful hands lying in her lap! Surely hands for a poet's love! God, if he could only take them in his and kiss the palms! How tender and delicately scented they would be!

The pianist was playing Debussy. Miss Cory had switched off the lights, all but a pale one by the piano. The sea was all delicate singing wavelets then. He took her hands and held them to his lips.

As he held them, his being was shaken by a throng of poems, rushing up within him, crying out to be born, touched into life by the contact of her hands.

IX

Alayne Archer was twenty-eight years old when she met Eden Whiteoak. Her father and mother had died within a few weeks of each other during an epidemic of influenza three years before. They had left their daughter a few hundreds in the bank, a few thousands in life insurance, and an artistic stucco bungalow overlooking golf links and a glimpse of the ocean in Brooklyn. But they had left her an empty heart, from which the love that had been stored increasingly for them during twenty-five years flowed in an anguished stream after them into the unknown.

Her father had been a professor of English in a New York State college, a pedantic but gentle man who loved to impart information to his wife and to instruct his daughter, but who, in matters other than scholastic, was led by them as a little child.

Though an earnest little family who faced the problems of the day and their trips to Europe anxiously, they were often

filled by the spirit of gentle fun. The gray stucco bungalow resounded with professorial gayety and the youthful response from Alayne. She had no intimate friends of her own age. Her parents sufficed. For several years before his death Professor Archer had been engaged in writing a history of the American Revolutionary War, and Alayne had thrown herself with enthusiasm into helping him with the work of research. Her admiration had been aroused for those dogged Loyalists who had left their homes and journeyed northward into Canada to suffer cold and privation for the sake of an idea. It was glorious, she thought, and told her father so. They had argued, and he had called her laughingly, after that, his little Britisher; and she had laughed, too, but she did not altogether like it, for she was proud of being an American. Still, one could see the other person's side of a question.

Mr. Cory had been a lifelong friend of her father's. When Professor Archer died, he came forward at once with his assistance. He helped Alayne to dispose of the bungalow by the golf links, — those golf links where Alayne and her father had had many a happy game together, with Mother able to keep her eye on them from the upstairs sitting-room window, — looked into the state of her father's financial affairs for her, and gave her work in reading for the publishing house of Cory and Parsons.

After the first blank grief, followed by the agony of realization, had passed, Alayne had taken a small apartment near her work, and night after night she pored over her father's manuscript, correcting, revising, worrying her young brain into fever over some debatable point. Oh, if he had only been there to settle it for her! To explain, to elucidate his own point of view in his precise and impressive accents. In her solitude she could almost see his long, thin scholar's hands turning the pages, and tears swept down her cheeks in a storm, leaving them flushed and hot, so that she would have to go to the window and press her face to the cool pane, or throw it open and lean out, gazing into the unfriendly street below.

The book was published. It created a good impression, and reviewers were perhaps a little kinder to it because of the recent death of the author. It was praised

for its modern liberality. But a few critics pointed out errors and contradictions, and Alayne, holding herself responsible for these, suffered great humiliation. She accused herself of laxness and stupidity. Her dear father's book! She became so white that Mr. Cory was worried about her. At last Mrs. Cory and he persuaded her to share an apartment with a friend of theirs, Rosamund Trent, a commercial artist, a woman of fifty.

When Alayne joined Miss Trent she settled down into a sad tranquillity. She read countless manuscripts, some of them very badly typed, and the literary editor of Cory and Parsons learned to rely on her judgment, especially in books other than fiction. In fiction her taste, formed by her parents, was perhaps too conventional, too fastidious. Many of the things she read in manuscript seemed horrid to her. And they had a disconcerting way of cropping up in her mind afterward, like strange weeds that, even after they are uprooted and thrown away, appear again in unexpected places.

She would sit listening to Rosamund Trent's good-humored chatter, her chin in her curled palm, her eyes fixed on Miss Trent's face, yet all of her was not present in the room. Another Alayne was wandering, crying like a deserted child, through the little bungalow. Sometimes the other Alayne was different — not sad and lonely, but wild and questioning. Had life nothing richer for her than this? Reading, reading manuscripts, day in, day out; sitting at night with gaze bent on Miss Trent's chattering face, or going to the Corys' or some other house, meeting people who made no impression on her. Was she never going to have a real friend to whom she could confide everything — well, almost everything? Was she never — for the first time in her life she asked herself this question in grim earnest — was she never going to have a lover?

Oh, she had had admirers! Not many, for she had not encouraged them. If she went out with them she was sure to miss something delightful that was happening at home. If they came to the house they seldom fitted in with the scheme of things. Sexually she was one of those women who develop slowly — who might, under certain

conditions, marry, rear a family, and never have the wellspring of her passions unbound.

When the manuscript of young White-oak's book was given her to read, Alayne was in a mood of eager receptivity to beauty. The beauty, the simplicity, the splendid abandon of Eden's lyrics filled her with a new joy. When the book appeared she had an odd feeling of possession toward it. She rather hated seeing Miss Trent's large plump hands caressing it, — 'Such a ducky little book, my dear!' — and she hated to hear her read from it, stressing the most striking phrases, sustaining the last word of each line with an upward lilt of her throaty voice — 'Sheer beauty, that bit, is n't it, Alayne, dear?'

She felt ashamed of herself for grudging Miss Trent her pleasure in the book, but she undoubtedly did grudge it.

She rather dreaded meeting Eden for fear he would be disappointing. Suppose he were short and thickset, with beady black eyes and a long upper lip! Suppose he had a hatchet face and wore horn-rimmed spectacles!

Well, however he looked, his mind was beautiful. But she had quaked as she entered the reception room.

When she saw him standing tall and fair, with his crest of golden hair, his sensitive features, his steady but rather wistful smile, she was trembling, almost overcome with relief. He seemed to carry some of the radiance of his poetry about his own person. Those brilliant blue eyes in that tanned face! Oh, she could not have borne it had he not been beautiful!

It seemed as natural to her that they two should seek a quiet corner together, that he should, when the opportunity offered, take her hands in his and press ecstatic kisses upon them, as that two drops of dew should melt into one, or two sweet chords blend.

It seemed equally natural to her to say yes when, two weeks later, he asked her to marry him.

He had not intended to ask her that. He realized in his heart that it was madness to ask her, unless they agreed to a long engagement, but the autumn night was stud-ded with stars, and heavy with the teasing scents of burning leaves and salt air.

His love for her was a poem. Their life together would be an exquisite, enchanted poem, a continual inspiration for him. He could not do without her. The thought of holding her intimately in his arms gave him the tender sadness of a love poem to be written . . . yet he must not ask her to marry him. He must not and — he did.

'Alayne, my beautiful darling — will you marry me?'

'Eden, Eden —' She could scarcely speak, for the love that now filled her heart that had been drained empty of love almost drowned her senses. 'Yes — I will marry you, if you want me. I want you with all my soul.'

X

Eden had begun the letter to Meg, telling her of his engagement, in much trepidation. But as he wrote he gained confidence, and told of Alayne's beauty, her endearing qualities, her influential friends who would be able to do so much for him in the publishing world. And she was independent — not an heiress, not the rich American girl of fiction, still she would be a help, not a handicap to him. Meg was to believe that she was absolutely desirable.

The family at Jalna, always credulous, with imaginations easily stirred, snatched with avidity at the bare suggestion of means. They settled it among themselves that Alayne was a rich girl, and that Eden for some reason wished to depreciate her wealth.

'He's afraid some of us will want to borrow a few bucks,' sneered Piers.

'He'd have never been such a fool as to marry if the girl had not had lots of brass,' growled Nicholas.

'He was bound to attract some cultivated rich woman with his talents, his looks, and his lovely manners,' said Meg, her smile of ineffable, calm sweetness curving her lips. 'I shall be very nice to her. Who knows, she may do something for the younger boys! American women are noted for their generosity. Wakefield is delicate and he's very attractive. Finch is —'

'Neither delicate nor attractive,' put in Renny, grinning; and Finch, who was wrestling in a corner with his Latin, blushed a deep pink, and gave a snort of mingled amusement and embarrassment.

Grandmother shouted: 'When is she coming? I must wear my cream-colored cap with the purple ribbons!'

Piers said: 'Eden always was an impulsive fool. I'll bet he's making a fool marriage.' He rather hoped that Eden was, for he found it hard to endure the thought of Eden's making a marriage which would be welcomed by the whole family while he himself was continually made to feel that he had made a mess of his life.

Meg wrote her letter to Alayne, inviting her to come to Jalna for as long as she liked. She was to consider Jalna her home. All the family were so happy in dear Eden's happiness. Dear Grandmother sent her love. ('Have you got that down, Meggie? That I send my love? Underline it. No mistake.')

Alayne was deeply touched by this letter.

She took Eden up the Hudson to visit her two aunts, the sisters of her father, who lived in a house with a pinkish roof, overlooking the river. They were delighted with Alayne's young Canadian. He had such an easy, pleasant voice, he was so charmingly deferential to them. Even while they regretted that Alayne was going away, for a time at least, they were exhilarated, elated by her bliss. They took Eden to their hearts, and, seated in their little austere perfect living room, they asked him innumerable questions about his family.

'Let me see, there are six of you, are n't there? How very interesting. Just imagine Alayne having brothers and sisters! She used always to be praying for them when she was little, did n't you, Alayne?'

'There is only one sister,' said Eden.

'She wrote Alayne such a kind letter,' murmured Miss Helen.

Miss Harriet proceeded: 'And your elder brother went through all the terrors of the War, did he not?'

'Yes, he was through the War,' replied Eden, and he thought of Renny's rich vocabulary.

'And the brother next to you is married, Alayne tells us. I do hope his wife and Alayne will be friends. Is she about Alayne's age? Have you known her long?'

'She is seventeen. I've known her all my life. She's the daughter of a neighbor.' His mind flew for an instant to the reception

given to Piers and Pheasant when they returned to Jalna after their marriage. He remembered the way poor young Pheasant had howled and Piers had stood holding his bleeding ear.

'I trust Alayne and she will be congenial. Then there are the two younger brothers. Tell us about them.'

'Well, Finch is rather a — oh, he's just at the hobbledehoy period, Miss Archer. We can hardly tell what he'll be. At present he's immersed in his studies. Wake is a pretty little chap. You'd quite like him. He is too delicate to go to school, and has all his lessons with our rector. I'm afraid he's very indolent, but he's an engaging young scamp.'

'I am sure Alayne will love him. And she will have uncles, too. I am glad there are no aunts. Yes, Alayne, we were saying only this morning we are glad there are no aunts. We really want no auntly opposition in loving you!'

'Then,' put in Miss Helen, 'there is Eden's remarkable grandmother. Ninety-nine, did you say, Eden? And all her faculties almost unimpaired. It is wonderful.'

'Yes, a regular old — yes, an amazing old lady, Grandmother is.' And he suddenly saw her grinning at him, the graceless ancient, with her cap askew, Boney perched on her shoulder, rapping out obscene Hindu oaths in his raucous voice. He groaned inwardly and wondered what Alayne would think of his family.

He had written asking Renny to be best man for him. Renny had replied: 'I have neither the *time*, the *togs*, nor the *tin* for such a bust-up. But I enclose a check for my wedding present to you which will help to make up for my absence. I am glad Miss Archer has money. Otherwise I should think you insane to tie yourself up at this point in your career, when you seem to be going in several directions at once and arriving nowhere. However, good luck to you and my very best regards to the lady. Your aff. bro. Renny.'

The check was sufficient to pay for the honeymoon trip and to take them home to Jalna. Eden, with his head among the stars, thanked God for that.

They were married in the austere perfect living room of Alayne's aunts' house

on the Hudson. The Corys, Rosamund Trent, and the other friends at the wedding repast thought, and said, that they had never seen a lovelier couple.

As they motored to New York to take their train Eden said: 'Darling, I have never met so many well-behaved people in my life. Darling, let us be wild, and half mad and delirious with joy! I'm tired of being good.'

She hugged him to her. She loved him intensely, and she longed with great fervor to experience life.

XI

Wakefield slept late that morning, just when he had intended to be about early. When he opened his eyes he found that Renny's head was not on the pillow next his as usual. He was not even dressing. He was gone, and Wake had the bed and the room to himself. He slept with Renny because he sometimes had a 'bad turn' in the night, and it was to his eldest brother he clung at such times.

He spread-eagled himself on the bed, taking up all the room he could, and lay luxuriously a few minutes rejoicing in the fact that he did not have to go to Mr. Fennel's for lessons on this day because it had been proclaimed a holiday by Grandmother. It was the day on which Eden and his bride were expected to arrive at Jalna. Their train was to reach the city at nine that morning and Piers had already motored to fetch them the twenty-five miles to Jalna, where a great dinner was already in preparation.

The loud wheezing that preceded the striking of the grandfather's clock in the upstairs hall now began. Wake listened. After what seemed a longer wheeze than usual the clock struck nine. The train carrying the bride and groom must at this moment be arriving at the station. Wakefield had seen pictures of wedding parties, and he had a vision of Eden traveling in a top hat and a long-tailed coat with a white flower in his buttonhole, seated beside his bride, whose face showed but faintly through a voluminous veil and who carried an immense bouquet of orange blossoms. He did wish that Meg had allowed him to go in the

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car to meet them. It seemed too bad that such a lovely show should be wasted on Piers, who had not seemed at all keen about meeting them.

Wake thought that he had better give his rabbit hutches a thorough cleaning, for probably one of the first things the bride would wish to inspect would be his rabbits. It would be some time before they arrived, for they were to have breakfast in town.

He began to kick the bedclothes from him. He kicked them with all his might till he had nothing over him, then he lay quite still a moment, his small dark face turned impassively toward the ceiling, before he leaped out of bed and ran to the window.

It was a day of thick yellow autumn sunshine. A circular bed of nasturtiums around two old cedar trees burned like a slow fire. The lawn still had a film of heavy dew drawn across it, and a procession of bronze turkeys, led by the red-faced old cock, left a dark trail where their feet had brushed it.

'Gobble, gobble, gobble,' came from the cock, and his wattles turned from red to purple. He turned and faced his hens, and wheeled before them, dropping his wings with a metallic sound.

Wake shouted from the window: 'Gobble, gobble, gobble! Get off the lawn! I say, get off the lawn!'

'Clang, clang, clang,' resounded the gobbler's note of anger, and the hens made plaintive piping sounds.

'I suppose you think,' retorted Wakefield, 'that you're fifteen brides and a groom. Well, you're not! You're turkeys, and you'll be eaten, first thing you know. The *real* bride and groom will eat you, so there!'

'Gobble, gobble, gobble.'

The burnished procession passed into the grape arbor. Between purple bunches of grapes Wake could see the shine of plumage, the flame of tossing wattles.

It was a lovely morning! He tore off his pajamas, and, stark naked, ran round and round the room. He stopped breathless before the washstand, where the brimming basin foaming with shaving lather showed how complete had been Renny's preparations for the bride and groom.

Wakefield took up the shaving soap and the shaving brush, and immersed the brush in the basin. He made a quantity of fine, fluffy, and altogether delightful lather. First he decorated his face, then produced a nice epaulette for each shoulder. Then he made a collar for his round brown neck. Next his two little nipples attracted him. He adorned them as if with the filling from two cream puffs. In order he decorated all the more prominent features of his small person. By twisting about before the mirror he managed to do even his back. It took most of the shaving stick, but the effect when his toilet was completed was worth all the trouble.

He stood in rapt admiration before the glass, astonished at what a little ingenuity and a lot of lather could do. He pictured himself receiving the bride and groom in this simple yet effective attire. He was sure that Alayne would think it worth while traveling all the way from New York to see a sight like this.

He was lost in reverie when a smothered scream disturbed him. It was uttered by Mrs. Wragge, who stood in the doorway, one hand clapped to her mouth, the other carrying a slop pail.

'My Gawd!' she cried. 'Wot an 'orrible sight! Ow, wot a turn it give me! My 'eart's doawn in my boots and my stumick's in the top of my 'ead!'

She was too funny, standing there, red-faced and open-mouthed. Wakefield could not refrain from doing something to her. He danced toward her, and before she realized the import of the brandished shaving brush she had a snowy meringue of lather fairly between the eyes and down the bridge of the nose.

With a scream, this time unsmothered, Mrs. Wragge dropped the pail of slops and pawed blindly at her ornate face. Meg, giving a last satisfied examination of Eden's room, which had been prepared for the bridal pair, hurried toward the sounds of distress from her handmaiden, and, catching the little boy by the ankle just as he was disappearing under the big four-poster, dragged him forth and administered three sharp slaps.

'*There,*' she said, '*and there, and there.* As though I had n't enough to do!'

When Wakefield descended the stairs half an hour later his expression was somewhat subdued, but he carried himself with dignity, and he was conscious of looking extremely well in his best Norfolk suit and a snowy Eton collar.

As he passed the door of his grandmother's room he could hear her saying in a cajoling tone to Boney: 'Say "Alayne" now, Boney! "Pretty Alayne"! Say "Alayne"! Say "Hail Columbia"! Then her voice was drowned by the raucous tones of Boney uttering a few choice Hindu curses.

Wakefield smiled and entered the dining room. He knew that if he rang the bell Rags would bring him a dish of porridge from the kitchen. It was an old silver bell in the shape of a little fat lady. He loved it, and handled it caressingly a moment before ringing it long and clearly.

He went to the head of the basement stairs and listened. He could hear Rags rattling things on the stove. He heard a saucepan being scraped. Nasty, sticky, dried-up old porridge! He heard Rags's step on the brick floor approaching the stairway. Lightly he glided to the clothes cupboard and hid himself inside the door, just peeping through a narrow crack while Rags mounted the stairs and disappeared into the dining room. Wakefield smiled slyly as he glided down the stairs into the basement, leaving Rags and the porridge in the dining room alone. On the kitchen table he found a plate of cold toast and a saucer of anchovy paste. Taking a slice of toast and the anchovy paste, he trotted out of the kitchen and along the brick passage into the coal cellar. He heard Rags clattering down the kitchen stairs, muttering as he came. A window in the coal cellar stood open, and, mounted on an empty box, he found he could easily put his breakfast out on the ground and climb out after it.

He carried his toast and anchovy paste to the old carriage house, and sought a favorite retreat of his. This was a ponderous closed carriage that had been sent for to England by Grandfather Whiteoak when he and Grandmother had first built Jalna. It had a great shell-like body, massive lamps, and a high seat for the coachman. It must have been a splendid sight to see

them driving out. It had not been used for many years.

Wakefield slumped on the sagging seat, eating his toast and anchovy paste with unhurried enjoyment. The fowls clucking and scratching in the straw made a soothing accompaniment to his thoughts. He thought:—

‘Now if I had my way I’d meet the brideangroom with this beautiful carriage drawn by four white horses. I’d have the wheels all done up in wreaths of roses like the pictures of carnivals in California. And a big bunch of roses for her to carry—and a trumpeter sitting on the seat beside the coachman tooting a trumpet. And a pretty little dwarf hanging on behind, with a little silver whistle to blow when the trumpeter stopped tooting. What a happy brideangroom they’d be!’

Brideangroom. Brideangroom. He liked the pleasant way those words ran together. Still, he must not linger here too long or he would not be on hand to welcome them. He decided that there was no time left for cleaning the rabbit hutches. He would go across the meadow to the road, and wait by the church corner. Then he would have a chance to meet them before the rest of the family.

He clambered out of the carriage, a cobweb clinging to his hair and a black smudge across his cheek. He set the saucer containing the remainder of the anchovy on the floor and watched five hens leap simultaneously upon it, a tangle of wings and squawks, while a rooster sidestepped about the scrimmage watching his wives with a distracted yellow eye.

He trotted across the meadow, climbed the fence, and gained the road. How happy he was! Brideangroom. Brideangroom. The pleasant words went singing through his head. A spiral of wood smoke curled upward from a mound of burning leaves in a yard across the street. A hen and her half-grown brood scratched blithely in the middle of the road.

A car was coming. Their own car. He recognized its peculiar hiccupping squeaks. He espied a clump of Michaelmas daisies growing by the side of the road, and he swiftly ran and plucked a long feathery spray. It was rather dusty, but still very

pretty, and he stood clasping it, with an expectant smile on his face, as the car approached.

Piers, who was driving, would have gone by and left him standing there, but Eden sharply told him to stop, and Alayne leaned forward full of eager curiosity.

Wakefield mounted the running board and held the Michaelmas daisies out to her.

‘Welcome to Jalna,’ he said.

XII

Eden had not been sorry to see his little brother waiting at the roadside with daisies for Alayne. The meeting with Piers, the breakfast in his company at the Queen’s, and the subsequent drive home had not been altogether satisfactory. Alayne had been tired and unusually quiet; Piers actually taciturn. Eden resented this taciturnity because he remembered having been very decent to Piers and Pheasant on the occasion of their humiliating return to Jalna.

Alayne gazed out over the misty blue expanse of the lake with a feeling approaching sadness. This sea that was not a sea, this land that was not her land, this new brother with the unfriendly blue eyes and the sulky mouth—she must get used to them all. They were to be hers. Ruth . . . amid the alien corn. She went over their names in her mind to prepare herself for the meeting. A tiny shudder of apprehension ran through her nerves. She put her hand on Eden’s, and gripped his fingers.

‘Cheer up, old dear,’ he said. ‘We’ll soon be there.’

They had left the lake shore and were running smoothly over a curving road. A quaint old church, perched on a wooded knoll, rose before them. Then Eden’s voice saying, ‘There’s young Wake, Piers!’ And a little boy on the running board pushing flowers into her hand.

‘Welcome to Jalna,’ he said, in a sweet treble, ‘and I thought maybe you’d like these Michaelmas daisies. I’ve been waiting ever so long!’

‘Hop in,’ commanded Eden, opening the door.

He hopped in, and squeezed his slender body between theirs on the seat. Piers

had not looked round. Now he started the car with a jerk.

Wakefield raised his eyes to Alayne's face and scrutinized her closely. 'What eyelashes!' she thought. 'What a darling!' His little body pressed against her seemed the most delightful and pathetic thing. Oh, she could love this little brother! And he was delicate, too. Not strong enough to go to school. She would play with him, help to teach him! They smiled at each other. She looked across his head at Eden and formed the words 'a darling' with smiling lips.

'How is everyone at home?' asked Eden.

'Nicely, thank you,' said Wakefield, cheerfully. 'Granny has had a little cough, and Boney imitates her. Uncle Ernest's nose is rather pink from hay fever. Uncle Nick's gout is better. Meggie eats very little, but she is getting fatter. Piers took the first prize with his bull at the Durham show. It wore the blue ribbon all the way home. Finch came out fifty-second in his Greek exam. I can't think of any news about Pheasant and Rags and Mrs. Wragge except that they're there.'

Jalna looked very mellow in the golden sunlight, draped in its mantle of reddening Virginia creeper and surrounded by freshly clipped lawns. One of Wake's rabbits was hopping about, and Renny's two clumber spaniels were stretched on the steps. A pear tree near the house had dropped its fruit on the grass, where it lay richly yellow, giving, to the eyes of a town dweller, an air of negligent well-being to the scene. Alayne thought that Jalna had something of the appearance of an old manorial farmhouse, set among its lawns and orchards.

The spaniels lazily beat their plumed tails on the step, too indolent to rise.

'Renny's dogs,' commented Eden, pushing one of them out of the way with his foot that Alayne might pass. 'You'll have to get used to animals. You'll find them all over the place.'

'That will not be hard. I have always wanted pets.' She bent to stroke one of the silken heads.

Eden looked down at her curiously. How would she and his family get on, he wondered. Now that he had brought her home he realized suddenly that she was

alien to his family. He had a disconcerting sensation of surprise at finding himself married. After all, he was not so elated as he had expected to be when Rags opened the door and smiled a self-conscious welcome.

'Welcome 'ome, Mrs. Whiteoak,' said Rags, with his curiously deprecating yet impudent glance. It said to Eden silently but unmistakably: 'Ow, you may fool the family, young man, but you can't fool me. You 'ave n't married a heiress. And 'ow we're to put up with another young woman 'ere Gawd only knows.'

Alayne thanked him, and at the same moment the door of the living room was opened and Meg Whiteoak appeared on the threshold. She threw her arms about Eden's neck and kissed him with passionate tenderness. Then she turned to Alayne, her lips, with their prettily curved corners, parted in a gentle smile.

'So this is Alayne! I hope you will like us all, my dear. We're so happy to have you.'

Alayne found herself enfolded in a warm, plump embrace. She thought it was no wonder the brothers adored their sister (Eden had told her they did) and she felt prepared to make a sister, a confidante of her. How delightful! A real sister. She held tightly to Meg's hand as they went into the living room, where more of the family had assembled.

It was so warm that even the low, flameless fire seemed too much; none of the windows were open. Slanting bars of sunlight penetrating between the slats of the inside shutters converged at one point, the chair where old Mrs. Whiteoak sat. Like fiery fingers they seemed to point her out as the most significant presence in the room. Yet she was indulging in one of her unpremeditated naps. Her head, topped by a large purple cap with pink rosettes, had sunk forward so that the only part of her face visible was her heavy jaw and row of too perfect under teeth. She wore a voluminous tea gown of purple velvet, and her shapely hands, clasping the gold top of her ebony stick, were heavy with rings worn for the occasion. A steady bubbling snore escaped her. The two elderly men came forward, Nicholas frowning because

of the painful effort of rising, but enfolding Alayne's hand in a warm grasp. They greeted her in mellow whispers, Ernest excusing their Mama's momentary oblivion.

'She must have these little naps. They refresh her — keep her going.'

'We had better sit down,' said Meg, 'till she wakens and has a little talk with Alayne. Then I'll take you up to your room, my dear. You must be tired after the journey. And hungry, too. Well, we're going to have an early dinner.'

'Chicken and plum tart! Chicken and plum tart!' exploded Wakefield, and old Mrs. Whiteoak stirred in her sleep.

Uncle Nicholas covered the child's face with his hand, and the family's gaze was fixed expectantly on the old lady. After a moment's contortion, however, her face resumed the calm of peaceful slumber, and everyone sat down, and conversation was carried on in hushed tones.

Alayne felt as though she were in a dream. The room, the furniture, the people, were so different from those to which she was accustomed that their strangeness made even Eden seem suddenly remote. She wondered wistfully whether it would take her long to get used to them. Yet in looking at the faces about her she found that each had a distinctive attraction for her. Or perhaps it was fascination. Certainly there was nothing attractive about the grandmother, unless it were the bizarre strength of her personality.

'I lived in London a good many years,' mumbled Uncle Nicholas, 'but I don't know much about New York. I visited it once, in the nineties, but I suppose it has changed a lot since then.'

'Yes, I think you would find it very changed. It is changing constantly.'

Uncle Ernest whispered: 'I sailed from there once for England. I just missed seeing a murder.'

'Oh, Uncle Ernest, I wish you'd seen it!' exclaimed Wakefield, bouncing up and down on the padded arm of his sister's chair.

'Hush, Wake,' said Meg, giving his thigh a little slap. 'I'm very glad he did n't see it. It would have upset him terribly. Is n't it a pity you have so many murders there? And lynchings, and all?'

'They don't have lynchings in New York, Meggie,' corrected Uncle Ernest.

'Oh, I forgot. It's Chicago, is n't it?'

Eden spoke for almost the first time. 'Never met so many orderly people in my life as I met in New York.'

'How nice,' said Meg. 'I do like order, but I find it so hard to keep, with servants' wages high, and so many boys about, and Granny requiring a good deal of waiting on.'

The sound of her own name must have penetrated Mrs. Whiteoak's consciousness. She wobbled a moment as though she were about to fall, then righted herself and raised her still handsome, chiseled nose from its horizontal position and looked about. Her eyes, blurred by sleep, did not at once perceive Alayne.

'Dinner,' she observed. 'I want my dinner.'

'Here are Eden and Alayne,' said Ernest, bending over her.

'Better come over to her,' suggested Nicholas.

'She will be so glad,' said Meg.

Eden took Alayne's hand and led her to his grandmother. The old lady peered at them unseeingly for a moment; then her gaze brightened, she clutched Eden to her, and gave him a loud, hearty kiss.

'Eden,' she said. 'Well, well. So you're back. Where's your bride?'

Eden put Alayne forward, and she was enfolded in an embrace of surprising strength. Sharp bristles scratched her cheek, and a kiss was planted on her mouth.

'Pretty thing,' said Grandmother, holding her off to look at her. 'You're a very pretty thing. I'm glad you've come. Where's Boney, now?' She released Alayne and looked around sharply for the parrot. At the sound of his name he flapped heavily from his ring perch to her shoulder. She stroked his bright plumage with her jeweled hand.

'Say "Alayne,"' she adjured him. 'Say "Pretty Alayne"! Come, now, there's a darling boy!'

Boney, casting a malevolent look on Alayne with one topaz eye, for the other was tight shut, burst into a string of curses.

'Kutni! Kutni! Kutni!' he screamed. 'Shaitan ke khatla! Kambakht!'

Grandmother thumped her stick loudly

on the floor. 'Silence!' she thundered. 'I won't have it! Stop him, Nick! Stop him!'

'He'll bite me,' objected Nicholas.

'I don't care if he does! Stop him!'

'Stop him yourself, Mama.'

'Boney, Boney, don't be so naughty! Say "Pretty Alayne" — come, now.'

'Please don't trouble,' said Alayne, soothingly. 'I think he is very beautiful, and he probably does not dislike me as much as he pretends.'

'What's she say?' demanded the old lady, looking up at her sons. It was always difficult for her to understand a stranger, though her hearing was excellent, and Alayne's slow and somewhat precise enunciation was less clear to her than Nicholas's rumbling tones or Ernest's soft mumble.

'She says Boney is beautiful,' said Nicholas, too indolent to repeat the entire sentence.

Grandmother grinned, very well pleased. 'Ay, he's beautiful. A handsome bird, but a bit of a devil. I brought him all the way from India seventy-three years ago. A game old bird, eh? Sailing vessels then, my dear. I nearly died. And the ayah did die. They put her overboard. But I was too sick to care. My baby Augusta nearly died, poor brat, and my dear husband, Captain Philip Whiteoak, had his hands full. You'll see his portrait in the dining room. The handsomest officer in India. I could hold my own for looks, too. Would you think I'd ever been a beauty, eh?'

'I think you are very handsome now,' replied Alayne, speaking with great distinctness. 'Your nose is really —'

'What's she say?' cried Grandmother.

Ernest murmured: 'She says that your nose —'

'Ha, ha, my nose is still a beauty, eh? Yes, my dear, it's a good nose. A Court nose. None of your retroussé, surprised-looking noses. Nothing on God's earth could surprise *my* nose. None of your pinched, sniffing, cold-in-the-head noses, either. A good reliable nose. A Court nose.' She rubbed it triumphantly.

'You've a nice-looking nose, yourself,' she continued. 'You and Eden make a pretty pair. But he's no Court. Nor a Whiteoak. He looks like his poor pretty flibbertigibbet mother.'

Alayne, shocked, looked indignantly toward Eden, but he wore only an expression of tolerant boredom, and was putting a cigarette between his faintly smiling lips.

Meg saw Alayne's look and expostulated: 'Grandmamma!'

'Renny's the only Court among 'em,' pursued Mrs. Whiteoak. 'Wait till you see Renny. Where is he? I want Renny.' She thumped the floor impatiently with her stick.

'He'll be here very soon, Granny,' said Meg. 'He rode over to Mr. Probyn's to get a litter of pigs.'

'Well, I call that very boorish of him. Boorish. Boorish. Did I say "boorish"? I mean "boarish." *There's* a pun, Ernest. You enjoy a pun. "Boarish." Ha, ha!'

Ernest stroked his chin and smiled deprecatingly. Nicholas laughed jovially.

The old lady proceeded with a rakish air of enjoyment. 'Renny prefers the grunting of a sow to sweet converse with a young bride —'

'Mama,' said Ernest. 'Should n't you like a peppermint?'

Her attention was instantly distracted.

'Yes. I want a peppermint. Fetch me my bag.'

Ernest brought a little old bead-embroidered bag. His mother began to fumble in it, and Boney, leaning from her shoulder, pecked at it and uttered cries of greed.

'A sweet!' he babbled. 'A sweet! Boney wants a sweet! Pretty Alayne! Pretty Alayne! Boney wants a sweet!'

Grandmother cried in triumph: 'He's said it! He's said it! I told you he could. Good Boney!' She fumbled distractedly in the bag.

'May I help you?' Alayne asked, not without timidity.

The old lady pushed the bag into her hand. 'Yes, quickly. I want a peppermint. A Scotch mint. Not a humbug!'

Grandmother and the parrot leaned forward simultaneously for the sweet when it was found, she with protruding wrinkled lips, he with gaping beak. Alayne hesitated, fearing to offend either by favoring the other. While she hesitated Boney snatched it, and with a whirl of wings flew to a far corner of the room. Grandmother, rigid as a statue, remained with protruding

mouth till Alayne unearthed another sweet and popped it between her lips; then she sank back with a sigh of satisfaction, closed her eyes, and began to suck noisily.

Alayne longed to wipe her fingers, but she refrained. She looked at the faces about her. They were regarding the scene with the utmost imperturbability, with the exception of Eden, who still wore his look of faintly smiling boredom. A cloud of smoke about his head seemed to emphasize his aloofness.

Meg moved closer to him and whispered: 'I think I shall take Alayne upstairs. I've had new chintzes put in your room and fresh curtains, and I've taken the small rug from Renny's room and covered the bare spot on the carpet with it. I think you'll be pleased when you see it, Eden. She's a perfect dear.'

Meg went to Alayne and put her arm through hers. 'I know you would like to go to your room,' she said.

The two women ascended the stairway together. When they reached Eden's door Meg impetuously seized Alayne's head between her plump hands and kissed her on the forehead.

When Eden came up he found Alayne arranging her toilet articles on the dressing table and humming a happy little song. He closed the door after him and came to her.

'I'm glad you can sing,' he said. 'I had told you that my family were an unusual set of people, but when I saw you among them I began to fear they'd be too much for you — that you'd get panicky, perhaps, and want to run back to New York.'

'Is that why you were so quiet downstairs? You had an odd expression. I could not quite make it out. I thought you looked bored.'

'I was. I wanted to have you to myself.' He took her in his arms.

Eden was at this moment, inexplicably, two men. He was the lover, strongly possessive and protective. As opposed to this, he was the captive, restless, nervous, hating the thought of the responsibility of introducing his wife to his family, of translating one to the other in terms of restraint and affection.

She said, stroking his hair, which was like a shining metallic casque over his head: 'Your sister — Meg — was delightful to me. She seems quite near already. And she tells me she had this room done over for me — new chintz and curtains. I am so glad it looks out over the park and the sheep. I can scarcely believe I shall have sheep to watch from my window.'

'Let me show you my things,' cried Eden, gayly, and he led her about the room, pointing out his various belongings from schooldays on, with boyish naïveté. He showed her the ink-stained desk at which he had written many of his poems.

'And to think,' she exclaimed, 'that I was far away in New York, and you were here, at that desk, writing the poems that were to bring us together!' She stroked the desk as though it were a living thing, and said, 'I shall always want to keep it. When we have our own house, may we take it there, Eden?'

'Of course.' But he wished she would not talk about having their own house yet. To change the subject he asked, 'Did you find Gran rather overpowering? I'm afraid I scarcely prepared you for her. But she can't be explained. She's got to be seen to be credible. The uncles are nice old boys.'

'Do you think' — she spoke hesitatingly, yet with determination — 'that it is good for her to spoil her so? She absolutely dominated the room.'

He smiled down at her quizzically. 'My dear, she will be a hundred on her next birthday. She was spoiled before we ever saw her. My grandfather attended to that. Quite possibly she was spoiled before ever he saw her. She probably came into the world spoiled by generations of tyrannical, hot-tempered Courts. You will just have to make the best of her.'

Alayne leaned against him, breathing deeply of the tranquil air of Indian summer that came like a palpable essence through the open window. She became aware that he was observing someone in the grounds outside. She heard the sound of a horse's hoofs and, turning, saw a man leaning from his horse to fasten the gate behind him. Her beauty-loving eye was caught first by the satin shimmer of the beast's

chestnut coat. Then she perceived that the rider was tall and thin, that he stooped in the saddle with an air of slouching accustomedness, and, as he passed beneath the window, that he had a red sharp-featured face that looked rather foxlike beneath his peaked tweed cap.

'Renny,' murmured Eden, 'back from his porcine expedition.'

'Yes, I thought it must be Renny, though he is not like I expected him to be. Why did you not call to him?'

'He's rather a shy fellow. I thought it might embarrass both of you to exchange your first greetings from such different altitudes.'

Alayne, listening to the muffled sound of hoofs, remarked: 'He gives the impression of a strong personality.'

'He has. And he's as wiry and strong as the devil. I've never known him to be ill for a day. He'll probably live to be as old as Gran.'

Gran — Gran, thought Alayne. Every conversation in this family seemed to be punctuated by remarks about that dreadful old woman.

'And he owns all this,' she commented. 'It does not seem quite fair to all you others.'

'It was left that way. He has to educate, provide for the younger family. The uncles had their share years ago. And, of course, Gran simply hoards hers. No one knows who will get it.'

Gran again.

A gentle breeze played with a tendril of hair on her forehead. Eden brushed his lips against it.

'Darling,' he murmured, 'do you think you can be happy here for a while?'

'Eden! I am gloriously happy.'

'We shall write such wonderful things — together.'

They heard steps on the graveled path that led to the back of the house. Alayne, opening her eyes, heavy with a momentary sweet languor, saw Renny enter the kitchen, his dogs at his heels. A moment later a tap sounded on the door.

'Please,' said Wake's voice, 'will you come down to dinner?'

He could not restrain his curiosity about the 'brideangroom.' It seemed very strange

to find this young lady in Eden's room, but it was disappointing that there were no confetti, no orange blossoms about.

Alayne put her arm around his shoulders as they descended the stairs, feeling more support from his little body in the ordeal of meeting the rest of the family than the presence of Eden afforded her. There were still Renny and the wife of young Piers.

Their feet made no sound on the thick carpet of the stairs. The noontide light falling through the colored glass window gave the hall an almost churchlike solemnity, and the appearance at the far end of old Mrs. Whiteoak emerging from her room, supported on either side by her sons, added a final processional touch. Through the open door of the dining room Alayne could see the figures of Renny, Piers, and a young girl advancing toward the table. Meg already stood at one end of it, surveying its great damask expanse as some high priestess might survey the sacrificial altar. On a huge platter already lay two rotund roasted fowls. Rags stood behind a drawn-back chair awaiting Mrs. Whiteoak. As the old lady saw Alayne and her escorts approaching the door of the dining room, she made an obviously heroic effort to reach it first, shuffling her feet excitedly, and snuffing the good smell of the roast with the excitement of an old war horse smelling blood.

'Steady, Mama, steady,' begged Ernest, steering her past a heavily carved hall chair.

'I want my dinner,' she retorted, breathing heavily. 'Chicken — I smell chicken. And cauliflower. I must have the pope's nose, and plenty of bread sauce.'

Not until she was seated was Alayne introduced to Renny and Pheasant. He bowed gravely, and murmured some only half-intelligible greeting. She might have heard it more clearly had her mind been less occupied with the scrutiny of him at sudden close quarters. She was observing his narrow weather-beaten face, the skin like red-brown leather merging in color into the rust-red of his hair, his short thick eyelashes, his abstracted yet fiery eyes. She observed, too, his handsome, hard-looking nose, which was far too much like his grandmother's.

Pheasant she saw as a flowerlike young girl, a fragile *Narcissus poeticus*, in this robust, highly colored garden of Jalna.

Alayne was seated at Renny Whiteoak's left, and at her left Eden, and next him Pheasant and Piers. Wakefield had been moved to the other side of the table, between his sister and Uncle Ernest. Alayne had only glimpses of him around the centrepiece of crimson and bronze dahlias, flowers which in their rigid and uncompromising beauty were well fitted to withstand the overpowering presence of the Whiteoaks.

To one accustomed to a light luncheon the sight of so much food at this hour was rather disconcerting. Alayne, looking at these enormous dinner plates mounded with chicken, bread sauce, mashed potatoes, cauliflower, and green peas, thought of little salad lunches in New York with mild regret. They seemed very far away. Even the table silver was enormous. The great knife and fork felt like implements in her hands. The saltcellars and pepper pots seemed weighted by memories of all the bygone meals they had savored. The long-necked vinegar bottle reared its head like a tawny giraffe in the massive jungle of the table.

Renny was saying in his vibrant voice that was without the music of Eden's: 'I'm sorry I could not go to your wedding. I could not get away at that time.'

'Yes,' chimed in Meg, 'Renny and I wanted so very much to go, but we could not arrange it. Finch had a touch of tonsillitis just then, and Wakefield's heart was not behaving very well, and of course there is Grandmamma.'

Mrs. Whiteoak broke in: 'I wanted to go, but I'm too old to travel. I did all my traveling in my youth. I've been all over the world. But I sent my love. Did you get my love? I sent my love in Meggie's letter. Did you get it, eh?'

'Yes, indeed,' said Alayne. 'We were so very glad to get your message.'

'You'd better be. I don't send my love to everyone, helter-skelter.' She nodded her cap so vigorously that three green peas bounced from her fork and rolled across the table. Wakefield was convulsed by laughter. He said, 'Bang!' as each pea fell, and shot one of his own after them.

Renny looked down the table sharply at him and he subsided.

Grandmother was peering at her fork, shrewdly missing the peas. 'My peas are gone,' she said. 'I want more peas; more cauliflower and potatoes, too.'

She was helped to more vegetables, and at once began to mould them with her fork into a solid mass.

'Mama,' objected Ernest mildly, 'must you do that?'

Sasha, who was perched on his shoulder, observing that his attention was directed away from his poised fork, stretched out one furry paw and drew it toward her own whiskered lips. Ernest rescued the morsel of chicken just in time. 'Naughty, naughty,' he said.

As though there had been no interruption, Meg continued: 'It must have been such a pretty wedding. Eden wrote us all about it.'

By this time Renny had attacked the second fowl with his carvers. Alayne had made no appreciable inroads on her dinner, but all the Whiteoaks were ready for more.

'Renny, did you get the pigs?' asked Piers, breaking in on conversation about the wedding with ostentatious brusqueness, Alayne thought.

'Yes. You never saw a grander litter. Got the nine and the old sow for a hundred dollars. I offered ninety; Probyn wanted a hundred and ten. I met him halfway.'

The master of Jalna began to talk of the price of pigs with gusto. Everyone talked of the price of pigs; and everyone agreed that Renny had paid too much.

Only the disheveled carcass of the second fowl remained on the platter. Then it was removed, and a steaming blackberry pudding and a large plum tart made their appearance.

'You are eating almost nothing, dear Alayne,' said Meg. 'I do hope you will like the pudding.'

Renny was looking at Alayne steadily from under his thick lashes, the immense pudding spoon expectantly poised.

'Thank you,' she answered. 'But I really could not. I will take a little of the pie.'

'Please don't urge her, Meggie,' said Eden. 'She is used to luncheon at noon.'

'Oh, but the pudding,' sighed Meg. 'It's such a favorite of ours.'

'I like it,' said Grandmother, with a savage grin. 'Please give me some.'

She got her pudding and Alayne her tart, but when Meg's turn arrived she breathed: 'No, thank you, Renny. Nothing for me.' And Renny, knowing of the trays carried to her room, made no remark; but Eden explained in an undertone, 'Meggie eats nothing — at least almost nothing at the table. You'll soon get used to that.'

Would she ever get used to them, Alayne wondered. Would they ever seem near to her — like relatives? As they rose from the table and moved in different directions she felt a little oppressed — she did not quite know whether by the weight of the dinner or by the family, which was so unexpectedly foreign to her.

Old Mrs. Whiteoak pushed her son Ernest from her, and, extending a heavily ringed hand to Alayne, commanded: 'You give me your arm, my dear, on this side. You may as well get into the ways of the family at once.'

Alayne complied with a feeling of mis-giving. She doubted whether she could efficiently take the place of Ernest. The old woman clutched her arm vigorously, dragging with what seemed unnecessary and almost intolerable weight on her. The two, with Nicholas towering above them, shuffled their way to Mrs. Whiteoak's bedroom, where she was established before the fire by painful degrees. Alayne, flushed with the exertion, straightened her back, and stared with surprise at the unique magnificence of the painted leather bedstead, the inlaid dresser and tables, the Indian rugs and flamboyant hangings.

Mrs. Whiteoak pulled at her skirt. 'Sit down, my girl; sit down on this footstool. Ha — I'm out o' breath! Winded —' She panted alarmingly.

'Too much dinner, Mama,' said Nicholas, striking a match on the mantelpiece and lighting a cigarette. 'If you will overeat you will wheeze.'

'You're a fine one to talk,' retorted his mother, suddenly getting her breath. 'Look at your own leg, and the way you eat and swill down spirits!'

Mrs. Whiteoak leaned over Alayne, where she now sat on the footstool, and stroked her neck and shoulders with a hand

not so much caressing as appraising. She raised her heavy red eyebrows to the lace edging of her cap and commented with an arch grin: —

'A bonny body. Well covered, but not too plump. Slender, but not skinny. Meg's too plump. Pheasant's skinny. You're just right for a bride. Eh, my dear, but if I was a young man I'd like to sleep with you.'

Alayne, painfully scarlet, turned her face away from Mrs. Whiteoak toward the blaze of the fire. Nicholas was comfortingly expressionless.

'Another thing,' chuckled Mrs. Whiteoak. 'I'm glad you've lots of brass. I am indeed.'

'Easy now,' cried Boney. 'Easy does it!'

At that moment Grandmother fell into one of her sudden naps. Nicholas took Alayne's hand and drew her to her feet.

'Come,' he said, 'and I'll show you my room. I expect you to visit me often there and tell me all about New York, and I'll tell you about London in the old days. I'm a regular fossil now, but if you'll believe me I was a gay fellow once.'

He led the way to his room, heaving himself up the stairs by the handrailing. He installed her by the window, where she could enjoy the splendor of the autumn woods, and where the light fell over her, bringing out the chestnut tints in her hair and the pearl-like pallor of her skin. It was so long since he had met a young woman of beauty and intelligence that the contact exhilarated him, made the blood quicken in his veins. Before he realized it he was telling her incidents of his life of which he had not spoken for years. He even unearthed a photograph of his wife, in a long-trained evening gown, and showed it to her.

He presented her, as a wedding present, with a silver bowl in which he had been accustomed to keep his pipes, first brightening it up with a silk handkerchief.

'You are to keep roses in it now, my dear,' he said, and quite casually he put his fingers under her chin, raised her face, and kissed her.

Alayne was touched by the gift; a little puzzled by a certain smiling masterfulness in the caress.

A moment later Ernest Whiteoak appeared at the door. Alayne must now inspect his retreat. No, Nicholas was not wanted — just Alayne.

'He intends to bore you with his melancholy annotating of Shakespeare. I warn you,' exclaimed Nicholas.

'Nonsense,' said Ernest. 'I just don't want to feel utterly shelved. Don't be a beast, Nick. Alayne is as much interested in me as she is in you, are n't you, Alayne?'

'She's not interested in you at all,' retorted Nicholas, 'but she's enthralled by my sweet discourse, are n't you, Alayne?'

They seemed to take pleasure in the mere pronouncing of her name, using it on every occasion.

To Ernest's room she was led then, and because of his brother's jibe he at first would not speak of his hobby, contenting himself with showing her his water colors, the climbing rose whose yellow flowers still spilled their fragrance across his window sill, and the complacent feline tricks of Sasha. But when Alayne showed an unmistakable interest in the annotation of Shakespeare, and an unexpected knowledge of the text, his enthusiasm overflowed like Niagara in springtime.

Two hours flew by, in which they established the intimacy of congenial tastes. Ernest's thin cheeks were flushed; his blue eyes had become quite large and bright. He drummed the fingers of one hand incessantly on the table.

So Meg found them when she came to carry Alayne away for an inspection of the house and garden. Eden was off somewhere with Renny, Meg explained, and Alayne had a sudden feeling of anger toward this brother who so arrogantly swept Eden from her side, and who was so casually polite to her himself.

Eden had told her that Renny did not like his poetry — that he did not like any poetry. She thought of him as counting endless processions of foals, calves, lambs, and young pigs, always with an eye on the market.

She would have been surprised, could she have followed him to his bedroom that

night, to find how gentle he was toward little Wake, who was tossing about, unable to sleep after the excitement of the day. Renny rubbed his legs and patted his back as a mother might have done.

Wake, drowsy at last, curled up against Renny's chest and murmured: 'I believe I could go to sleep more quickly if we'd pretend we were somebody else, Renny, please.'

'Do you? All right. Who shall we be? Living people or people out of the books? You say.'

Wake thought a minute, getting sleepier with each tick of Renny's watch under the pillow; then he breathed: 'I think we'll be Eden and Alayne.'

Renny stifled a laugh. 'All right. Which am I?'

Wake considered again, now deliciously drowsy, sniffing at the nice odor of tobacco, Windsor soap, and warm flesh that emanated from Renny. 'I think you'd better be Alayne,' he whispered.

Renny, too, considered this transfiguration. It seemed difficult, but he said resignedly: 'Very well. Fire away.'

There was silence for a space; then Wakefield whispered, twisting a button of Renny's pajamas: 'You go first, Renny. Say something.'

Renny spoke sweetly: 'Do you love me, Eden?'

Wake chuckled; then answered, seriously: 'Oh, heaps. I'll buy you anything you want. What would you like?'

'I'd like a limousine and an electric toaster, and — a feather boa.'

'I'll get them all first thing in the morning. Is there anything else you'd like, my girl?'

'M — yes. I'd like to go to sleep.'

'Now see here, you can't,' objected the pseudo groom. 'Ladies don't pop straight off to sleep like that!'

But apparently this lady did. The only response that Wakefield could elicit was a gentle but persistent snore.

For a moment Wake was deeply hurt, but the steady rise and fall of Renny's chest was soothing. He snuggled closer to him, and soon he too was fast asleep.

(To be continued)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Accustomed to attack, and reasonably inured against prejudice, the *Atlantic* does not often care to reply to the more extravagant forms of criticism, but when we are accused of conspiring to cheat the public it is time to list a gentle protest. If ever there was an honest debate, honestly printed, it was the Smith-Marshall correspondence. Both gentlemen wrote with vigor and absolute conviction of their minds and hearts. The villainous statement, wherever made, that the debate was a pretense, framed by collusion in advance, is an unqualified falsehood, cruel to Mr. Marshall, whose whole life is a testimony to the sincerity of his convictions, libelous to Governor Smith, whose career has been lived in the calcium light of publicity, and insulting to the *Atlantic*. Incidentally it is ridiculous.

The *Atlantic* has received scores of contributions in reply to both Mr. Marshall and Governor Smith. The decision to publish none of them is based on the belief that the proper place for further discussion of the issues raised in these two important letters is the newspaper press.

A YOUNG American born in the Middle West, Ernest Hemingway has been, in the stages of a remarkable career, an amateur boxer, newspaper man, bullfighter (in Spain), and soldier of fortune. In the war, he fought with the French and Italian armies, was seriously wounded, and decorated. So it is hardly to be wondered that from Paris, Mr. Hemingway's headquarters, have come in recent years a series of short stories and a novel of surpassing vigor and accuracy. His present narrative we accept as literature not too brutal for its subject, and human as war. To those unfamiliar with the prize ring it may be pointed out that for a fighter such as 'Jack' to bet against himself is a violation of professional ethics, extenuated in this instance only by the fact that the champion had reached the end of his career and believed he

was to be beaten. Though giving his best, he had actually lost the decision on points when his opponents double-crossed him and coached the challenger, Walcott, to commit a deliberate foul. To accept the foul was to win the decision — and to lose the 'fifty grand.' By retaliating in kind, Jack steered the fight back to its natural and, if you will, rightful conclusion. Dr. Bernard Iddings Bell is president of St. Stephen's College on the Hudson, a small and distinctive Episcopal institution, about which he writes:—

When we started the reorganization eight years ago, we determined that the proper unit for our sort of work was two hundred and fifty men. We are, moreover, not enlarging the scope of our work, but will continue definitely our attempt to develop intelligent interest in the classics and in the liberal arts generally. You are quite right that our chief usefulness lies in that very definiteness of purpose, combined with intimate flexibility in our teaching relationships. The success we have in bringing out the creative individuality of our students is to me an almost miraculous thing. Our graduates are almost uniformly doing original and worth-while work.

Lover rather than fancier of dogs, Sir W. Beach Thomas has found through intimate experience that spaniels are the most intelligent and responsive of canine friends. Anne W. Armstrong has enjoyed considerable success as an employment manager for two internationally known concerns. From her listening post she has detected signs of the growing resentment among business women and their women associates. Her observations have been made on the Pacific Coast, in Illinois and Michigan, in the South, and in New York and Pennsylvania.

* * *

Tennis player and writer, A. Wallis Myers, the Englishman, is a veteran of many tournaments where he has observed the national styles and temperaments in action. Mr. Myers has for many years followed tennis for the *London Times*. Josephine Preston Peabody died before her

lovely work was finished. These unpublished verses are sent us by her husband. ¶'Home' to **Mary Lucia Bierce Fuller** is India, for there she was born and brought up, eventually becoming a missionary. For the sake of exactitude she tells us that 'Pathan' is pronounced 'putt-hahn'; that 'Wilayat,' often pronounced 'Bilayat,' is the mother of 'Blighty,' whose father, of course, is Tommy Atkins (it means 'capital' or 'governing country'); that 'ghi' is unsalted butter with all the water and buttermilk boiled out of it; and that Moham-medans have not as a whole any color prejudice. **Mrs. George Ticknor** was the wife of the American Ambassador to Spain and sister-in-law of the first publisher of the *Atlantic*. Her stately idea of 'how things should be' will startle many a modern traveler. ¶A former Congregationalist minister of Boston, **Albert Rhys Williams** now makes his residence in Moscow. Having known personally and well both Lenin and Trotsky, and having witnessed the Revolution with his own eyes, Mr. Williams has been invited by the Soviet Government to assist in the making of the spectacular motion picture of the 1917 revolt. **Fannie Stearns Gifford** sends us her rhymes from a stimulating seclusion in the Massachusetts hill country. **Justin Wroe Nixon** is minister of the Brick Presbyterian Church of Rochester. **Captain B. H. Liddell Hart** is an English military critic of the first rank, the able successor of Colonel Repington of the *London Telegraph*. The perspective of the post-war years and the publication of innumerable documents and memoirs have afforded Captain Hart the materials for a series of considered judgments on the Great Reputations of the World War.

* * *

Well schooled in his subject, the writer of 'Our Mexican Mistake' has held official positions at Washington, and has come to be a recognized authority on various aspects of our Latin American relations. **J. O. P. Bland**, a realistic political philosopher, is a veteran student and writer of Oriental affairs. For years he was Secretary to the Municipality for the Foreign Settlements in Shanghai and representative in China of the

British and Chinese Confederation. ¶That things in Asia are not always what they seem is the reassuring conclusion of **H. E. Wortham**, an English observer.

* * *

The City of Toronto has presented **Mazo de la Roche** with a tea service of Sheffield plate in honor of her winning the Atlantic Novel Contest. When the applause subsides, Miss de la Roche and her adopted sister are to retire to their bungalow in the Ontario forest where 'Jalna' was written, and whence, rumor has it, a sequel is to be forthcoming.

* * *

Pause and consider.

LAKEWOOD, OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In Miami, Florida, the writer purchased seven railway tickets, also Pullman accommodations, consisting of one drawing-room and four berths in Car #220 leaving Miami Saturday morning, May 14, at 9.30 A.M. for Cleveland, Ohio, the car being one of several for various destinations and in charge of Pullman conductor W. Walsh.

My party consisted of five elderly people, with a nurse and a family colored servant.

The Pullman conductor collected the tickets as usual and a half hour later notified me that our 'nigger' would have to ride in the Jim Crow car, meaning a day coach set aside for colored people. I did not comply with this request, but respectfully asked the colored servant to occupy a seat in our private drawing-room, which was done, and was satisfied in my own mind that I was clearly within my legal rights in doing so. At Palm Beach a telegram was dispatched to the sheriff at Fort Pierce. At Fort Pierce the sheriff boarded the train, leaving a deputy outside. The sheriff came directly to drawing-room A, and after pounding on the door, which I readily opened, in a sonorous Southern dialect demanded a nigger that was riding with white people; without removing his big wool hat, he said that we of the North could associate with niggers, but it was against the laws of the Commonwealth of Florida to do so.

His presence and language struck terror to the hearts of the ladies, and our mother, who is eighty-six years old, was made quite ill. Not wanting any further disturbance, I put the servant in the toilet of the drawing-room; the sheriff satisfied himself that the nigger had escaped, and left the car. The train pulled out, and we arrived at our destination without further molestation.

Now this is what hurts: —

If the carrying of a colored servant with you

in a Pullman is illegal in Florida, why the silence of the railway agents when the tickets are purchased? And, temporarily waiving the legal phase of this unwarranted insult, why do the citizens of the State of Florida spend thousands of dollars to entice tourists and settlers to the state, and then 'sting' them in more ways than one?

HERBERT MATHEWS

* * *

In the May *Atlantic* Dr. Rubinow led a revolt of Middle-Aged Fathers. Judging from the many quick responses, his criticism of college education has touched a sore spot.

CALIFORNIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just read with almost complete approval 'The Revolt of a Middle-Aged Father' in your May issue. I am a high-school teacher approaching middle age.

I wish to say a word about the present tendency, in California at any rate, to give four years of secondary-school instruction, mostly academic, to substantially all children. The law, the desire of pupils to avoid work, the desire of parents to do for their children what is expected of them, and especially the herd instinct, combine to fill our classes in language, literature, history, science, and mathematics with young people who derive a negligible benefit from academic training. I have no complaint against these boys and girls. They are usually as good and sometimes as clever, and are likely to be as successful in life, as those other young people who have taste for study. Nevertheless, the former pupils — and they are the great majority — constitute a serious problem. For cultural values cannot be forced.

The resulting economic waste — school equipment, teachers' salaries, the idleness of so many grown boys, and the sacrifices of parents — is the least of the evils. More important are the habits of idleness acquired in this formative period. Most important is the detriment to our culture, which we must pass on through association to future generations. That any considerable intellectual interest can survive under conditions which prevail in Western high schools is beyond my comprehension.

A HIGH-SCHOOL TEACHER

* * *

The vacationists and the vocationists.

UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have read I. M. Rubinow's 'The Revolt of a Middle-Aged Father' and must speak out to cry Amen. That that ill-defined thing called culture is a necessity for effective living, that it

'embraces some understanding of the ego's relationship to the universe . . . that this general education is obtained in our colleges by only an infinitesimal proportion of students; that the effort to obtain it is not even encouraged either by the college or the student body; and that no one who possesses this much-desired culture — I am thinking of something much more substantial than the mere polish of a gentleman — has obtained it during the specified four years of college' is a formidable indictment. Can it be refuted?

I have been in colleges as student and teacher for more than twenty years and I cannot seriously question what Dr. Rubinow says here, and the whole of his analysis seems to me proof against successful attack. The part I have quoted is crucial. Touching this we must in fairness ask: Granting that no one who possesses culture obtained it during the college course, were not many given effective aids to culture in college? Would they all or nearly all have done equally well without the college? Is it possible to find a technique of selection and competent selectors to dismiss from college not only those who fail to make the rather easily made passing grades but also those who are obviously only taking vacation in college? Or is the conclusion inevitable that organized, formal, general educational curricula are by nature impossible or needless?

Dr. Rubinow suggests one thing: abolish the A.B., S.B., and the Ph.B. degrees. Could n't that at least be tried? Sound the call from coast to coast. Might the removal of a promise of a label that 'stands for nothing of definite intellectual or cultural value' constitute a good instrument for the separation of the vacationists from the vocationists and the inquirers after the way of life?

W. P. CLARK

Professor of Greek and Latin

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Each in his degree.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Dr. Rubinow in his article in the May *Atlantic* would abolish the A.B. degree. Why abolish a thing that gives pleasure and does no harm? Why not reorganize and reform these academic honors? My plan would be as follows. At birth the doctor would confer on the infant the degree of A.B. (a boy) or A.G. (a girl) as the case required, in this way democratizing education at once. Intermediate degrees I would leave to the school authorities, such as C.E. (craps expert), B.S. (balmy smoker), F.R.S. (fancy roller skater). The important degrees would be awarded by the college entrance examination board on taking the examinations and would be M.A. (made all), M.S. (made some), and the

new and attractive T.O. (tried one). These degrees would entitle the holders to wear decorated slickers, compete in sports, edit college papers, join fraternities, and, after a reasonable interval, any reputable university club. The degrees to be conferred by the colleges and universities themselves would be based on the text, 'Give and it shall be given unto you,' and for this purpose Latin numerals would be used, not as the Romans used them, — that might be difficult for some executives, — but in any order that pleased the recipient. Thus L.L.D. would represent a contribution of \$50+\$50+\$500 to the endowment fund, D.C.L. \$500+\$100+\$50; the combinations are practically inexhaustible and most impressive, as D.D.C.C.M.M. = \$3200. Ph.D. is troublesome, but, as that degree is sought almost exclusively by teachers with light purses, it might be freely rendered 'pew dollars' and conferred for very small contributions indeed. Thus, everybody having a degree, those who cared to study could do so in peace.

WM. H. LLOYD

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The origin of foreign settlements.

NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

On my return from a winter spent in China after four years of absence, I have read with quickened interest the remarkable article in your April number by H. H. Powers, 'Amenities and Responsibilities.'

No analysis of the Chinese situation which I happen to have seen is one half so clear or so well-balanced. I would commend it to the deep attention of the reading public not only in America and Europe but in China; and especially would I commend it to the careful perusal of young men and women in China.

There are, however, several important points which Mr. Powers has failed to emphasize. He says: 'The trader had no rights and found no body of law or custom to regulate his dealings with the people. More fundamental still, he found the physical conditions of life such as he could not accept.' Mr. Powers does not explain that, firstly, foreign traders were forced, by the Chinese authorities, to live a segregated life in groups under direct control of their managers or chiefs, who were entirely responsible for the good behavior of the individuals, a responsibility which later devolved upon the Consul; secondly, that the foreigners were not allowed to leave their compounds except under guard; and thirdly, that the 'settlements' system was largely the outcome of this arrangement which, to repeat myself, *was enforced by China*.

FLORENCE AYSOUGH

Hilda Rose and the Younger Generation.

PULLMAN, WASHINGTON

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Our English teacher has asked us to write our opinion of the series of letters written by Hilda Rose.

I cannot believe that this story is true, for if the author were the educated person she claims to be and had associated for eleven years with only the old man whom she described as an aristocrat and who enjoyed reading 'Bobbie Burns' she would not have made such a grammatical error as 'I and the school-teacher' in her letter. I can see how her vocabulary might become limited, but when she was the boy's teacher she would not have allowed herself to get in the habit of making such flagrant mistakes.

If the account is true I consider Hilda Rose a very impractical person, for if she had once been the good teacher, she claims to be, she could have secured a position teaching a rural school; Daddy and Boy could still have had the advantages of a farm, and she could have made a better living for them without performing the manual toil she claims to be performing. I feel sorry and do all I can to help anyone who is unfortunate and who is trying to the best of his ability but I have no sympathy for such poverty as this.

Again, Hilda Rose has failed in my mind, in another respect. She does not realize her responsibility to her child. She owes Boy something as well as Daddy. When she moved to Canada to please her husband she deprived her son of a chance to go to school. She admits that if the only other white settlers' girl were her daughter she would not allow her to marry the half-breed, yet she is raising her son in the same environment.

A Dubious Reader,

GALA J. PEED

PULLMAN, WASHINGTON

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have found 'The Stump Farm' By Hilda Rose very interesting for several different reasons, the chief one being because I am sure my own mother is having the same, or very nearly the same struggle for bread and butter that Mrs. Rose is having.

Our home consists of six hundred and nine acres situated on the bank of the Snake River. The largest part of this land is composed of a golden sand loam, very rich and fertile provided the supply of water is plentiful, but without water, it refuses to grow vegetation to any great extent on account of the hot July and August sun which raises the mercury to about one hundred and four in the shade, burning the tender green plants to a crisp brown.

Seventeen years ago, my father and mother moved into the little tumbled down shack on the bank of the river. The roof was moss covered and made a good sieve when it rained. We are still living in the same old shack to-day — only we are renters now, and then we were owners.

Father hoping to improve the place into a paying proposition put a heavy mortgage on the land in order to get a good water wheel installed for irrigation. The water wheel system was a failure and so we lost the place.

Father is now in his seventies and getting quite feeble while mother is only in the forties, in good health and trying to make a living on that heap of sand.

After we lost the place, mother refused to give it up; instead she rented it. That was two or three years ago, now she is planning on buying it back. How she ever expects to pay for it with no money to start on is more than I can figure out; or how anyone could have the vitality to ever hope to buy it back after working and struggling as she has is beyond my comprehension. She works in the field with a plow, doing as much work there as a man; then besides this she does all of the house work and manages somehow to keep me in school.

She says, 'It's a home, and if we leave this one there may never be another to cover your Father in his old age.'

As the saying goes: 'Every cloud has its silver lining' so maybe Mrs. Rose and Mother will have their streak of good luck and find a gold mine or an oil well on their respective farms this spring. I sincerely hope that something turns up in their favor, for two people with the determined and never weakening spirit which they have should never die of poverty.

A HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT

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A gilt-edged dream.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

'A World of Dreams,' by M. M. W., in the *May Atlantic*, almost made me long for another attack of typhoid.

About fifteen years ago I was hustled to the Presbyterian Hospital in New York and promptly after arrival went into unconsciousness, remaining in that happy state for three weeks. In sounding out my nurse while convalescent, she told me there were a few days when if I had opened my eyes I might have seen the angels in the distance. This decision of hers on the general direction of my flight quite won me.

My dreams were not varied as were those of M. M. W. In fact they all centred on one

subject — money. I was a moderate-salaried, unmarried lawyer for a corporation, with no other income. My dreams brought me \$2,000,000. My generous benefactor was a friend of father's (not actually worth that sum himself), but his appreciation of what father had done for him when he was a struggling young man induced him to bestow that amount on me. The daily details in the process of transferring the fortune to me were tremendously vivid and real. For three or four weeks during my conscious convalescent period I had no doubts of the truth of it all.

The Night and Day Bank was a new institution in those days. A deposit of \$5000 in the bank intrigued me. The deposit book I arranged to have left at the hospital office. I sent my nurse to the office one day during my convalescent period to get the bank book. She returned, reporting that it was not there, adding, 'Perhaps your mother took it.' My family lived some distance from New York, and mother had been in to see me the day before. That explanation I accepted without doubt.

A classmate and friend of mine came to see me. He was the chairman of the house committee of the club I lived in and had a larger and more expensive room than mine. During the chat I asked him if there were any rooms available like his, telling him merely that I wanted a larger and more comfortable room when I went back. He did not know, but would inquire, and subsequently sent up word that there was one which he was holding for me. That almost proved embarrassing later.

On one of mother's trips I told her of my good fortune and how I was going to live a little more comfortably, but otherwise go on as before. I begged her not to tell the rest of the family, wanting the pleasure of telling them myself after I went home from the hospital. Mother humored me and no disturbing doubts arose. And so my happy state continued. Though physically weak, I was perfectly conscious and able to receive my family and friends, chatting normally with them. It was the missing bank book that finally dissipated the dream. When that could not be traced I gradually came to realize that my fortune was a dream one.

An investment banker who lived on the same floor with me at the club had been carefully selected to handle my investments and advise with me concerning them. He was an extremely conscientious, serious-minded individual. I was greatly amused, in telling him afterward of my dream and his part in it, to see the expression come over his face which, translated into words, said, 'I wonder if he still thinks I have his securities.'

W. L. B.